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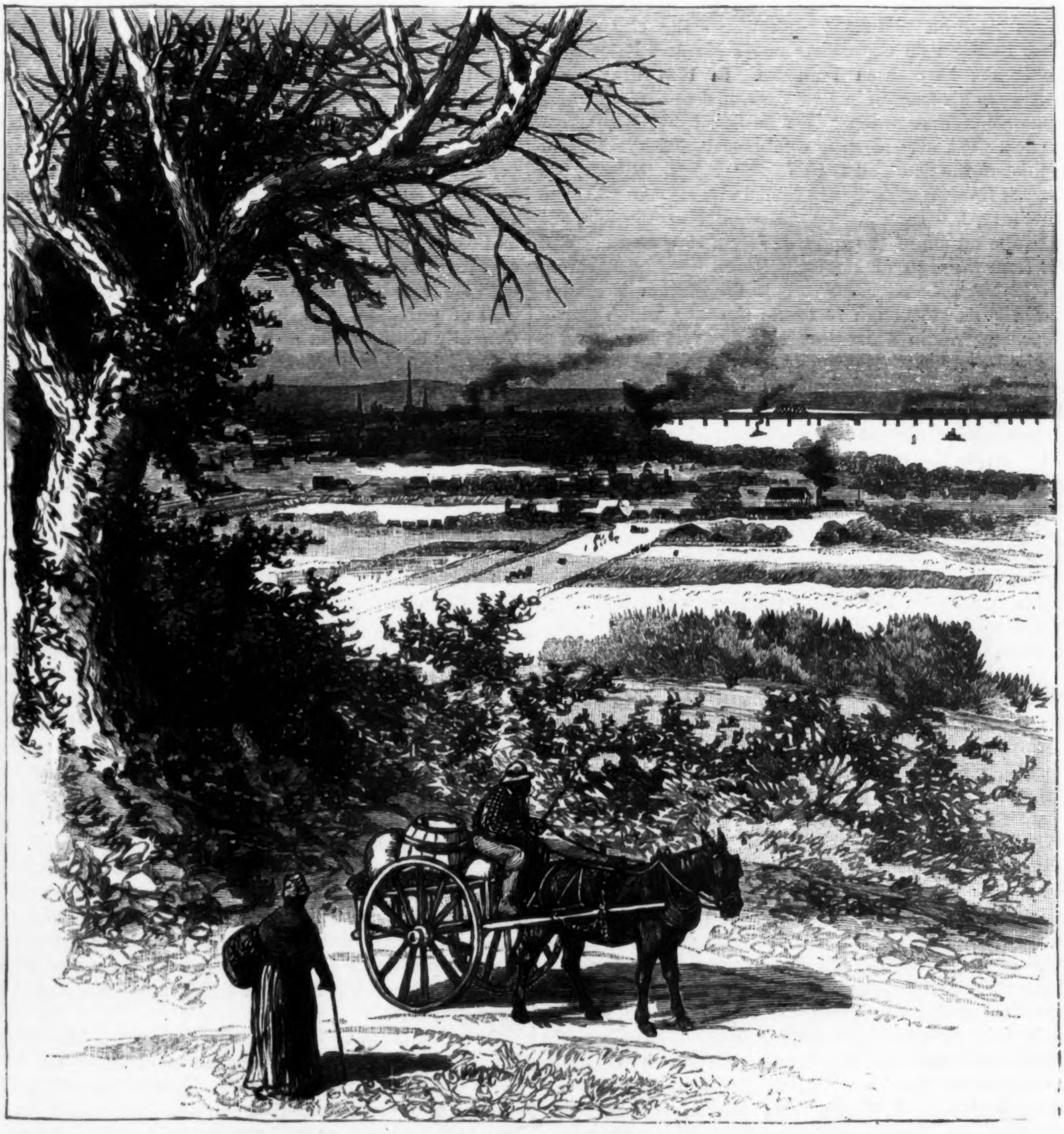
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

LOUISVILLE is one of the few Southern and Western towns which have already celebrated their centennial. McMaster, in his History of the American People, has this reference to Louisville: "At the Falls stood Louisville. The streets were square, the houses, of boat-planks and logs, were few and small; but for energy, for activity,



GENERAL VIEW OF LOUISVILLE, KY.

for jollity, the place had no rival on the Ohio. Travelers from the more decorous towns were shocked at the balls, the drinking, the fighting, and the utter disregard paid to the Sabbath day. But all agreed that the inhabitants were most whole-souled and hospitable. The favorite drink was egg-nog; the favorite pastime was billiards, and every morning numbers of young women, escorted by the young men, gathered about the one billiard table in the town. If a stranger of note put up at the only tavern, and gave out that he was come to stay some time, he was sure to be called on, as the phrase was, to sign for a ball. When night came the garrison at Fort Jefferson would furnish the music, and the managers would choose the dancer. The first was usually a minuet, and till his number was called no man knew with whom he was to dance. This over, each was at liberty to choose his own partner for the first 'volunteer.'"

Some of the characteristics mentioned by Mr. McMaster may yet be noticed as distinguishing the city even at this day, yet Louisville to-day is as far in advance of the Louisville of 1870 as the Louisville of 1820 was in advance of the Louisville of 1790. The changes which have taken place on this river bank where the city stands, since St. John de Crevecœur wrote his first letter from Louisville, have been immense. In 1784 Crevecœur, writing to his friends in New York, had to explain where Louisville, from which place he dated his letter, was located. "A city recently established near the falls or rapids of the Ohio, situated in 38° 25′ N. latitude, 375 leagues from New York, 342 from Philadelphia, 235 from Pittsburg, 300 from Richmond, capital of Virginia, 161 from the mouth of the Ohio, 425 from New Orleans, and 460 from the Gulf of Mexico. It has been named from his Majesty, Louis XVI." This description is mathematically exact enough to locate the city, which Crevecœur reached in a flat-boat fifty-five feet long, twelve feet wide, and six feet deep, drawing three feet of water, in ten days from Pittsburg. We learn from this traveler that in that year (1784) Louisville had "numerous houses of two stories, elegant and well painted, and (as far as the stumps of trees would permit) all the streets were spacious and well laid out." Said Crevecœur: "I scarcely know how to describe the peculiar and new impression made on my mind by the sight of these streets, not long since laid out across the woods, and still full of stumps, among which men in vehicles pass with difficulty; streets which perhaps in the space of ten years will be paved, ornamented with trees, with sidewalks and other conveniences. The sight of this suggestive graduation of houses, finished, imperfect, just commenced; of cabins built against the trees; the aspect of the cradle of this young city, destined by its situation to become the metropolis of the surrounding country—all these impress me with a reverence and respect that I cannot well define."

In 1799 a French gentleman named Tarascon set forth from Philadelphia to make an overland journey to New Orleans. In his letters are contained shrewd observations of the various points of commercial interest, from which friends in Philadelphia were to determine the best location for stores, and for establishing trade with the interior. Leaving Philadelphia August 8th, Monsieur Tarascon reached Louisville September 27th. His impressions of the place were not very favorable, and he made this report: "September 27th, Louisville, 670 miles from Pittsburg. The increase of this city does not correspond to the beauty of its location, and the advantages it should derive from the boats which are obliged to stop here on account of the Falls. Its population, instead of increasing, seems on the contrary, to diminish every day. The inhabitants attribute this condition of affairs to the fact that a great quantity of the land about here is held by capitalists in Virginia, and on it there are no settlements. So this city remains isolated in the midst of that great quantity of uninhabited land. There are here several stores which get their goods from Philadelphia and Baltimore. One of them will establish a branch in Natchez, where the owner expects to sell the goods which cannot be sold here."

It is stated that at the close of the French and Indian wars of 1763, which secured to the English the country east of the Mississippi, this land was distributed by the King of Great Britain among the officers and soldiers who won the victories. Previous to 1763 but few had ventured into this unpathed wilderness, but now numbers of adventurous settlers came to view the lands. Among them was Dr. John Connolly, of Pennsylvania, who conceived the idea of a great line of forts extending from the Falls of the Ohio to the mountains. As a beginning, he selected 2,000 acres at the Falls, and employed Captain Thomas Bullitt, of Virginia, to survey the lands. In August, 1773, Captain Bullitt reached the Falls with his assistant surveyors, and located these 2,000 acres. Upon this tract is now built the City of Louisville, which extends far beyond the limits of the Bullitt survey.

On the 7th of April, 1774, Dr. Connolly and Colonel John Campbell issued a circular stating that they would lay out a town at the Falls of the Ohio; that the lots would be 80x240 feet, and in numbers sufficient for all applicants. Each lot was priced at four Spanish dollars, and one dollar per year quit-rent for ever, the purchasers agreeing to build log houses not less than 16 feet square, with stone or brick chimneys, within two years from the date of purchase. During the Revolutionary War, Dr. Connolly having taken up arms against the colonies, and being detected in a plot to unite the Indians against the Americans, was arrested and thrown into prison, and did not escape until the close of the war. His partner, Colonel Campbell, held to the American side of the conflict, and was taken prisoner by the Indians. Captain Bullitt, the surveyor, became quartermaster in the rebel army.

This was the first attempt to found a city at the Falls of the Ohio. After the Revolutionary War a second attempt was made, and from this dates the history of the City of Louisville. On the 27th of May, 1778, after fifteen days upon the river, General George Rogers Clark, on his way to attack the British posts in the Illinois territory, landed his flat boat on the left bank of the Ohio River, just below the mouth of Bear Grass Creek. Besides 150 volunteers destined for the conquest of Kaskaskia and Vincennes, he had on his boat twenty families, consisting of men, women and children, whom he had brought out prepared to stay, and whom he landed at the Falls to begin life afresh in this country. This colony landed at the place afterward known as Corn Island. It was then a large body of land, some 4,000 feet in length, with an average breadth of about a quarter of its length, and was covered with sycamores and cotton-woods that ranked with the giants of the forests. After a few years, when a place was cleared on the island for a powder-mill, a sycamore was removed which measured 10 feet in circumference.

On Corn Island, General Clark erected his block-houses and cabins of huge cotton-wood trees, cut into sections and split into large rails. He constructed for the settlers two rows of double story cabins, four in each row, with an open space between them, one row facing

Indiana and one facing Kentucky. The floors were of earth, the boards were held on by skids instead of nails, the doors were puncheons with wooden hinges, and the windows were simply holes in the walls from which the logs had been removed.

After drilling his troops as much as he thought they required, General Clark, on the 24th of June, during an eclipse of the sun, set out with his soldiers for the British posts in Illinois, leaving the families on Corn Island in the houses which he had had erected. This became the foundation of the City of Louisville.

Later on an order came from General Clark, after his success in his expedition against the British, to erect a fort on the main land for future habitation. In the Fall of 1778 this was begun on the bank of the river, at the foot of Twelfth Street. It was built by Richard Chenoweth, whose accounts were afterward certified by the Jefferson County Court for payment by the Virginia Legislature. While he was erecting the Twelfth Street fort, another was begun near the mouth of Beargrass Creek by Colonel John Floyd, and this served the purpose of the settlers until the erection of Fort Nelson, in 1782. This last-named fortification was situated on the north side of Main, between Sixth and Seventh Streets, and was built more in accordance with military skill than either of its predecessors.

The settlers having laid out their town upon the lands, which before the Revolutionary War belonged to Dr. Connolly, it was thought best for their security to have them confiscated before incorporating the town. A petition was therefore sent to the Virginia Legislature early in 1779, praying the incorporation of the town upon the confiscated lands. The petition was granted, and the upper half of the Connolly lands, 2,000 acres, was vested in the settlers as trustees, to be laid out in lots of a half acre each, having convenient streets and public lots, for the town of Louisville. This Act, though not passed until April 1st, 1780, took effect the first of May of that year; but the trustees did not assemble until the 7th of February, 1781. In 1795, after the organization of Kentucky into a separate State, the Kentucky Legislature passed an Act making the future trustees elective citizens of the town, authorizing them to levy a tax for public purposes. Dr. E. L. Hall was appointed assessor and collector, and the first tax list of Louisville is as follows:

50 Horses at 6d. per head	£1	5s.	0d.
65 Negroes at 1s. per head	3	5	0
2 Billiard Tables at 20s. each	2	0	0
5 Tavern Licenses at 6s. each	1	10	1
5 Retail Stores at 10s. each	2	10	0
Carriages: 6 wheels at 2s. per wheel	0	12	0
Town Lots at 6d. per £100	8	13	6
80 Tithables at 3s. each	12	0	0
Making Total of	£31	15	7

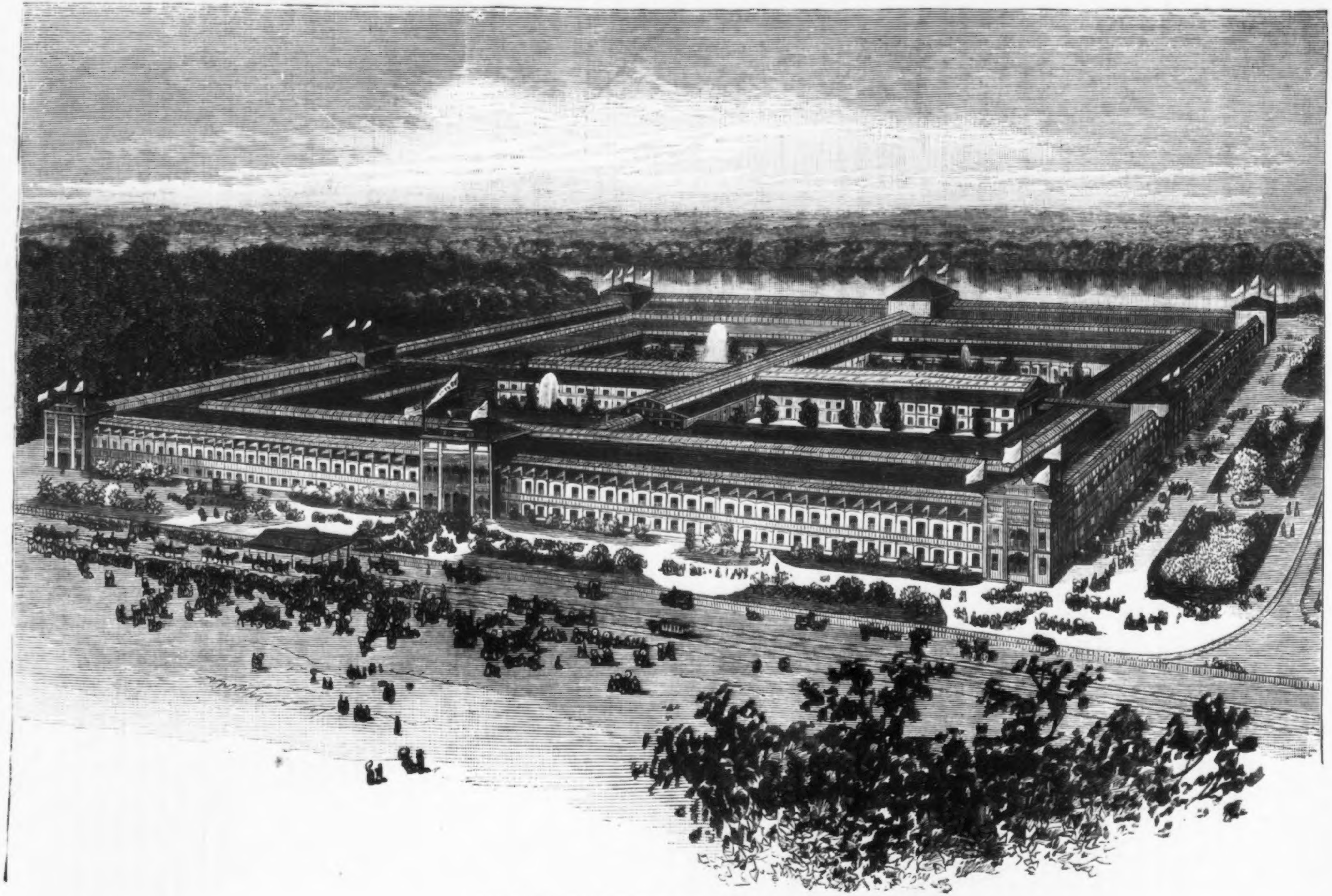
This constituted the revenues of the city in the wilderness. For these historical facts the writer is indebted to Dr. R. T. Durrett.

So much for the early history of the city of the Falls. It grew with the growth of the country, it partook of the characteristics of pioneer days, and was subject to the vicissitudes of those days. Sharing in the gradual growth of the country which surrounded it, Louisville, at the outbreak of the Civil War had a population of 70,000, and had grown to be a city of commercial importance. It was at the head of river navigation, and did a large business with the South, furnishing supplies to the cities and large plantations, and taking in exchange the agricultural products of that section. Here were established great commission houses and rich banking institutions. Here stopped the Southern planters with their families on their way to the North to spend the Summer season, or as they returned during the Winter to their Southern homes. Up to the war Louisville was almost exclusively a commercial city, marked by the same enterprise, life, and habit, and thought that characterized the South in general, rather than by those characteristics which distinguished the northern section of the country.

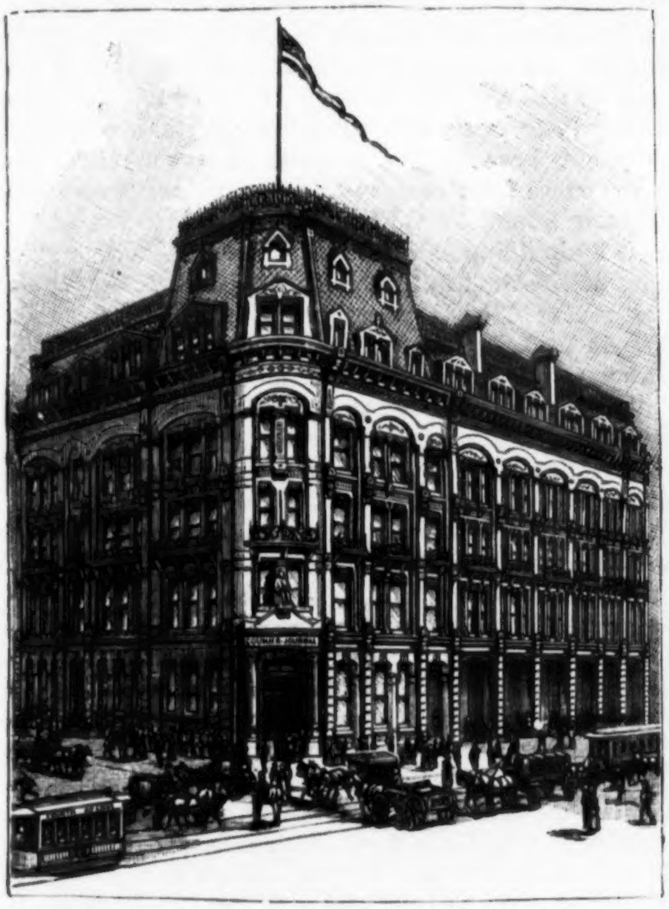
The recent history of Louisville dates from the outbreak of the Civil War. Shortly before this period a railroad had been constructed from Louisville to Nashville, the first road of any importance in this section of the country. Though finished, the organization had not been perfected when the war broke out. The secession of the Southern States and the beginning of hostilities destroyed Louisville's Southern commerce, cutting off her merchants from their customers, and ruining many of the oldest and best-established business houses. On the other hand, it became the base of military supplies, and the headquarters of military movements of the Union forces. Because of this its local business flourished, and the attention of the country was attracted to the important advantages secured by the location of the city. At the close of the war, the armies withdrawn and peace reigning, the business of Louisville in the South at once revived. In these five years the country had witnessed a marvelous development of its railroad system, and the river traffic had largely lost its importance. With the line of the Nashville as a beginning, the merchants of Louisville extended their lines in all directions, and the trade of the sections, penetrated by these new communications, centered at Louisville. Manufacturers received an impulse that put them far ahead of all Southern rivalry, and these influences increased from year to year, until the manufacturing establishments in the city in 1880 amounted to 1,108, with a capital of $21,767,013, with a product of $35,423,203, giving employment to 17,448 hands, and paying wages annually to the amount of $5,835,545.

Louisville is especially fortunate in its railroad connections. It is the headquarters of the Louisville and Nashville system, which extends to Pensacola, Mobile and New Orleans in the South, and penetrates the rich mineral and timber lands of Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama, and brings to her market the great tobacco crops of these states; making it the distributing point for supplies throughout this section, and securing to it commercial advantages which its citizens have not been slow to use.

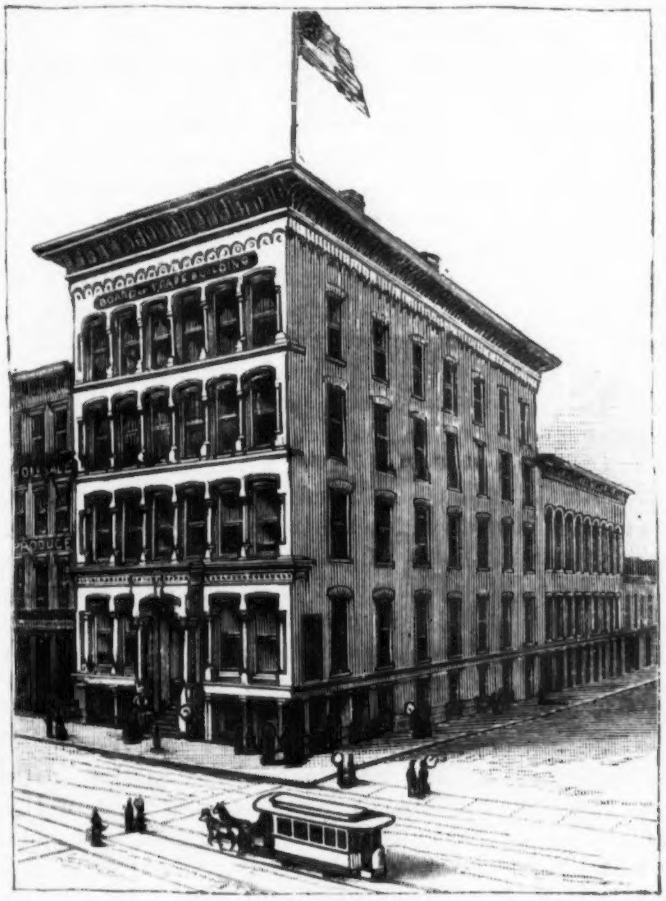
It is the central point in Huntington's railroad system east of the Mississippi. It is the western terminus of the Chesapeake and Ohio, which extends from Newport News to the Falls of the Ohio. It is the northern or eastern terminus of the Chesapeake, Ohio and Southwestern, extending with its connections from Louisville to Paducah, Memphis, Vicksburg and New Orleans. The Pennsylvania system enters Louisville over the Louisville and Nashville line from Cincinnati, or *via* Indianapolis over its own line, crossing the river on its own bridge. The Baltimore and Ohio reaches Louisville by way of the Ohio and Mississippi from Cincinnati, and by the same gives Louisville a second direct line to St. Louis. Chicago is reached from Louisville *via* the Pennsylvania lines through Indianapolis, or by a direct line known as the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago, or "Monon route." The Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis gives the city a direct western connection, and though a new road is destined to be a very important



THE SOUTHERN EXHIBITION BUILDING AT LOUISVILLE.



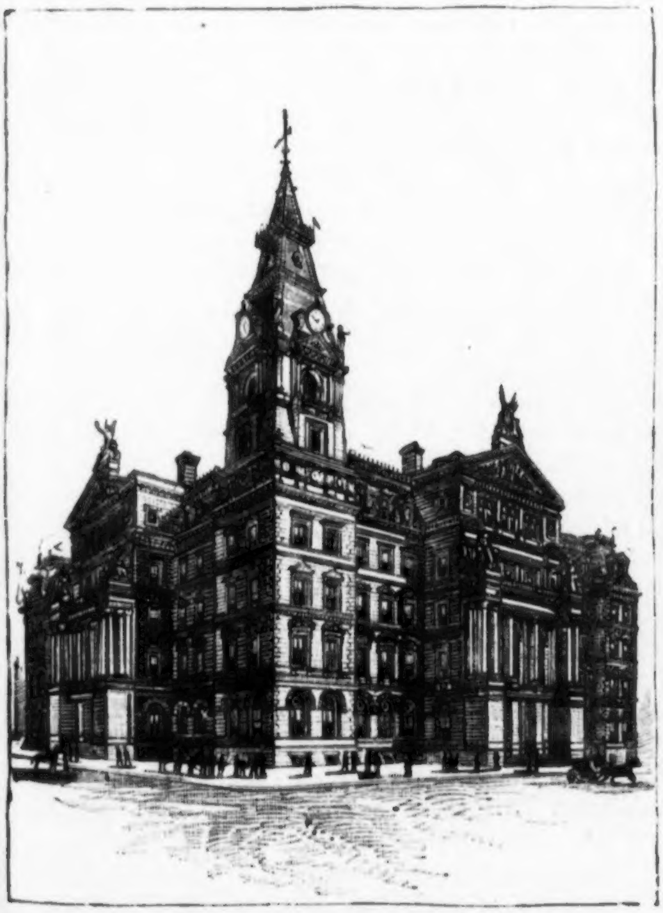
THE "COURIER-JOURNAL" BUILDING.



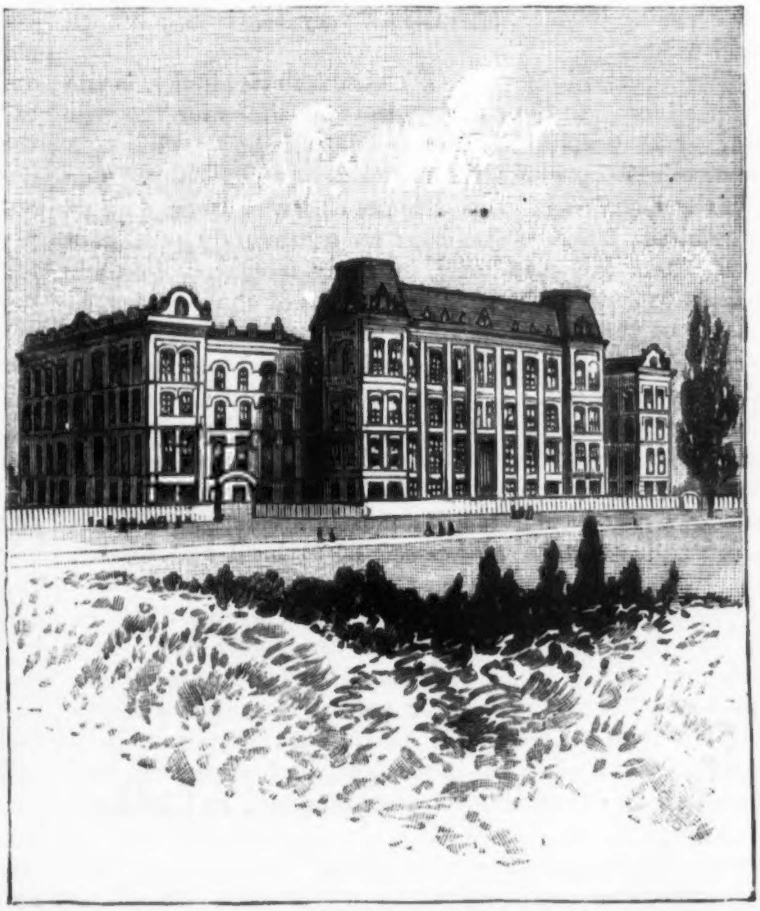
THE BOARD OF TRADE.

one. Few cities have such a complete system with competing lines to almost every point, the Cincinnati Southern, built in the interest of a rival city, having recently extended its system to Louisville.

The bridge which crosses the Ohio at the head of the Falls is a mile in length, built under the direction of Mr. Albert Fink, and, as has been said, is owned by the Pennsylvania road. A second bridge is nearing completion, and will be open for traffic by January 1st. It is built at the foot of the Falls, and is a most substantial structure. One hundred and twenty passenger trains arrive and depart from the city daily, and freight trains in like



THE CUSTOM HOUSE.



THE MASONIC WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' HOME.

proportion, but as yet Louisville has the very poorest depots in the country.

The canal around the Falls is an important engineering and commercial work. The line of a proposed canal appears on Finlay's map of the Falls as early as 1792, and in 1804 the Legislature chartered a company to build it. Nothing was done until the growth of the steamboat interests forced its construction, and in 1825 a new charter was granted to the Louisville and Portland Canal Company. In 1830 it was completed, and December 31st, 1830, the first steamboat, the *Uncas*, passed through it. Since then it has been greatly enlarged; passing entirely under the control of the National Government, it has been made a free canal, and plans for its further improvement are now under execution.

The Ohio River affords Louisville a great deal of trade, both from above and below, and when navigation is not impeded by low water, the boats do a paying business. There are several lines of packets running to Madison and Cincinnati, as well as to Evansville, Cairo, Memphis and New Orleans. A ride on an Ohio River steamboat is a pleasure long to be remembered, but in this day of rapid transit, pleasure succumbs to business, and the result is that the railroads have changed the mode of transportation and travel to and from Louisville.

Louisville is the most important tobacco market in the country. Here assemble buyers from all parts of the world. The sales are made by auction, the buyers moving in a body from one warehouse to another until the whole thirteen have been visited each day. The sales at these warehouses on some days amount to nearly a thousand hogsheads, and for the current year the total sales of tobacco in Louisville will be 125,000 hogsheads—fully one half the Western crop. This tobacco trade is of ancient date. It is recorded that the first sales took place in a little log warehouse opposite the mouth of Beargrass Creek in the year 1795.

Louisville has also a large number of tobacco factories, employed principally in making special brands of plug or chewing-tobacco, and it is a very flourishing branch of business.

The Louisville Revenue District, fifth Kentucky, is one of the largest in the country, the collections for the year ending December, 1884, were $8,331,581.73. This sum was collected principally from tobacco and whisky. The whisky interests of Louisville are also very large, and, as a rule, the business has been an exceedingly profitable one. But the distilleries, in many instances, in their efforts to control the whisky business of the country, so increased their facilities of manufacture as to extend the production of the article to a point beyond the consumptive demand, and in the reaction which followed this over-production they suffered serious embarrassments. During the last twelve months they have been slowly extricating themselves from their difficulties, the production of whisky has fallen to a merely nominal figure, and the surplus has been disposed of in local and foreign markets. The enormous revenues derived by the Government from this source had to be raised by the distillers in advance of the demand of the consumers, as the law required all whisky to be taken from bond on a certain date, whether it was sold or not. This threw a heavy burden upon the Louisville banks, but they were able to meet all demands without the least embarrassment, and now that the pressure has been removed, and business has resumed its natural channels, the surprising fact is that there have been so few disasters in connection with this business.

The enterprise of Louisville merchants in pushing their trade in all directions, and the building new lines by rival cities, on the other hand, has changed in some respects the course of trade, cutting the city off from some of its former customers. But her merchants, following their plans with great energy, faith and sound judgment, have by the conquest of new territory each season more than compensated themselves for any loss resulting from the ambition of their rivals to extend their trade by building new lines into Louisville territory. No more efficient aid in this work could be mentioned than that rendered by the Southern Exposition. Organized early in 1883, its first exhibition was given in the Fall of that year upon a scale which no other city, excepting Philadelphia, had attempted in this country. All the money required for this undertaking was raised by local subscriptions; no appeal whatever was made to the Government, National, State or Municipal, and the exposition season of 1883 was perhaps the most successful in the history of expositions in this country. The attendance reached nearly a million for the hundred days during which the gates were open. Persons from all sections of the country were numbered among its many visitors. This was followed in 1884 by a second exposition, conducted upon the same general plan of management, and at this writing a third exposition is in successful operation. The building covers thirteen acres, and is filled with the products not only of the States of America, but of those from foreign countries, including Mexico. This was the first exposition in which an attempt was made to light the building by electricity, in order that it might be visited by night. There were 4,600 incandescent lights placed in the building, and several hundred arc lights were distributed through the grounds. The effect was magical, and enabled visitors during the day to see the city and attend to any business matters requiring their attention, and at night to visit the exposition. The citizens of Louisville, to sustain this enterprise, contributed as a fund for the purchase of the grounds and erection of the necessary buildings, over $600,000. The revenues have already reached about that amount. It has been managed with great business care and skill, and upon a very liberal scale. The lighting up of the building for the season cost nearly $40,000, and the music furnished was secured at a sum only a little less than this. The beneficial results of this enterprise, notwithstanding the business depression that everywhere prevails, and especially throughout the South, are manifest. Louisville has continued to grow in wealth and population, and finds itself now on the threshold of a new era of prosperity, admirably organized and equipped for future operations.

The rapid growth of manufactures in Louisville is easily accounted for. The city possesses natural advantages, which have already been noted. Its extraordinary railroad and river facilities, furnishing it with the means of transportation in all directions, thus securing low rates of freight by natural competition, rather than empirical legislation, could not fail to build up its manufacturing interests. Its lines of transportation, penetrating the rich agricultural districts of the surrounding country, bring to the city the lumber from the forests of Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama and Florida; coal from the mines of Eastern and Western Kentucky; and iron from the furnaces of East Tennessee and Northern Alabama. All these natural advantages have increased the manufacturing interests of Louisville to an extent which is a source of surprise to those who have paid but little attention to these sources of wealth throughout the South.

Louisville is the principal point of distribution for plows and other agricultural implements, and has attained an ascendency which no city in the South has ever reached. Here are located the largest plow-works in the country, the capacity of one factory alone being 2,000 plows a day.

Every kind of agricultural implement, except the reaper and mower, is manufactured here, and specially adapted to the demands of the South. It is to be said that it requires careful and painstaking investigation of the different varieties of soil, of the character of the products, and of the condition of the roads, and that the prejudices of the Southern farmer must also be taken into account in order to produce just the implements the people demand.

During recent years, because of the new timber lands opened by the new railroads, the furniture manufacturers have largely increased their business and extended their markets. The tanning interests have also been rapidly developed under these influences, the supply of tan bark in the forests of Kentucky and Tennessee being almost unlimited, and the supply of hides increasing year by year. This has also led to the growth of shoe manufacturing, and a large number of shoe dealers from the South now supply themselves from Louisville factories. Another thing that has increased this tendency has been the disposition of Eastern manufacturers to sell direct to the best retailers, thus cutting off from the Western and Southern jobbers the most desirable part of their trade. This has led the rich jobbers to strike back at the manufacturers, and they are establishing in Louisville, Nashville and elsewhere, factories of their own, where shoes are made equal to those of the Boston market, and even better adapted to meet the demands of Southern trade.

Here, in Louisville, are extensive pipe-works. Pipes for water, gas and sewers are made in Louisville and supplied to all sections of the country, even to Pittsburg. The reasons for this are found in the cheap iron, coal and labor. Due to the same cause is the success and rapid extension of the manufacturing establishments producing stoves, marbleized mantels, saddles, wagons, agricultural ironworks, etc. Strange to relate, Louisville has not a single cotton-mill, but no branch of manufacturing is carried on more extensively than that of jeans, commonly known to the trade as Kentucky jeans. This is of only two grades, excellent in color and quality, and Louisville now supplies the principal markets of the West with the best of these goods.

The banking system of Louisville is entirely sound, and it is extensive enough to meet all the requirements of a growing trade. Historically considered, there is much in it to justify the pride and confidence of the city. In the days of the "wild-cat banks," a Kentucky banknote was a standard of value and stability. Wedded somewhat to the old banking methods, to those old methods which, if "old fogyish," were at least free from any suspicion of speculative tendencies, or risky experiments, the Louisville banks were not quick to avail themselves of the National Bank act. The chief objection lay against—first, a currency which rested on a debt; and, next, against any connection with the Government in matters of this kind, which were so sensitive to political changes, and so subject to popular attack or injury. The wisdom of these objections has not certainly been settled as against the banks, for the confession of the wisest economists to-day is that, however successful the system under peculiar circumstances proved to be, it was to all intents both an experiment and expedient, rather than a scientific solution of a financial problem. When the panic of 1873 induced the banks the country over to refuse payments to depositors—issuing certified checks "for their own protection"—it was done in direct violation of the charter, but the practice prevailed everywhere except in Louisville. There, most of the banks had determined to adopt it too, but absolute unity of action was necessary. This was not secured. One president said he was only the trustee, not the guardian, of his depositors; that the money was theirs, not his; and when they asked for it, they should have it, if it was in his vaults. When his vaults were empty, his bank would suspend payment, and not until then. Against this statement nothing could avail, and the banks, which on Saturday had suspended payment, resumed on Monday. Money flowed to Louisville, instead of away from it, and that city escaped the annoyance and inconvenience which others experienced.

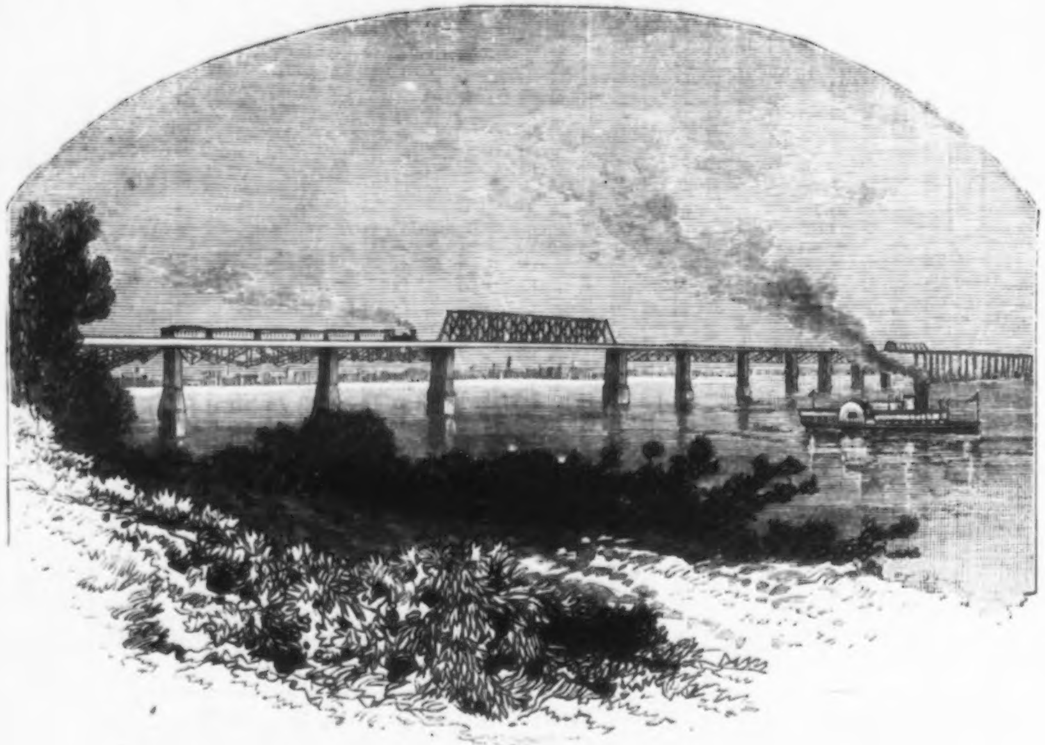
There are in Louisville twenty-two incorporated banks, with a capital of $8,897,000, and a surplus fund amounting to $2,423,000. While the aggregate capital is sufficient, the banks are too numerous, and the average bank capital too small. In addition to these incorporated banks, there are several private banks and bankers. There is no distinctive savings bank in Louisville.

To all visiting strangers, Louisville is a most attractive city. Its streets, intersecting each other at right angles, are broad and beautiful, well-built, well-drained, and kept in excellent order. The homes of the people spread over a large territory. The city is built upon a broad plain, stretching for miles to the south before it meets any important elevation. Land here is cheap, and it requires little capital to secure a home with ample grounds to make it beautiful. Through all the principal streets one notices the well-kept grounds, varied and beautiful beds of flowers, numerous trees giving out their welcome shade, and many fountains watering the ground and grasses.

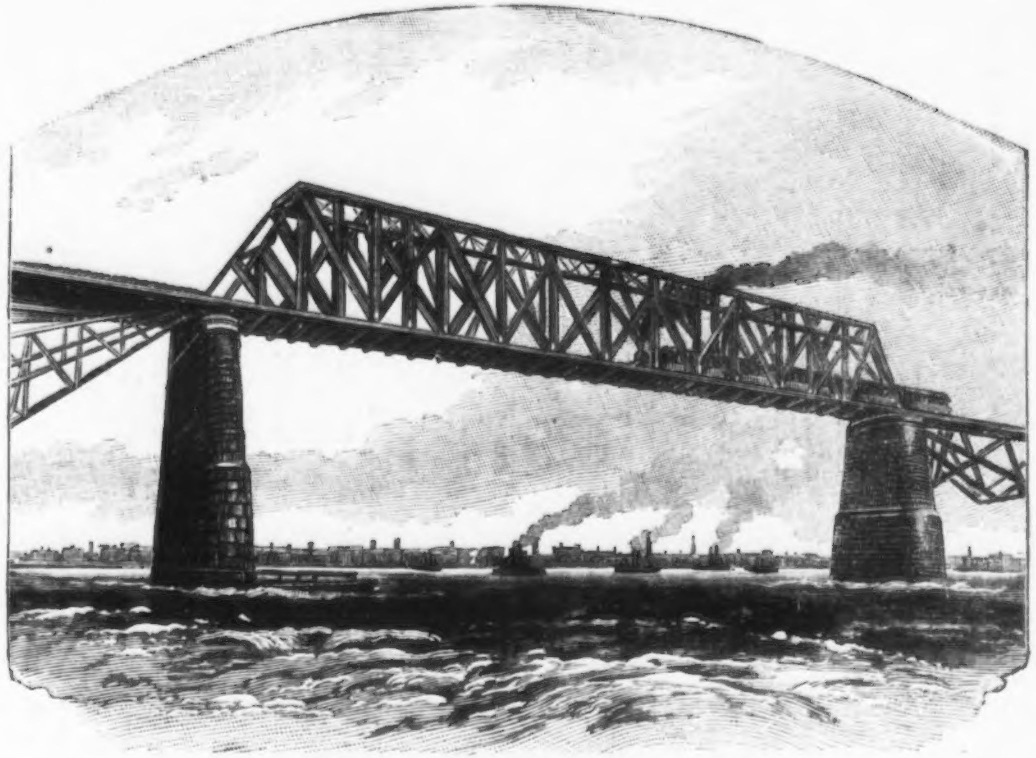
It has been charged upon the merchants of Louisville, and not without reason, that they are more eager to secure and furnish a home than they are to extend their business connections. There are evidences on all hands of home comforts and even home extravagancies. This is a home-loving people, but neither indolent nor lacking in commercial ambition. Though there is less of the eagerness for wealth and the noisy activity here that are found in more northern cities, though visitors from north of the Ohio remark on the languid air, and the evidences of lassitude observed in our commercial movements, still the reply is that the business of Louisville constantly grows, and its wealth accumulates, if not as rapidly as elsewhere, at least as surely; and if her merchants know less of the marvelous extensions of business enterprise that have marked the history of other cities; they know less, too, of the recurring commercial depressions.

Louisville, in common with other cities, has suffered from unwise legislation, extravagance and corruption in municipal matters, and a strange indifference, eleven months out of the twelve, to all such things, by the men who have the taxes to pay. Consequently Louisville boasts of a debt, bonded and floating, of between nine and ten millions of dollars, an assessed valuation of something less than sixty millions, a tax rate of two dollars forty-eight cents on every hundred dollars, and, in addition, a heavy license tax imposed on every branch of business.

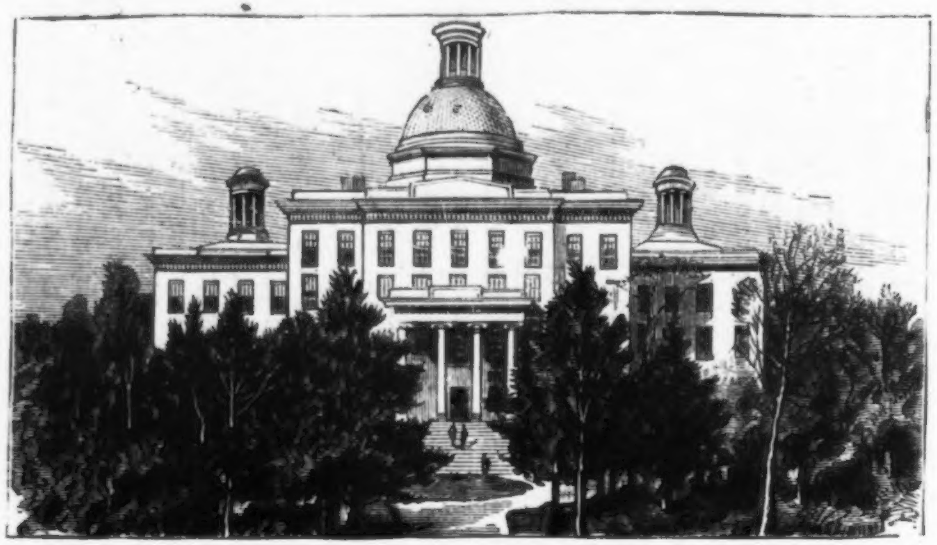
The public schools are admirably managed, and liberally supported by local taxation. In addition to the graded schools, there are two high schools—one for the boys and one for the girls. The school building for the girls is a very handsome structure, and most admirably



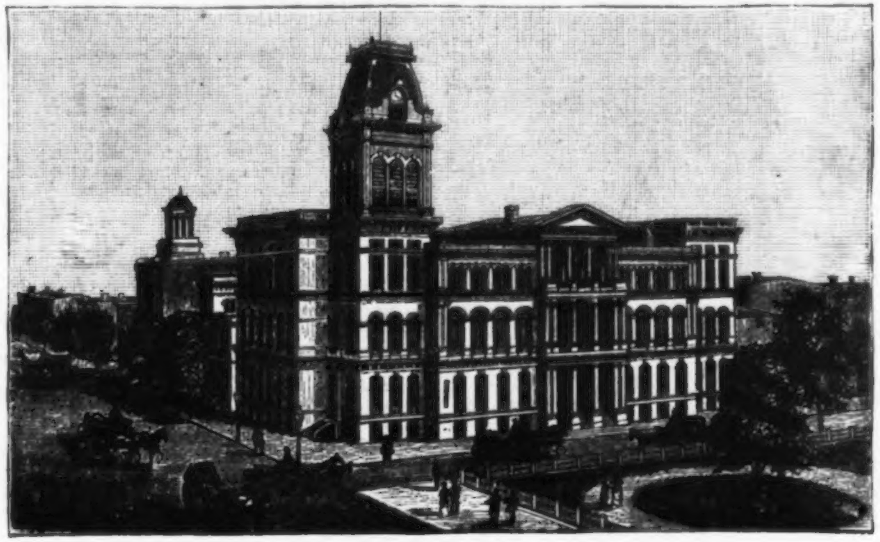
THE OHIO RIVER RAILROAD BRIDGE.



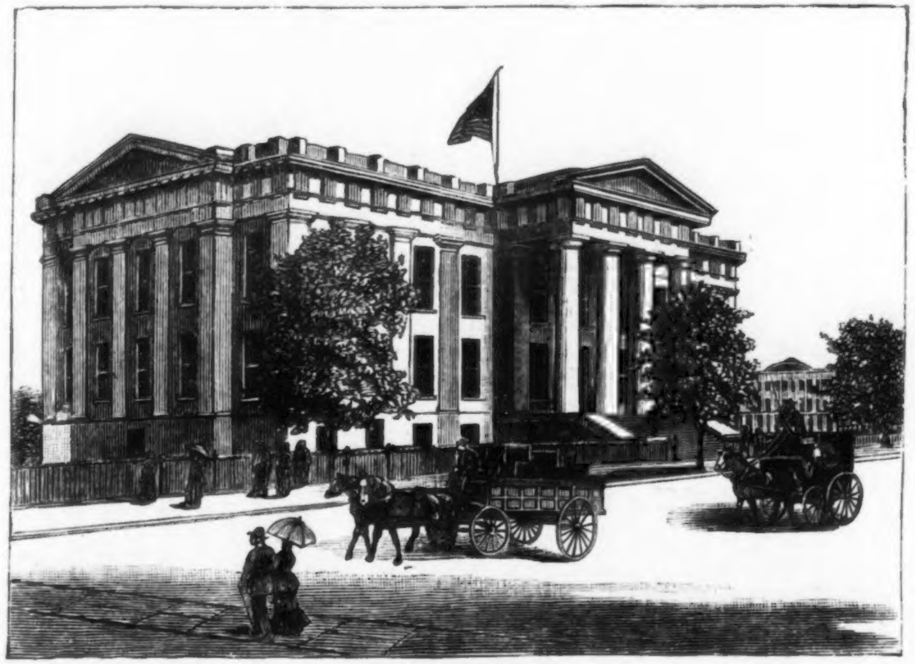
THE CENTRAL SPAN OF THE RAILROAD BRIDGE.



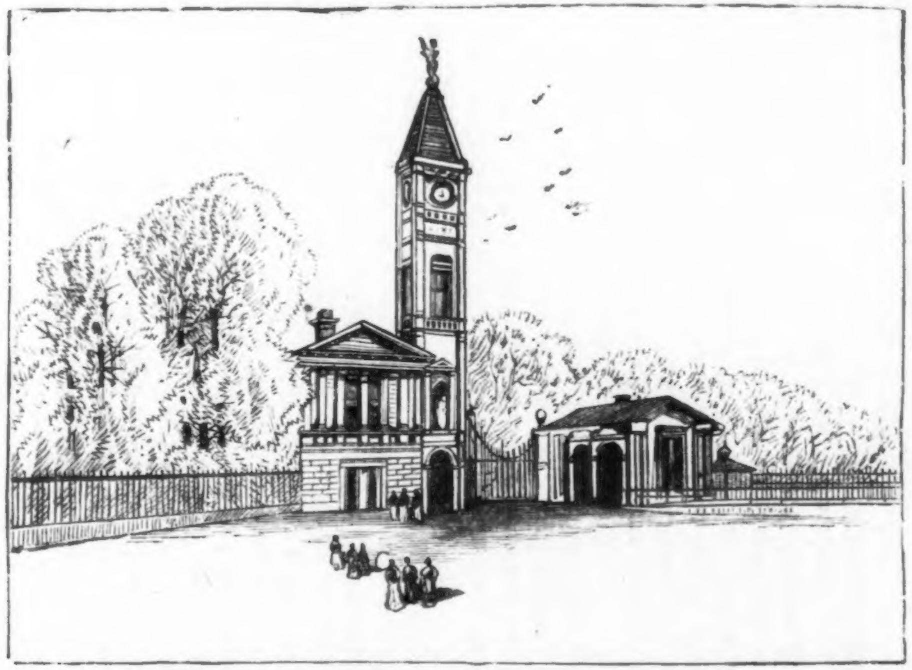
THE BLIND ASYLUM.



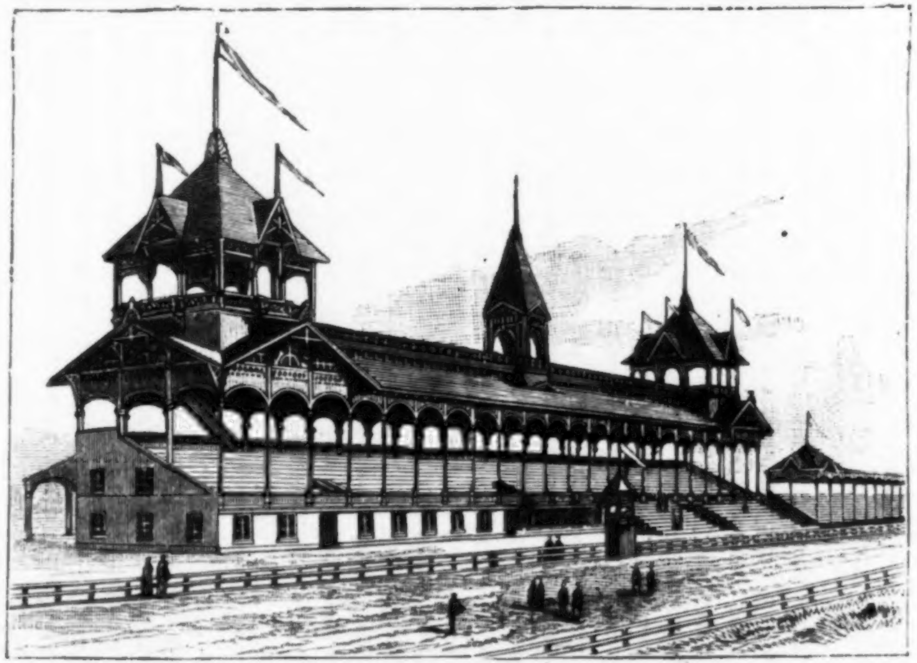
THE CITY HALL.



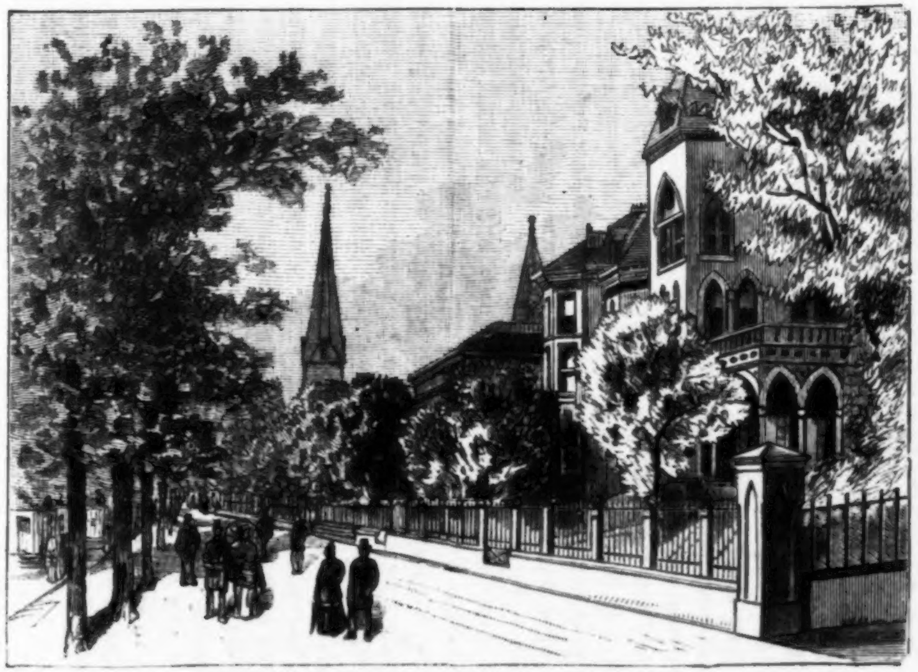
THE COURT HOUSE.



ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE HILL CEMETERY, LOUISVILLE.



THE JOCKEY CLUB COURSE.



BROADWAY FROM THIRD STREET, LOUISVILLE.

arranged for its purpose. The attendance at this school is between 300 and 400 each year. The total attendance at the graded schools is somewhat over 15,000. The colored children are well provided for, having three school-buildings, and a competent corps of teachers in each. These schools are entirely separate from the schools for the white children, but they are supported from the common fund, and they are under the management of the same board of trustees. All prejudice against taxation to educate the negro has disappeared, and he shares alike with his white neighbor in the growing determination to have as perfect a system of education as money and modern progress can secure.

In addition to these public schools, there are a number of private and denomination schools, well conducted and liberally sustained.

The most important institution of learning in Louisville, is the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. At the head of its able faculty is Dr. James P. Boyce, who is supported by Dr. John A. Broadus, Dr. B. Manly, and Dr. W. H. Whitsitt. Its usefulness grows year by year, and it is slowly accumulating an endowment fund which will in a short time enable it to erect its necessary buildings and greatly enlarge its educational facilities.

Louisville has a well-organized Board of Trade, composed of between six and seven hundred members, and owning a handsome building on the corner of Third and Main, valued at $125,000. The Board of Trade does not mean here what it does in the speculative centres. In Louisville there is little or no trading "on 'change," and no business is done on margins. The Board of Trade is an organization of all public spirited merchants, formed for the purpose of watching the commercial interests of the city, and protecting them from the encroachments of rivals. It has been in many ways of service to the city, but really while all the merchants are nominally members, paying small annual dues, the work of the organization falls on a few active, energetic ones. In truth, Louisville is greatly lacking in public spirit. Her merchants are as shrewd and as far-sighted as are the business men of other cities, but there is a lamentable lack of any spirit of co-operation. The average merchant in Louisville is content to "hold his own," and he studies and plans not so much to open new avenues of trade, new markets for his wares, as to keep his own customers in spite of the blandishments of his neighbors ; few realizing that their real rivals are not the other merchants of Louisville, but those of other cities. Could the various energies of Louisville be fused, as in Chicago, the city would go forward after the manner of the great City of the Lake.

Of all the buildings devoted to business, none is more attractive in its appearance than the one owned by the *Courier-Journal.* It is one of the most complete printing houses in the country, and in none do the citizens of Louisville take greater pride.

Enough has been written to convey some idea of the resources, the history and the future prospects of the City of Louisville. Much more could be added of the pleasures and graces of social life. Here, on the border, Louisville combines something of the mercantile shrewdness to the love of pleasure and of ease which characterize the South, and it is wholly neither a Northern nor Southern city. It has its social clubs, better sustained perhaps than its commercial organizations. It is a liberal supporter of the racecourse, but its churches are numerous, handsome and well organized. Billiards have, since 1793, been supplanted by poker, as the favorite game of the people, perhaps ; but gambling, while it is winked at, flourishes only here as elsewhere. It has no well-endowed collegiate institutions, no well-established library, or art gallery, such as other cities boast of, but it has made a beginning. A wreck of the old Public Library, which sought to secure an endowment by a large lottery scheme, has been saved, and the Polytechnic Society has thus the nucleus of what may some day be a library, and an art gallery, in something more than name. The managers of the Polytechnic Society are doing all in their power to compass this end, and some day there will be an awakening in Louisville which will place at their disposal all the money they require. Louisville has few very wealthy men, few millionaires, and what is done there must be done by the contributions of many, rather than by the munificence of the few. There is a small, well-selected library on Fifth and Walnut Streets, which has been in existence some ten or twelve years ; it has an endowment fund of $8,000 or $10,000, and contributing members sufficient to meet the light expenses. It is an admirable object for some rich man to put in his will, making it his monument, instead of erecting one at Cave Hill, where it will tell only of his personal worth, and his neglect of public duties. This, and the books of the Polytechnic Society, are the only collections which even courtesy or local patriotism can call libraries, and they are so hemmed in by seemingly necessary restrictions as to be of value only to a small number. The absence of a library, such as many smaller cities have, is the shame of Louisville.

Among the interesting institutions of Louisville, not one will attract more attention from the practical philanthropist than the School for the Blind, under the management of B. B. Huntoon. Mr. Huntoon was for many years a most successful schoolteacher in Louisville, and is most admirably fitted by nature, training and experience for this position. The aim of the school is not to provide an asylum for the unfortunate, but to give them instead an education which will fit them to support themselves. The course is eminently useful, as well as pleasing. In no school of any kind is geography taught more thoroughly than here, the maps having been made by Mr. Huntoon himself, and such maps as would aid not only the blind, but the more fortunate child, to understand what he recites by rote. In connection with the school was a printing-press, and to this Mr. Huntoon gave much thought and attention. He introduced one improvement and then another, and finally, by an invention of his own, practically revolutionized the art of printing for the blind by a new method of electrotyping. This so reduced the cost of books for the blind as to, in fact, throw open to this class all the best works in the language. Some years ago the United States Government appropriated the interest on $250,000 as a perpetual fund to sustain the "American Printing House for the Blind"; and as a recognition of the services already rendered by Mr. Huntoon, and as evidence of his skill and faithfulness, this institution was located in Louisville, and placed under his charge. Its benefits are inestimable, and one watches the growth of its catalogue with such feelings of admiration and satisfaction that blindness loses half of its terrors. To Mr. Huntoon belongs the blessing awarded to him who has brought within the reach of ten blind persons books before open only to one.

The great men of Kentucky, living and dead, are numerous. Their names are high upon the roll of fame, and the citizens of the State have a right to be proud of them. Of course all hearts warm into a glow at the mention of Henry Clay, the great commoner, but there are others who have given glory and renown to the history of the

State and nation: John J. Crittenden, John C. Breckinridge, Robert J. Breckinridge, Tom Marshall, and James Guthrie, are names that will live as long as the State itself. Perhaps Louisville is indebted to no one person for its prosperity more than to Mr. Guthrie. Born in 1795, he was identified with the very earliest history, not only of the city, but also of the State. He was a firm believer in internal improvements, and was a vigorous advocate for every measure calculated to develop the country. The Louisville and Nashville Railroad was rendered a certainty by his efforts to build it, and also the line from Louisville to Frankfort. But it was as Secretary of the Treasury, during the Administration of President Pierce, that he won his place as a national financier, for it was said that he was the equal of Alexander Hamilton in the conduct of the affairs of that office.

But there is another name all Kentuckians bow with reverence before, and that is George D. Prentice, the poet-editor of the Louisville *Journal*. As a wit, as a writer of satire, he probably never had an equal. Some of his poems are exceedingly sweet and full of sentiment, but his reputation is that of a journalist rather than that of a poet. He was born in Connecticut, in 1802, and was early associated with John G. Whittier in the publication of the *New England Weekly Review*. He went to Kentucky in 1830 to write a biography of Henry Clay, and ever thereafter made that State his home. In November, 1830, the Louisville *Journal* was commenced by him, and a most vigorous fight was made for Henry Clay for President. The opposing paper was the *Advertiser*, and the war of wit and sarcasm then begun lasted eleven years, and the end found Mr. Prentice with a national reputation. The *Journal* was consolidated with the *Courier* in 1868, as the *Courier-Journal*, and is probably the best known and ablest conducted newspaper in the South. It has made a millionaire of Mr. Haldeman, the old owner of the *Courier*, and has given the Free-traders a distinguished champion in the person of Mr. Watterson. Indeed the entire Press of Louisville is fully abreast, if not in advance, of the city, and does more than its share in crowding and pushing Louisville to the front.

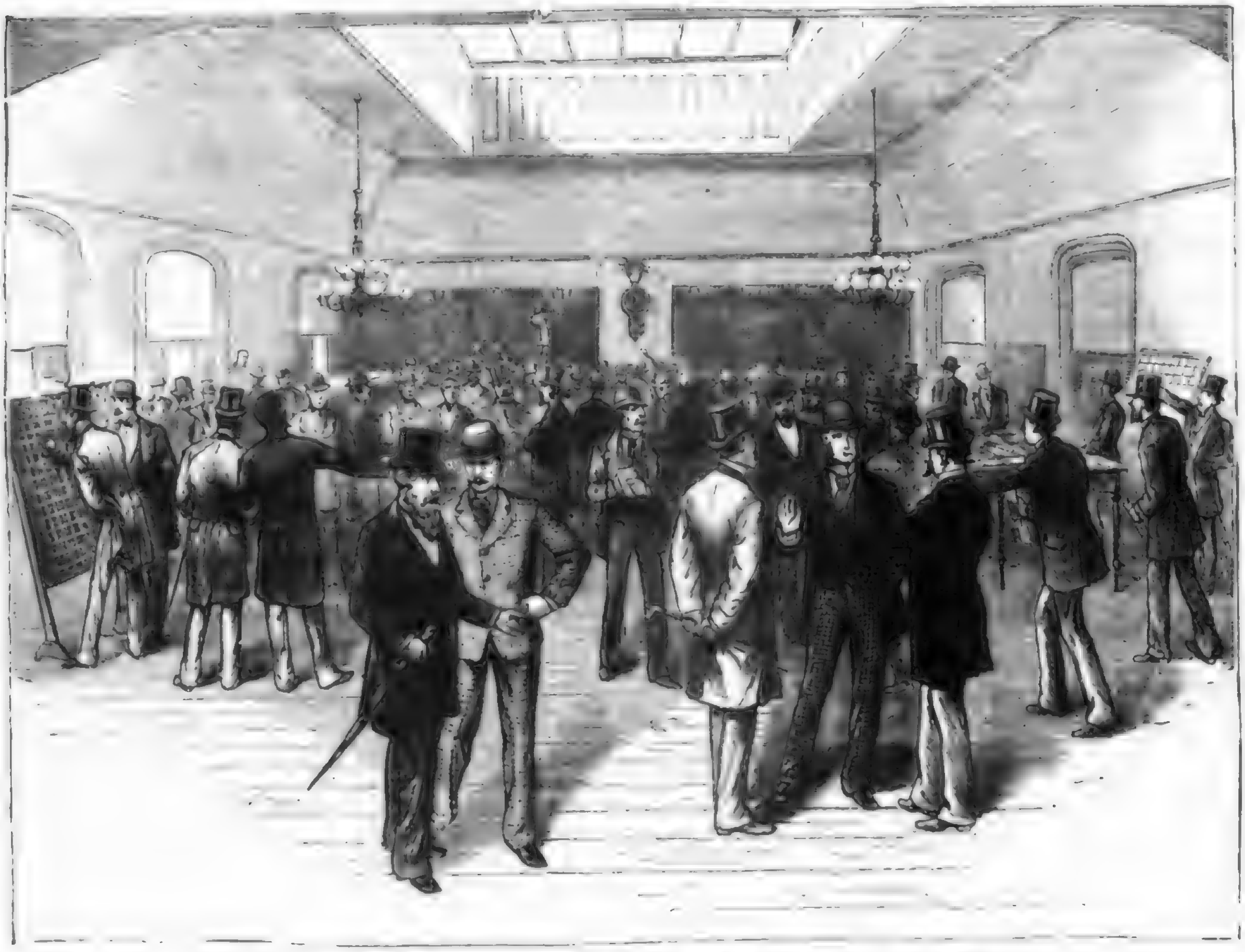
Louisville has everything to hope for from the future, and nothing to dread. There are rivalries in certain lines with other cities, but as it has grown and flourished in the past, its expansion will be even more pronounced in the future. The trade of Cincinnati with the South must of necessity be limited. True, it has a line of railway penetrating Kentucky and Tennessee, but that city is essentially Northern, not only in its business, but in its political and social life. Its affiliations with Southern sentiment extends only to dollars and cents, and it can never hope to stand upon an equality with Louisville in its social relation with Southern people, which is really a large element in controlling trade. The facts are, that the commercial and manufacturing interests of the city are on a constant and steady increase, expanding in every direction, and their influence is felt in the inauguration of new and important business enterprises. As the South grows and develops, Louisville shares more largely than any other city in its prosperity, and it would be difficult to state what catastrophe could hinder it in its onward march. If anything, it would be the apathy of its citizens in taking advantage of its position as the chief supply station for the South.

IT is strange that men will talk of miracles, revelation, inspiration and the like, as things past, while love remains.

THE TEMPLE OF VESTA IN RŌME.

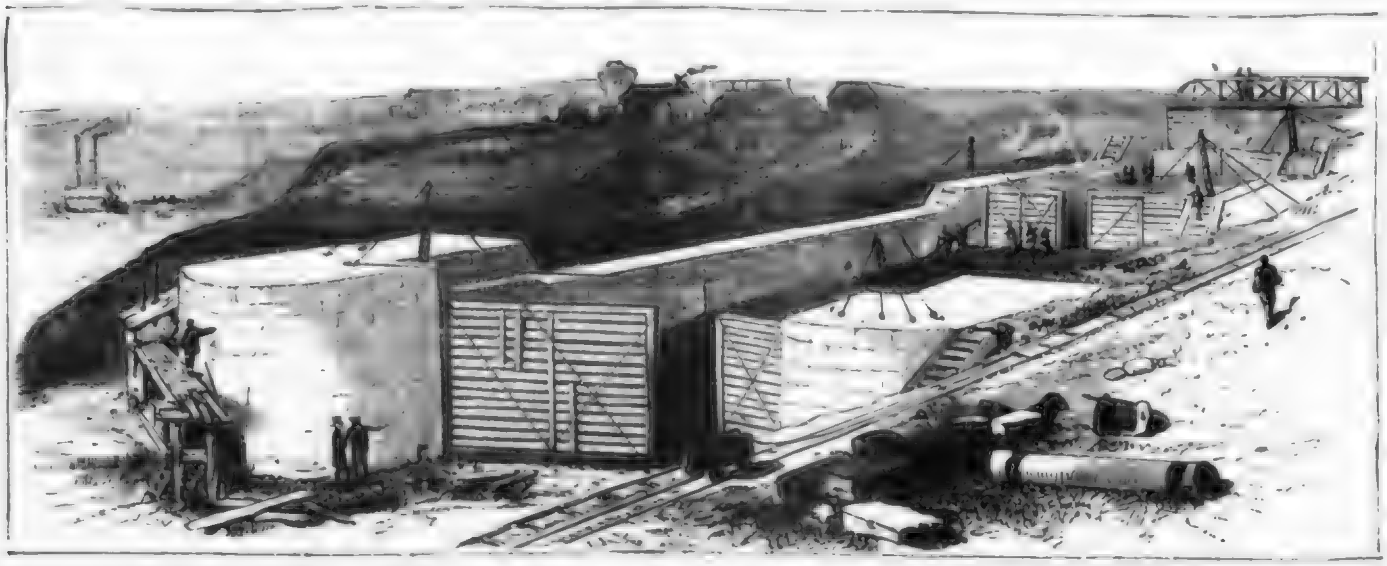
EXTENSIVE excavations made during the years 1883–4 completed the exposure of the remains of a group of three buildings which were connected with a worship of superior sanctity and antiquity to any other in the City of Rome. These were the Temple of Vesta, the Regia or house of the Pontifex Maximus, the paternal guardian of the Vestals, and the Atrium Vestæ, or dwelling-place of the virgin priestesses of Vesta. Unlike the worship paid by the Romans to most of the other members of their numerous hierarchy, the cult of the mysterious goddess Hestia or Vesta does not appear to have been derived from a Hellenic source, but to have been a development of a very primitive form of worship which existed in remote pre-historic times, probably long before the Greek colonization of Magna Græcia or Sicily. The goddess Vesta was simply a personification of the hearth or centre of family life, and the chief duty of her priestesses was to watch and feed day and night, without ceasing, the mystic fire which in her shrine took the place of a statue. If by any accident the sacred flame was allowed to become extinguished, it had to be rekindled by the Pontifex Maximus, chief of the whole Roman priesthood, and that not by the help of any ordinary profane fire, but by the laborious process of obtaining a spark through the friction of two pieces of wood. It was only in later times that it was permitted to use the easier method of relighting the fire by a burning-glass. This method of obtaining fire by friction leads one's thoughts back to a very remote period, before the discovery of iron, and suggests a manner in which the whole cult of Vesta and her virgin priestesses may possibly have arisen. It appears to have been the custom among races who had not progressed beyond the stone or bronze age to keep up, at the general expense of each village or commune, a constantly burning flame, from which each household could light their private fire, and so avoid the necessity of employing the very difficult, and in wet weather perhaps impossible, method of getting a spark by friction. A special hut would naturally be provided for this, and it would be placed in a conveniently central position in the village. The task of guarding this important fire would probably be intrusted to unmarried girls, who were yet free from the full weight of household duties and the care of children. A sacred character would soon be attributed to this important fire, and its guardians would gradually form a body of priestesses, whose duties would continue long after the invention of iron had made it a comparatively easy thing to kindle a flame. This theory can perhaps only be regarded as an archæological fancy; but there are many points about it which make it a not improbable one. The early method of getting fire by friction appears to be recorded in a poetical form in the legend of Prometheus, who brought the gift of fire to mortals concealed in a stick, and thus made known to them that mysterious hidden flame which lurks in everything.

According to the familiar legend the Temple of Vesta in Rome was founded by Numa, who transferred the centre of his cult from Alba Longa, together with the four Vestal virgins, its priestesses. One of the later kings, Tarquinius Priscus or Servius Tullius, was said to have increased their number to six. Of the Temple of Vesta very scanty remains now exist, chiefly consisting of the rough concrete mass which formed the podium of the shrine. Some blocks of tufa imbedded in the concrete, and others which formed the foundation of the steps, clearly belong to a very early period, and possibly

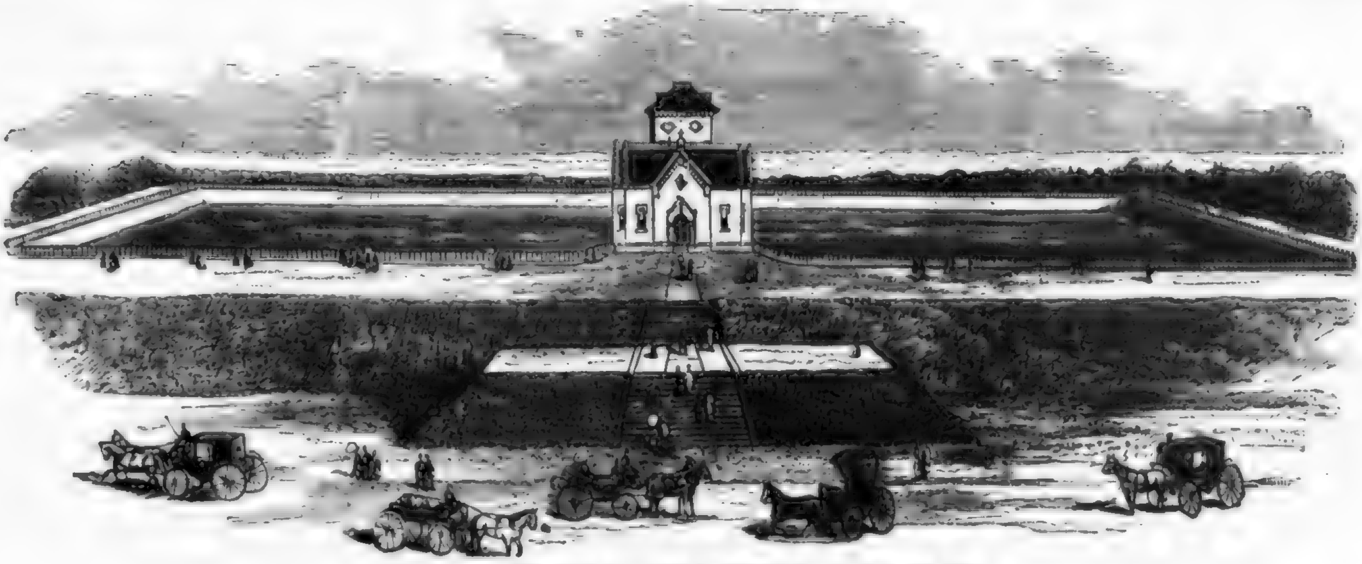


LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.—BOARD OF TRADE SALESROOM.—SEE PAGE 513.

are part of the original structure. A number of marble fragments, found on and near the podium, enable a fairly accurate restoration of the whole to be made on paper, aided by ancient representations of the building on various existing reliefs, coins and medals. The existing architectural fragments of columns, entablature and marble-coffered ceiling of the circular peristyle are not earlier than the time of Septimius Severus, in whose reign the upper and marble part of the shrine appears to have been wholly rebuilt. The original building was burnt by the Gauls in 390 B.C., when the Vestals escaped in a wagon to Cære, bearing with them the sacred fire and other important relics under their charge. In 241 B.C. the shrine was again burnt, a third time in the great fire of Nero's reign, and lastly under Commodus, after which came the rebuilding by Severus. Its original design was probably closely adhered to, for religious reasons, throughout these various rebuildings; but the comparatively coarse details and sculpture of Severus's time must have been a poor reproduction of its beauty at an earlier date. The form of this shrine much resembled the existing circular temple hard by the Tiber in the Forum Boarium, which is still popularly called the Temple of Vesta, owing to the well-known lines of



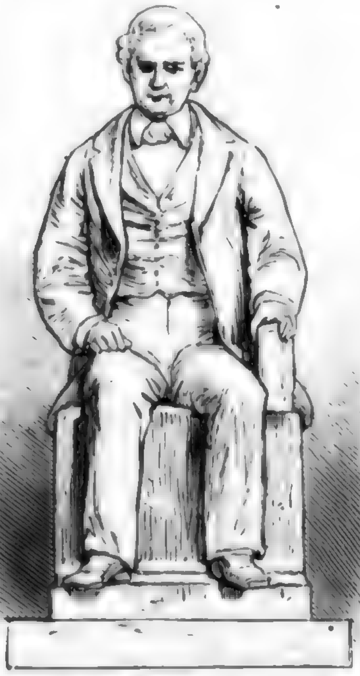
OUTLET OF THE LOUISVILLE AND PORTLAND CANAL.



LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.—THE RESERVOIR.—SEE PAGE 529.

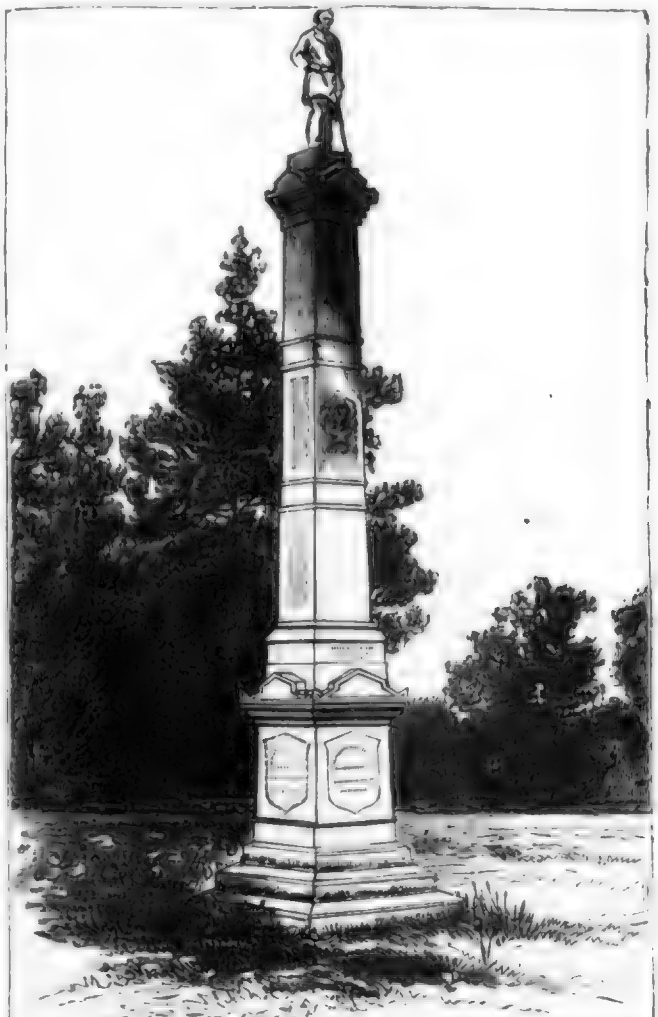
Horace (Od. I. ii. 13), who speaks of Vesta's shrine being destroyed by an inundation of the river. The great flood of 1877 proved, however, that even now the waters of the Tiber could reach to the real Temple of Vesta, which countless passages in classical authors show to have been at the verge of the Forum Magnum, and in the very position occupied by the existing remains. In the time of the elder Pliny the dome, or *tholus*, of the circular cella was covered with tiles of gilt Syracusan bronze, but it is doubtful whether these existed in the building of Severus. The circular form of the temple was supposed to symbolize the round earth, and its dome the canopy of heaven.

The cella was so small that it probably contained nothing but the altar with the sacred fire, and Ovid distinctly says that he had been mistaken in thinking that it had within it a statue of Vesta. No profane foot was ever allowed to enter this most holy of shrines, and even the peristyle was inclosed by screens made of bronze, set between its Corinthian columns. This screen is shown clearly on a relief now in the Uffizi, and also on medallions of Lucilla, Crispina and Julia Domna. The existing fragments of columns have a small square projection on each side against which the screen was fixed.



STATUE OF GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Close to the Temple of Vesta was another building of almost equal antiquity and interest. This was the Regia, or official residence of the Pontifex Maximus, which Servius, in his note to Virgil, Æn. viii., 363, describes as being "radicibus Palatii finibusque Romani Fori." The original house, like the adjoining temple, was said to have been built and lived in by Numa. It also was destroyed by the Gauls in 390 B.C., and was again burnt in 210 B.C., when the Temple of Vesta narrowly escaped. It is of special interest as having been the residence of Julius Cæsar for many years while he held the office of Chief Pontiff, and it was the scene of Clodius's celebrated intrigue with Cæsar's wife. In 12 B.C., when Augustus became Pontifex Maximus, he preferred to live on the Palatine, in a more commodious palace which he built adjoining the magnificent Temple and Area of the Palatine Apollo. He therefore presented the Regia to the Vestals, because, as Dion Cassius (lvi. 27) says, it



MONUMENT TO PRESIDENT ZACHARY TAYLOR.

adjoined their house. The Vestal virgins appear then, or shortly after, to have pulled down the Regia, and rebuilt their house on a larger scale, extending it partly over the site of the Pontiff's house. Besides being a dwelling-house so placed that the Pontifex Maximus had immediate access both to the Temple of Vesta and the house of the Vestals, whose spiritual father he was supposed to be, the Regia contained a very important sacrarium, in which were preserved the sacred spears of Mars, which, like the Ancilia, announced coming disaster by spontaneous movement. This is said to have happened just before the murder of Julius Cæsar. Within the Regia, also, was the shrine of the goddess Ops Consiva, the wife of Saturn, a place of special sanctity, where no one was admitted except the Vestals and the Pontifex Maximus or Sacerdos Publicus. When the Regia was destroyed it is probable that these sacraria were transferred to the new house of the Vestals, in which there was ample space, and which had many chambers quite removed from all sight of the outer world.

It appears probable that the other sacred relics, on the safe keeping of which the welfare and even the existence of the Roman State were supposed to depend, were preserved, not in the miniature cella of the temple, but in the Vestals' house. These relics, which Livy (xxvi. 27) calls "fatale pignus Romani imperii," consisted of several objects, the chief being the Palladium, which Æneas saved from the burning of Troy. This was carefully concealed from all eyes but those of its guardians, and was always the first thing which the Vestals thought of saving when danger approached.

When the Vestals escaped from the Gauls in 390 B.C., they first buried the Palladium, placed in a large clay vessel or *dolium*, in the Forum Magnum; and this spot, afterward known as the *doliola*, was considered sacred, so that no one was allowed to spit upon it.

THE GOLDEN VIOLET.

The troubadours in the thirteenth century established a tribunal called the Court of Love at Aix, in Provence, which was composed of ladies and gentlemen of the highest rank, who settled all questions relating to love and marriage with the greatest gravity. Rules were laid down for general observance, to which strict adherence was enforced; and so flourishing was this society, that similar ones were soon established in the neighboring provinces. The most remarkable of these in later years was at Toulouse, and numbered amongst its members the Countess de Bauffremont, the Marchioness de Salucc, the beautiful Brunissende, niece of Cardinal Talleyrand, and many other names, illustrious in the history of those times.

Madame de Genlis says that the first literary réunions in France owed their origin to these meetings. Their formation was a singular feature of the time; for at that period Europe was distracted by commotion and civil war, and the clangor of arms was heard everywhere. But women can distract themselves from such things, as they can also from the dominion of pain, and Frenchwomen of the highest rank and beauty contended for the prize of "The Golden Violet," which was given by way of encouragement to youthful competitors for the best composition either in poetry or prose. But poetry held the foremost place; nor were charades and enigmas considered unworthy of notice; and however trivial the subjects considered may at first sight appear, it must be remembered that the critical discussions took place between the chivalrous men of the Middle Ages, and by them the prize was awarded. This will explain the pride with which Eleanor of Aquitaine says: "I speak after my fancies, for I am a troubadour, you know, and won the violet at Toulouse; but my voice is harsh here, not in tune—a nightingale out of season; for marriage, rose or no rose, has killed the golden violet."

DAWN ON THE RIVER.

Out of the gloomy depths of night
Into the gladsome day!
The starlight smiled, "By whom beguiled,
O lover, to onward stray?"
The shuddering Syrinx—a martyr mild!—
With wandering lovelocks dank,
Rose ere the coming of morning light,
And fled to the sedgy bank
In terror wild, as Pan, beguiled
By love, tho' never the fair one smiled,
Follow'd her far thro' frowning night
With faltering step alway.

Out of the shadowless gloom of night
Into the dawning day!
The silvery river, with reeds a-quiver,
Piped merriest roundelay,
'Mid penitent aspen trees' sad shiver
In shunn'd and lonely place,
As they wavered and bent from my onward flight,
And rain'd their tears apace,
Praying, "O, river, with dawn a-quiver,
Swift on thy bounding breast deliver
Out of the gloomy depths of night
Lover to love alway."

Out of the gloomy depths of night
Into the gladsome day
I follow'd afar an errant star
Where the city in silence lay.
Leaping the verge of a pebbly bar,
To clasp a hand on the hither shore,
Outshone the sun as we kissed once more.
So!
But how could he know, but how could he know,
We had follow'd afar love's wandering star,
Out of the wildering gloom of night
Into the gladsome day?

THE LEADING LADY.

By Caroline B. Le Row.

It was more than devotion with which Herman Carle regarded Gladys Gregory—it was idolatry; but if the lady was conscious of the homage, she treated it with fine indifference.

"The lines trouble me," she said, with a little frown, pushing across the table a sheet of manuscript she had been perusing. "Now listen."

She quoted eloquently:

> "If while you loved, protected, trusted me,
> You had but dreamed that I was false as fair—
> That I was proved a traitor to the truth,
> And made you feel how——"

She made a long pause.

"I cannot say them yet. If only the play was not written in blank verse!"

"If only the play were not written at all, Gladys," her companion replied, earnestly. "Your part is a thankless one. What audience could fail to despise such a creature as this *Erminia*, who——"

"But *Erminia* is a strong woman, daring, fascinating——"

"Fickle, false, cruel!" her companion added.

"Yes, but fascinating still, and beloved in spite of it all. Wait till I show her to you as she is. The audience may not admire her, but they shall wonder at her and applaud her."

Herman Carle was still gazing at the beautiful woman with an expression in his eyes that needed no words for its interpretation. She seemed to become suddenly conscious of the significance of the look, and turned slightly away from it.

"You disapprove of *Erminia*, but I understand her, sympathize with——"

"You, Gladys, you?—Impossible! I——"

He checked himself suddenly, but reaching across the table beside which they sat facing each other, caught both her hands.

"Gladys, when will you give me my answer? I have waited so long already——"

She drew her hands away, rose and took a step backward.

"You are disagreeable, Herman, when you mention that subject. I——"

"Gladys!"

He had risen too, still facing her. There was a note of warning in his tone. She glanced at him, uneasily.

"You know I am fond of you, Herman, in a way. You have been a good friend to me—why not continue so? Don't let us quarrel as——"

"'In a way!'" he repeated, hoarsely. "Tell me, then, what you mean?"

But there could be no hope for any man who read aright the expression on that lovely and perfect face.

"We're the best of friends, you know," she replied, lightly; "but to talk of love between us—pooh!"

She made a movement as if blowing something from the palm of her hand, then held it out to him smiling, as she came forward toward him.

He did not move or touch the extended hand, and she turned away frowning. She was not a woman accustomed to have her overtures slighted, even by her victims.

"You like me 'in a way!' you said. What way is that, Gladys?"

"Since you insist upon knowing, as I like my maid," she said, with a cruel little laugh. "She is agreeable to me, she serves me. But I should not dream of—marrying her! Now do you understand?"

With a quick, muttered ejaculation, the young man caught up his hat and left the room. She looked annoyed as the door closed behind him, then reseated herself and began again the study of her part. A few minutes later, and a sharp ring of the doorbell caused her to listen with suspended breath.

She rose with a radiant smile upon her face as she heard outside the tones of Everett Glynn, manager of the Galaxy Theatre. She threw the door wide open as he approached it, and her eyes expressed the heartiness of her welcome.

"Hard at work, I see," and he pointed to the MS. she had tossed upon the table. "*Erminia*, of course?"

"Yes, *Erminia;* the woman who is to make your fortune and my reputation."

"Yet I am far more interested in another woman," he said, significantly. "I shall be jealous even of this new play if it absorbs you to this extent. I got your message that you could not ride with me to-day. Nonsense! I've come in spite of it!"

He touched the bell with an air of proprietorship.

"Miss Gregory's hat and shawl," he said, peremptorily, to the maid who answered the summons. "Time enough," he added, as the lady glanced thoughtfully at the clock. "Only a quick drive through the park. We'll be back by seven."

It was a quicker drive than even he, famous for his fast horses, had anticipated. A heavy shower burst upon them before it was possible to reach any shelter, and Miss Gregory was drenched in a few minutes. He put his arm about her and held her close, covering her as best he could with the light overcoat he had taken off for the purpose. "Dearest!" he whispered, as he did so, while a swift kiss touched her forehead. She nestled down beside him with a long sigh of content. It was the only word spoken on the homeward drive.

Miss Gregory filled her usual *rôle* at the theatre that night, but there was a fire in her eye and a vivacity in her manner which made her more irresistible than ever.

"She's a marvelous woman, by Jove!"

The exclamation came from one of the actors, Valbert, who watched her from the side, while the house rang again and again with the wildest applause. He was one of her countless admirers, and he spoke to Herman Carle.

"Glynn appreciates her, too," he went on. "She's most desperately in love with him—Heaven help her!—though he is more merciful to her than to some of his devotees."

"You said——" Carle had been eagerly watching her, but had turned toward his companion a white, miserable face.

"As intimate as you are with her, not to know! And warn her, I was going to say, but what good would that do?"

And yet Herman Carle had never for an instant suspected such a thing.

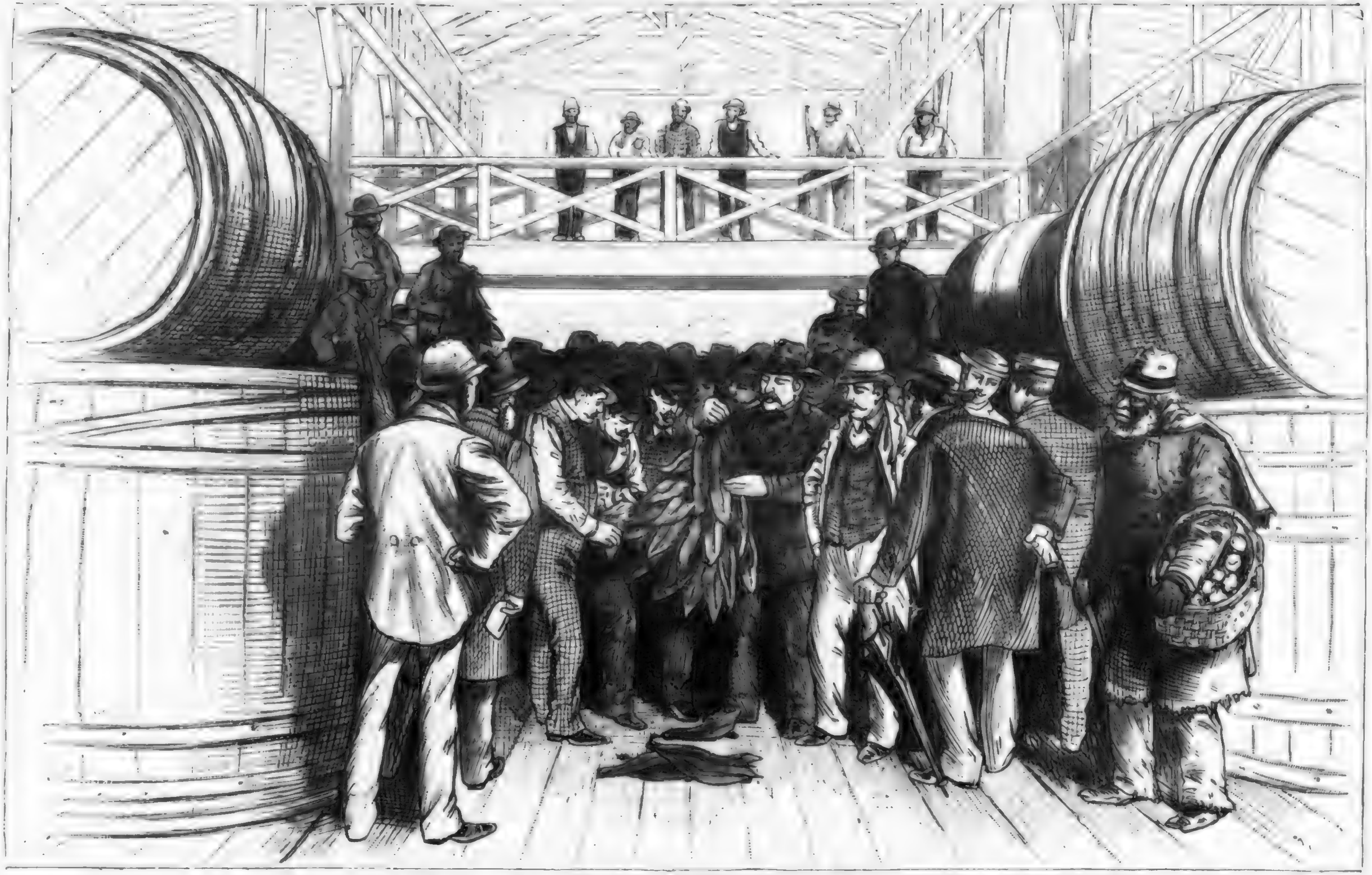
"Go on, go on!" Valbert said to him, shaking him by the shoulder. "Man alive! have you lost your wits? The house is calling for you both."

He looked up to see Gladys Gregory standing before him, flushed, smiling, her hand extended—as he had seen it that afternoon. But this time he took it and led her back to the stage. The applause was like the roar of the sea. But he heard nothing, saw nothing, felt nothing but the little hand he held in his, while he thought, bitterly, "I have at least helped her to achieve her triumph!"

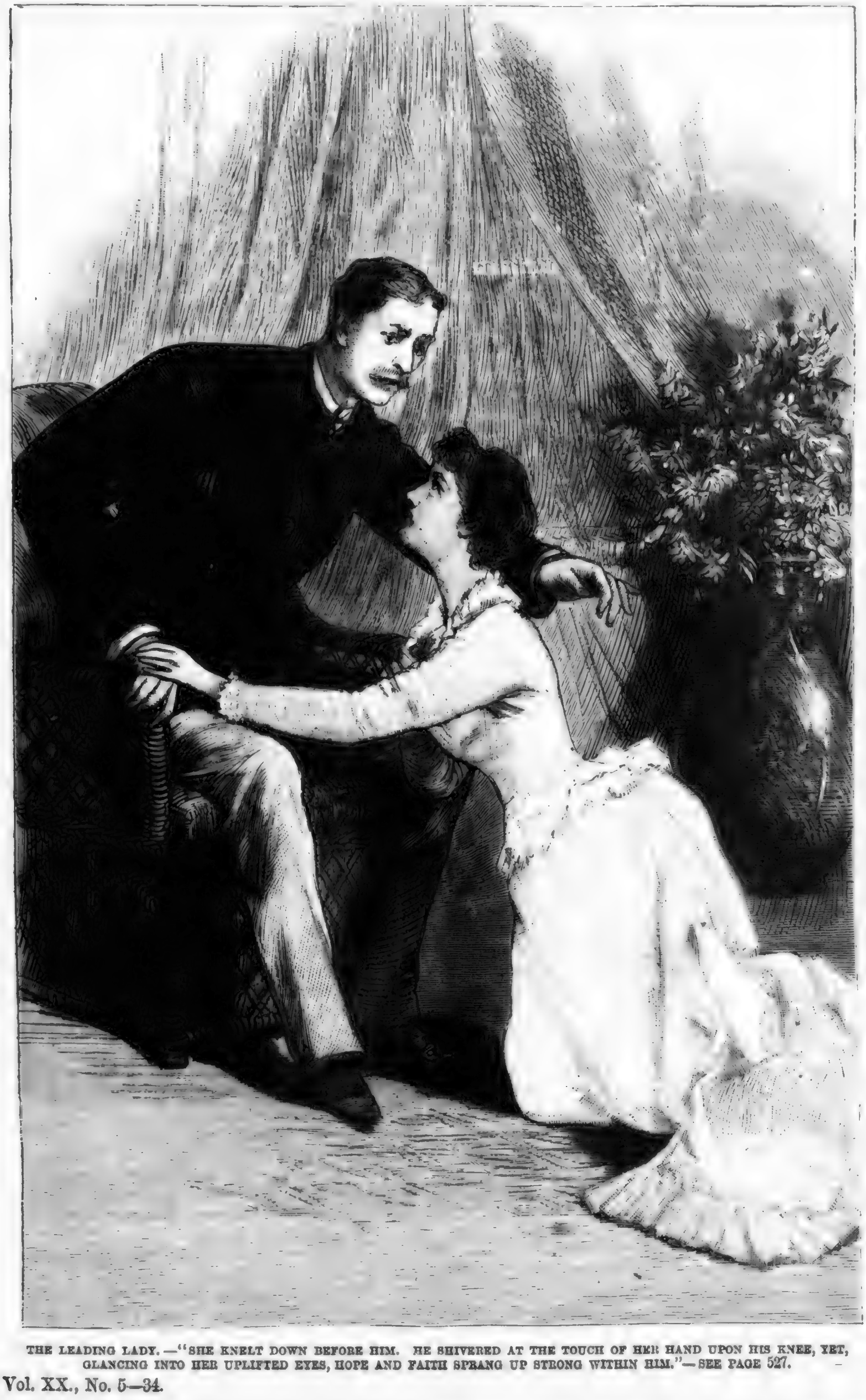
The next day brought its reaction. Gladys rose late, and unable to speak aloud. By night a high fever had her in full possession. It was six weeks before she was again able to leave her room. But the one who was the irresponsible cause of the trouble appeared to regret it only as it affected his business interests. This it did seriously. The new play had been underlined for a week. In another week it was to be produced with great magnificence. The one then running made but poor progress when the presence of Gladys Gregory was withdrawn.

Everett Glynn had made her a few hurried visits—visits that baffled and tantalized her, that left her face more flushed, her pulses higher than before his coming, with tears that she tried to believe flowed only from physical weakness. Baskets of the choicest fruit and rarest flowers came to her daily without a name or need of any. Yet to her they were valueless, as they did not come from him.

"We'll keep 'Ulione' running for another week," the perplexed manager said, irritably, to his confidential agent, when it was found impossible for Gladys Gregory to appear in the new play. "That will give Ellice time to come up from Mexico—and she shall come, too!" he



LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.—AN AUCTION SALE OF TOBACCO IN A LOUISVILLE WAREHOUSE.—SEE PAGE 513.



THE LEADING LADY.—"SHE KNELT DOWN BEFORE HIM. HE SHIVERED AT THE TOUCH OF HER HAND UPON HIS KNEE, YET, GLANCING INTO HER UPLIFTED EYES, HOPE AND FAITH SPRANG UP STRONG WITHIN HIM."—SEE PAGE 527.

added, with a frown and a muttered oath. "She studied the part before she went off in that senseless temper of hers. Gladys Gregory never knew it, or of course she'd never have looked at a line of it. I'd rather have Ellice any day—she looks *Erminia* all over—only I hate to yield a point to her, as I shall have to if I get her."

But one of his letters—he seldom committed himself on paper, but the case was urgent—followed a telegram, and brought back to Ellice Rossiter's heart a sweet old hope which she thought she had crushed out of existence. His apparently sincere acknowledgment of the wrong he had done her, settled her momentary doubt of accepting his very liberal offer.

Gladys Gregory's convalescence was a rapid one. The manager's visits ceased entirely. He was absorbed in the new play, which had been produced in spite of her absence, and her rival was applauded to the echo by the public and the press. "A temporary arrangement," was the message sent to her from the manager by Valbert, her most constant visitor. She had determined that it should be ended as soon as possible. She hid the lines beneath her pillow, and studied so that neither physician nor nurse suspected her. The first time that she left the house she took a short drive with the doctor, and saw upon the street the manager of the Galaxy with Ellice Rossiter by his side. He did not see the eager face peering from the carriage. His gaze was bent upon the woman she hated. Gladys Gregory clinched her hands and breathed hard. In a few days—only a few days more!

The next night she occupied a private box at the Galaxy with Valbert, who was not in the cast of "Erminia," as her attendant. The manager, in response to Valbert's statement of her intention to be present, had sent her a message—with an exquisite bouquet—that he should consider it a personal favor if she would attend, and afterward give him her opinion of the performance. He came to the box twice in the course of the evening.

"A business man should have no heart, Gladys," he said to her, in a low, earnest tone; "least of all the manager of the Galaxy. I've had to work like a machine, with no chance to come to you. You understand, of course?"

She nodded her head, absently. She was wondering how much she understood of herself; of him, the courtly, fascinating man whom so many women loved, but who still stood free to choose among them all. Yet when, with a covert look at Valbert, he stepped into shadow, drew her head back suddenly and kissed her forehead, she was sure again that he cared as she herself did.

Three days after, she drove to the theatre, angry with herself to find how weak she was, as she climbed the stairs to the manager's office. She heard a loud peal of laughter before the door was opened to admit her. Everett Glynn was sitting at his desk, while before him, in street costume, drawing on her gloves, stood Ellice Rossiter, talking rapidly. Evidently she had been entertaining him with one of the "good stories" for which she had a generous reputation. She sobered instantly as she turned to face the new comer.

"Ah, Miss Gregory! I trust you have fully recovered. Such an awkward thing for you, and in the middle of the season! *Au revoir*, Mr. Glynn!" and in another moment she was singing loudly, on her way downstairs.

The manager had risen hurriedly on the entrance of the lady. She had grown very pale—perhaps from the exertion of climbing the stairs—and took the seat he placed for her.

"Glad as I am to see you here once more," he said, quickly, "you make me tremble for fear!"

He himself removed her hat, hovering over her with the indescribable tenderness which he so well knew how to show, and, after pouring out a glass of wine, held it to her lips. She put it aside with a slight gesture.

"Thank you! I do not need it. I am as well as ever. Of course it will take time for me to regain my color, but I am quite ready to take the *rôle* of *Erminia* without any more delay. You know how ambitious I have always been about that part."

He nodded slightly and fumbled with some papers upon his desk.

"And you promised to give me your opinion of the play as acted. How does it strike you?"

She hesitated before answering.

"I have my own conception of the leading *rôle*. It differs radically from that of Miss Rossiter."

"Ah! but she has made an immense success, as of course you know."

Miss Gregory looked indifferent.

"She will always be a success as—Miss Rossiter."

"You mean——"

"She is a very bright and beautiful woman; gay, versatile, consequently popular."

"And yet they say that one woman never praises another!"

"I am not fond of Ellice Rossiter, as you know," the lady responded; "but I am willing to do her justice."

"And her *Erminia?*"

"Too coarse. The part has a spiritual subtlety that Miss Rossiter could never discover or display. It was the psychological study of the character that so delighted me. I can show you what I mean when I act it. I am not afraid that my interpretation will suffer by contrast."

"But, my dear Gladys, that is entirely impossible now, you know. I've been promising little Miss Taylor a month's rest as soon as you returned. She's not well, can't sleep, she says, and her *Amy* is a pretty important part. Two of the company have had it for understudy, but of course I prefer you."

"*Amy!*" Miss Gregory ejaculated, *Erminia's* maid! Are you joking, Mr. Glynn."

"Most assuredly not. You know it is out of the question for me to displace Miss Rossiter, and the part of *Amy* is——"

"It is not to be considered for a moment," Miss Gregory replied, quickly. "Nothing would induce——"

"But, my dear Gladys, if I insist?"

"You will not insist."

"You forget that it is not altogether a matter of choice with you," he said, coolly. "You know you are obliged to take whatever *rôle* is assigned you."

As he talked he took a package of papers from his desk. He drew out one which he unfolded and looked over significantly.

"There seems to be no choice for you," he repeated, as he refolded and replaced the paper; "but I am sincerely sorry that the suggestion annoys you."

Miss Gregory smiled bitterly as she rose.

"In twenty-four hours you shall know my decision," she said. "Good-morning, Mr. Glynn."

He went with her to her carriage and gave her hand a lingering pressure as he seated her in it.

"You'll not be unreasonable, Gladys," he said, in a tender tone. "Most woman are so tiresome with their freaks and fancies, but I have never known you to be," and the carriage rolled away.

That evening, toward the close of the last act of "Erminia," Herman Carle read a note from Gladys Gregory, "Will you come to me to-night after the play?" Not another word, and her initials at the end of the line. It was late of course before he could fulfill her request. He found her awaiting his coming with apparent eagerness. It was the first time he had seen her since they stood together bowing to an enthusiastic audience. Could this pale, fragile woman, with great, pathetic eyes, be the brilliant star of that long-ago night of triumph? She was dressed in white, which increased the delicacy of her appearance; there was a bunch of violets at her throat—a morning costume, he noticed—and she looked so like death!

"I was afraid you would not come," were the first words she said to him. "Do you realize that you have not been to see me once?"

"Perfectly. I have come now because you sent for me."

"I never thought you were one to bear malice, Herman."

"Nor am I."

"Yet because I was out of sorts and said something hateful—I've no idea what—you've left me to be dull and lonely as well as sick. And I have longed to see you, to ask your forgiveness, Herman. I don't doubt I was cruel—I feel cruel sometimes."

"To all but one," Herman Carle muttered, failing in his effort at self-repression.

"What do you mean?" she asked, frowning.

"I mean that the only exception is your friend—the manager of the Galaxy. Your attachment to him is as well known as his universal power of fascination. I would congratulate you if I had less conscience. As it is——"

She had grown even whiter at his impetuous words, and shrank back as if he had struck her.

"What do you mean?" she gasped.

"I was unfortunate in my mention of it, if it offends you. It is—it was common talk in the theatre."

"It *was?* When?"

"Before Miss Rossiter's arrival."

"Ah!"

Her breath still came in gasps. Her hands were tightly clinched.

"How can I prove to you the falsity of that report?"

"Why should you care to prove it?"

"Because I care for you!" she exclaimed, hysterically. "Oh, Herman, don't you know—haven't you seen?"

She held out both hands to him and came close to him.

"Gladys! Gladys!"

It was an exclamation of anguish rather than of joy. He turned his head away from her.

She knelt down before him. He shivered at the touch of her hand upon his knee, yet glancing into her uplifted eyes, hope and faith sprang up strong within him. He put his arms about her and drew hert o his heart.

"It is so hard to realize that this is true," he whispered. "It is 'the fearful joy,' my darling. I shall doubt it when I go away from you again."

"You must never doubt me," she said, earnestly. "I will give you no time."

"And you will be my wife——"

"To-morrow, if you wish it. You cannot doubt me now, Herman."

The clock struck twelve, The day was dead. Her old life had died with it, she thought; a new existence was coming with the morning about to dawn.

In the same dress which she had worn the day before to the manager's office, she drove the next afternoon to the residence of a minister, where she was made the wife of Herman Carle. A half-hour later she dispatched a note to the manager of the Galaxy.

> "I decline to appear in any but leading *rôles*.
>
> "GLADYS GREGORY CARLE."

Everett Glynn sprang to his feet, crushing the note in his hand with a tremendous oath, then reeled backward, faint and sick. For once his fate was beyond his control. He became sure in that instant of what he had before refused to believe—that Gladys Gregory was the only woman in the world he had ever honestly loved.

That night it rained in torrents; the wind blew a hurricane. Gladys was alone, sitting motionless, gazing into the fire which had been kindled in the grate as the darkness settled down. The moaning of the blast outside made a fitting accompaniment to her thoughts:

> "If while you loved, protected, trusted me,
> You had but dreamed that I was false as fair."

The lines tortured her. If she could for one instant get rid of the frightful words: "And I told him I could understand *Erminia*—could sympathize with the character. He did not believe me. Oh, if he only knew!" She recalled the look in his eyes when he had kissed her good-night. How he loved her! Tears filled her own as she thought of it. Could it be possible that she was growing to love him, too? He is so good, so noble, and I have wronged him so! But I shall love him—I can atone——"

A servant brought a card to her. She read the name, "Everett Glynn." Her heart gave a sharp, convulsive throb, then seemed to stand still. He entered the room, in his quick, imperious fashion, before she had time to send a message, and advancing, caught both her hands.

"What have you done?"

She wrenched her hands from his grasp, and drew back haughtily.

"You have given me the grief of my life, Gladys Gregory! I will never call you by your hateful name! What right had you to——"

Gladys laughed, merrily.

"Is this intended to be tragedy or comedy, Mr. Glynn? I should fancy it was melodrama if I did not know your dislike to——"

"Gladys! Why do you try to parry my words? You know with whom you have to deal. You shall hear me!"

"Oh, yes, I know you!" she replied, lightly. "I have had some acquaintance with you socially, as well as professionally. As the manager of the Galaxy, my last interview with you was not particularly satisfactory—to me. As my guest, you do not seem disposed to make this one any more so."

She talked at random—to gain time. She feared that an instant's pause in her speech would let him hear the beating of her heart.

"Why did I thwart your determination to appear as *Erminia?* I had resolved that you should leave the stage, and as my wife——"

"Fill the *rôle* of *Erminia's* maid! Truly I did not appreciate your consideration."

In spite of the torture which she was undergoing at his hands, she laughed more easily than she had done at first. She saw as by a lightning flash that it might be possible for her to despise this man.

"If I did not understand your motive for marrying!

And if I should show Herman Carle, poor fool! the line in your written contract—that only your marriage should release you from your engagement to me!"

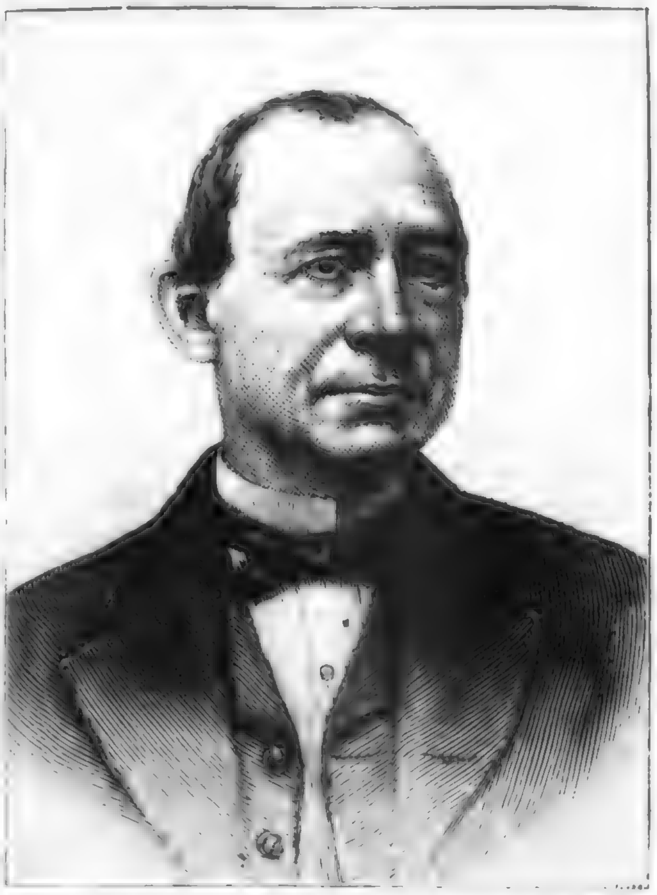
"And it has released me—as I meant it should. There is no more to be said about it, if you please, Mr. Glynn. And *I* love my husband."

"Love him!" her companion retorted, furiously. "Superb actress as you are, you must have excelled yourself in that transaction. For it was me you loved, and do love, and you will not deny it!"

He watched her with half-shut, burning eyes. She was looking smilingly at the fire, with no trace of the emotion he had tried to believe his entrance had roused in her. She turned her head proudly.

"If you have quite finished, Mr. Glynn——?" she began.

"What has changed you so?" he cried out, fiercely. "Had I been less cautious, less absorbed in business, less sure of you—— I swear I will not give you up, even if—— Oh, Gladys!"



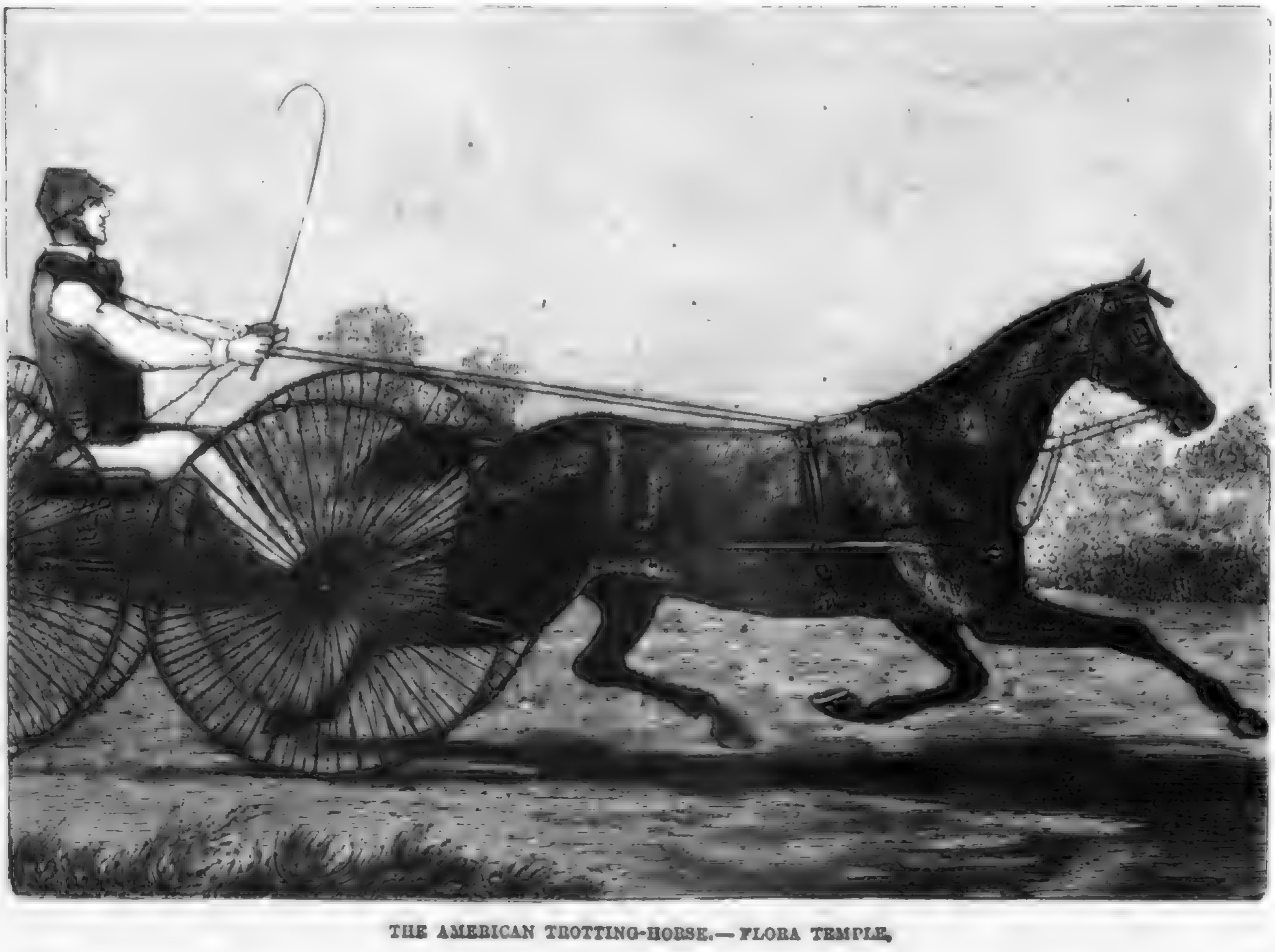
THE AMERICAN TROTTING-HORSE. - PORTRAIT OF HIRAM WOODRUFF.—SEE PAGE 534.

His tone changed suddenly. Great tearing sobs burst from him, and passionate protestations that she could not check poured from his lips. And he really loved her like this! If she had only known before!

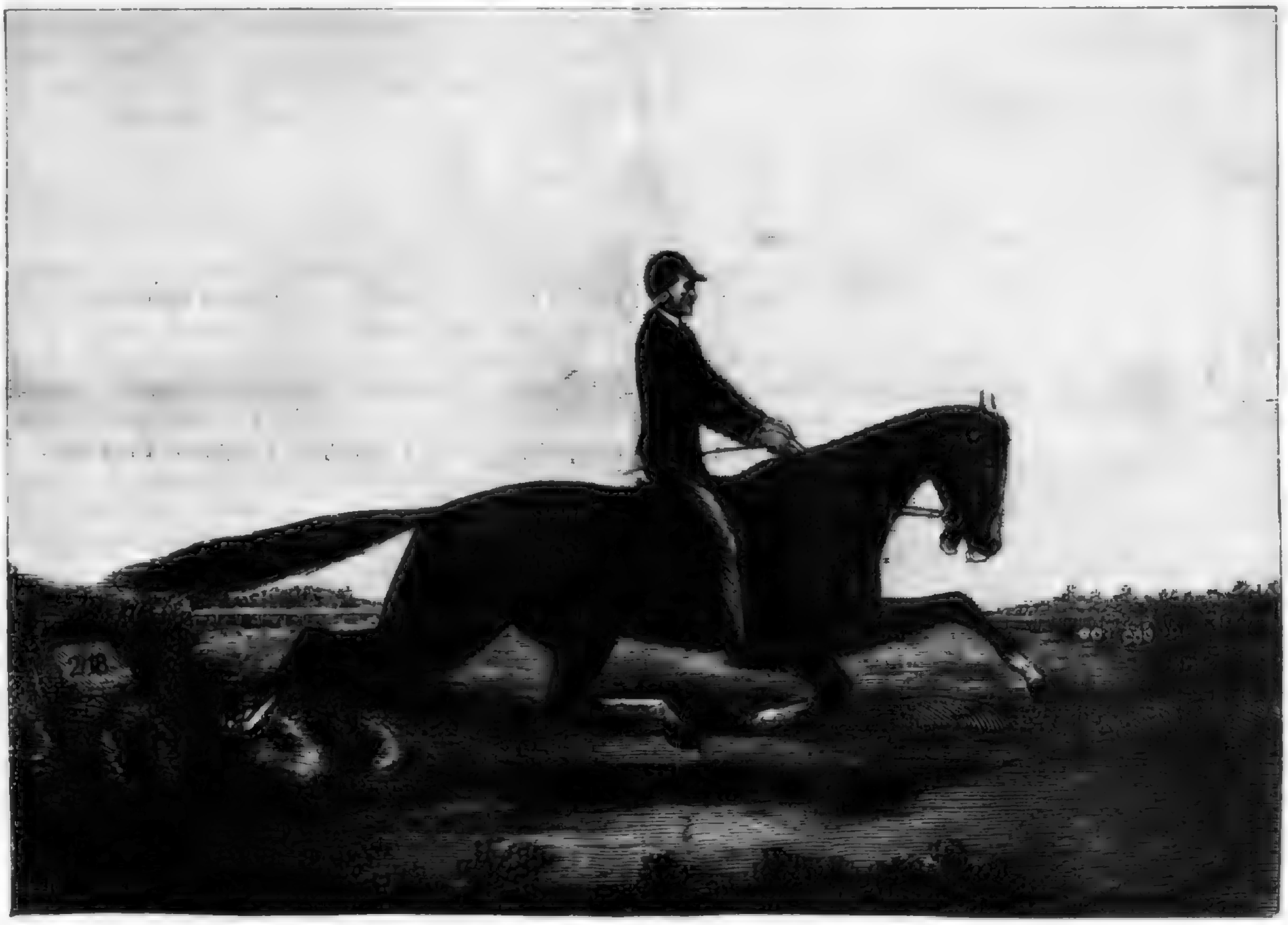
She stepped toward the bell and laid her hand on the knob. He sprang after her to check the movement.

"Forgive me!" he cried. "I have been beside myself. I did not mean to hurt or insult you, Gladys. If I have done so in the past, you have punished me far beyond what I deserve. Wait one moment!" he pleaded, as she showed no sign of desisting. "I came to say something else to you—something you need not refuse to hear. You must come back to the Galaxy, Gladys, and Ellice Rossiter shall go."

Her hand fell from the knob at the surprise and reaction occasioned by his words. A sudden dazzling vision swept before her mental sight. Her old place in the theatre! Her old triumphs! The displacement of her rival, the humiliation of the manager! She looked at him steadily for a moment without speaking.



THE AMERICAN TROTTING-HORSE.—FLORA TEMPLE.



THE AMERICAN TROTTING-HORSE.—DEXTER.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

"You will come, Gladys?"

"I have had only to-day a most liberal offer from the Star. I——"

"But you shall not go!" he interrupted, in his customary commanding tone. "Whatever the offer, it shall be less than mine. I tried you too far, Gladys, when I refused you your old position. I did not dream that you would care so much, and Ellice Rossiter was——"

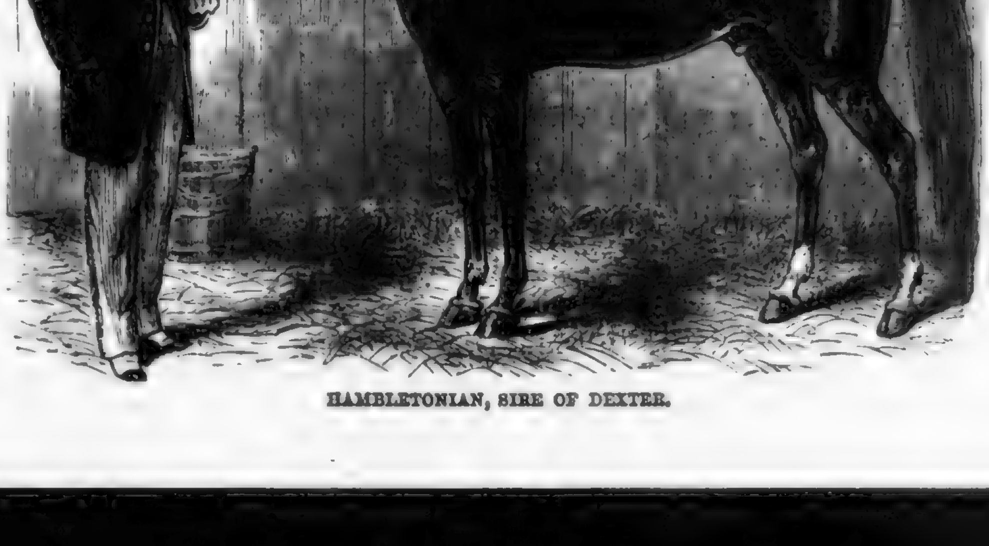
He bit his lip, as if saying more than he had intended. But Gladys's thoughts had outrun his words. To triumph—and publicly—over her hated rival! She was trying to persuade herself that she had no other motive. And yet, with a quick clutching pain at her heart, she recognized the fact that there was a terrible joy in the thought of being once more in the society of the manager.

"You must give me time," she said, in a quick, suffocating tone, and he went away without adding another word. He had carried the day, after all, he told himself, exultingly. He loved her better than he loved his life—never so much as now. She had cared for him in the past. He was sure of it, and she should care more—he would make her love him as he loved her. She had asked for time. He wanted only that, he thought, himself. With time and a chance to see her every day—what could he not accomplish? He had never failed in the past. He would not fail now.

That night Herman Carle met the manager on his way home, and found his wife in her sitting-room pacing the floor in an intense and excited mood.

"Everett Glynn has been here this evening," she said, as soon as he entered. "He is ready to come to my terms now. He will displace Miss Rossiter if I will return to the Galaxy. Is not that a triumph?"

It was a temptation not to be resisted, and after a night of wide-eyed, anxious deliberation



HAMBLETONIAN, SIRE OF DEXTER.

she decided to accept the offer. All thought of the manager she tried to put away from her.

She went the next day to the Galaxy. Everett Glynn was in the little office at the rear of the stage, they told her. A rehearsal of a new play was in progress that afternoon. As she approached the door of the office, she saw that he had been opening some packages of photographs of the company, just sent in to him. He held one picture in his hand, gazing intently at it, and it was so held that Gladys Gregory recognized it—a photograph of herself. She held her breath as she drew nearer. All the old fascination rushed over her in a flood as she looked at the handsome, earnest face, and knew that he was thinking absorbingly of her. The old tenderness he had fed so fitfully grew stronger in her heart than it had ever been. A wild, frightened consciousness took possession of her. She had deceived herself! It was to be near him again that she had come.

The "little Miss Taylor," who from the time of Miss Gregory's illness had made no further request for leave of absence, came rushing from the stage to the manager's office. She was in a tempest of rage.

"Mr. Glynn!" she began, hurriedly.

He turned toward her with a sympathetic look at her tear-stained face; but she saw the picture he held in his hand, and with a vindictive glance at it raised her eyes to his with a fresh burst of tears. He threw the photograph across the room with a well-assumed expression of contempt. He did not choose that she should suspect the feeling which he feared his face had already revealed.

"Now, dear, what is the trouble, tell me. Another quarrel with Ellice?"

The old familiar tone—the old tenderness. He stroked her hair gently. The same caresses for every woman, and all women loved him! So thought the other woman who was watching him, but at that instant the love in Gladys Gregory's heart dropped dead past all hope of resurrection.

"Come with me, then," he was saying to the young girl, "we'll go and straighten out this trouble."

He drew her to him, kissed her forehead lightly and motioned to her to precede him. She went quickly, smiles on the face where the tears had been, and as she passed the spot where Gladys stood, that lady took a step forward and confronted them.

"I was in danger of interrupting your *tête-à-tête* just now," she said, significantly, to Everett Glynn. "Are congratulations in order, as I suppose they are? though it is sometimes hard to discriminate between——"

The look upon his face checked her for an instant. If she could have felt pity for him at all, it would have been there and then.

"I will not detain you," she resumed; "I only called to say——" (catching sight of Ellice Rossiter coming rapidly toward them, she waited for her to come within hearing before the sentence was concluded.) "I have considered your offer to return to my position as leading lady of the Galaxy, and must decline it. I regret that you are dissatisfied with the present arrangement, but trust you may find some one before next season. I beg your pardon," she added, as Miss Rossiter flung herself between them, glaring with flaming eyes into the manager's face. "Good-afternoon, Mr. Glynn."

And that night she signed her contract with the Star.

THE AMERICAN TROTTING-HORSE.

By James B. Townsend.

There are only two countries in the world that possess the trotting-horse—America and Russia. Not that the gait known as the trot is not often found in horses of other lands, but that in these two countries alone the trotting-horse is a distinct species, and has, especially in the former, been brought to its full development and its cultivation made a science. Historians and political economists of the future will rank the trotting-horse among the distinctive and peculiar products of the United States, and will doubtless discuss its decided bearing upon the often-mooted question of the exact character of the mutually sympathetic relations long existent between the people of the Czar and the President. England is the home of the race-horse and America of the trotter. The fame of both has gone out into all lands and it is my purpose to now briefly describe and discuss one of the most remarkable of American productions, on whose cultivation have been expended a half-century of time, much of the best talent of the country, and millions upon millions of money.

While Russia can alone, as I have stated, contest the sole ownership of the trotting-horse with the United States, England gave it to us; for it is now determined that the highest type of the invaluable breed which we possess descends directly from the famous Messenger, an English thoroughbred horse, imported into this country about 1790. It has been well said, that "when that old gray came charging down the gangplank of the ship which had brought him over, the value of not less than a hundred millions struck our soil." There are few trotting-horses or families which have reached fame in America, in whose veins has not run some of the Messenger blood, and who have not been indebted to the various qualities which have enabled them to achieve their great results in speed and endurance to the old thoroughbred of the last century. And yet his importation was in some senses an accident, for little did those who brought him over, know the future that awaited his children, or of the country of his adoption, and which alone have made the trotting-horse the rare animal that he now is. For the trotter is a concomitant of American civilization. Had this country been like England in its earlier history and not been able to reap, almost from its earliest inception as a nation, the benefit of the centuries of civilization of the Old World, the trotter would never have existed here. Two causes, therefore, have combined to produce the American trotting-horse in his present perfection—first utility, and second, skill. As ever in the world's history the first of these has been the most powerful. We had in our earlier days few citizens of wealth and leisure. We were a nation of farmers, and our population was scattered over a large extent of country, with long distances, as a rule, even between our individual habitations, and with little or no means of communication, especially in the interior, save by horses. As might have been expected, therefore, every farmer kept his wagon and driving horse, and these were by no means the least valued of his family possessions. It cost him no more to keep a good horse than a bad one, and so it naturally came to pass that a spirit of mutual rivalry sprang up between him and his neighbors regarding their respective steeds. Not alone did they seek for horses which should minister both to their pleasure and self-esteem, and which should do them good and necessary service on the road for purposes of communication and business, but which should have or develop qualities that might win them a name and fame among their fellows.

The gait which experience showed was best suitable for road journeys, into which these American farmers' horses naturally fell, and which enabled them to go comparatively long journeys at moderate speed, with the least fatigue and exertion, was a certain stride accompanied by a bending of the knee, and which became known as the trot. It is often urged that there are but two paces natural to the horse, the walk and the gallop, and that the trot is entirely artificial; but no less an authority on the trotting-horse than Hiram Woodruff, the great trainer, of whom I shall speak more at length further on, combats this belief strongly, and with convincing argument. He says: "In the first place, I ask whether a colt can now be found anywhere that does not trot sometimes, and that when he is by the side of his dam, before ever the hand of man has been laid upon him? If it is said that this results from the long domestication of his ancestors, my reply will be that it happens among the produce of horses whose ancestors for more than a century—ay, for more than two—have never been used for trotting purposes, and never were taught to trot at all, if it is true that the Arabs of the Desert only use their horses at the two so-called natural paces—the walk and the gallop. . . . Almost every animal that goes on four legs, whether domesticated among us, or wild, in our country, trots at times. Deer trot in the woods; I have seen them do it. The largest and noblest of our native animals is the elk, and he is a trotter. . . . Away, then, with the notion that the trot is wholly an artificial gait. If it were, I think the attempt to breed trotters would have been a failure; whereas everybody knows that it has been successful."

The trot, then, having been found the best gait for his purposes by the American farmer, became developed more and more. Mutual trials of speed on the road naturally grew into meetings under certain regulations, where the farmers tested their horses' qualities over certain defined distances, and so the country trotting meeting, at first generally an adjunct to agricultural fairs, but finally important enough to constitute an entertainment by itself, was evolved. So, as the spirit of the English equestrian, from varied conditions and circumstances, has always been thoroughly set on the saddle, that of the American horseman, from his conditions, as I have shown, was as thoroughly placed on wheels. There was an added reason for the development of the trotting-horse rather than the hunter or racer in America, namely, his popularity. "Horse-racing and steeple-chasing," well says Frank Forrester, "can never, from their very nature, become, in the true sense of the word, popular. The people may love to be spectators, but can never hope to be participators in them. The masses can never pretend to those sports. The trotting-course, on the other hand, is open to all. It is the trial-ground and arena of the roadster, open to every one who keeps a horse for his own driving to compete thereon, according to that horse's pretensions to speed or endurance. Trotting is the people's sport, the people's pastime, and, consequently, is, and will be, supported by the people; and, as it does for everything else, the demand creates the thing demanded."

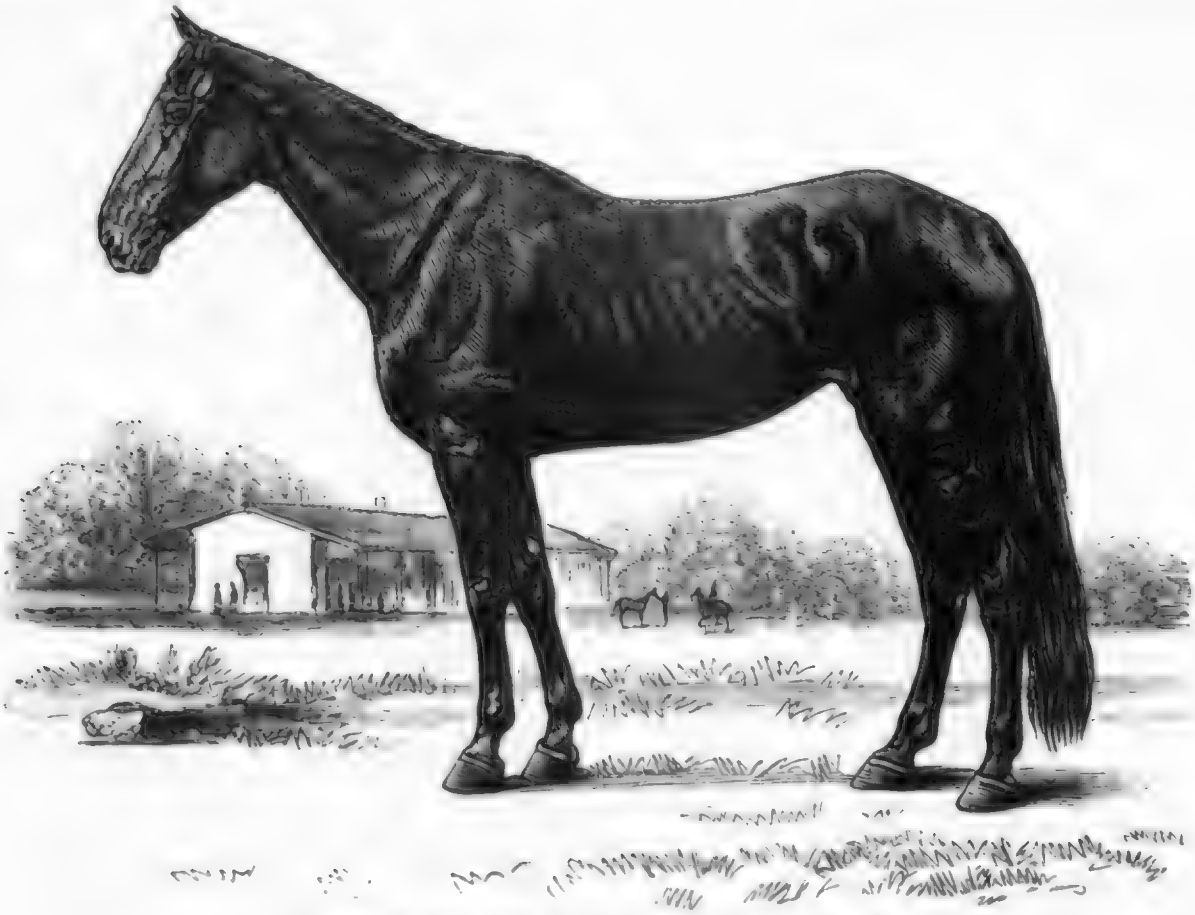
It has been said above that utility and skill produced the American trotting-horse. I have endeavored to show how the first of these operated toward his development and now come to the question of skill. During the period of the trotter's evolution, from the days before Messenger's arrival, in the last century, to the first recorded public trot for a stake, in 1818, which was a match against time for $1,000, we had been making faster strides as a nation in wealth and civilization. The acquirement of property by families and individuals had produced a certain number of persons in the larger communities and cities of some leisure and abundant means to gratify their tastes. The American gentleman came into being, with all the term implies of education and intelligence. Naturally inclined, from the associations of his boyhood and youth, to an affection for and admiration of the trotter, he began to study his qualities, to expend his money for their better development, and the American trotting-horse received his most powerful aid and ally, and that which has brought him to his present condition of perfection.

Among the numerous names of American gentlemen who have been the especial friends and cultivators of the trotting-horse in America, that of Robert Bonner stands pre-eminent, and to him should Americans who are proud of the position their representative horse has won among the steeds of all countries, be most grateful. Gentlemen there were before Mr. Bonner, gentlemen there are, his cotemporaries, who have devoted their attention, time and money to the trotting-horse, but none who have achieved such results or produced such effects upon the race and its development. It is needless to describe him or his efforts here. They are interwoven with the history of the American trotter, and this brief sketch can present its salient points alone. His name is a household word, not alone among American horsemen, but among the American people.

The Vanderbilt family are also closely identified with the American trotter. Although their connection has only been so close a one within the past few years, comparatively speaking, their great wealth, almost intuitive knowledge of the horse, and keen appreciation of his qualities, has enabled them to own some of the most famous trotters America has yet produced, and to secure great results in speed and endurance with them.

Commodore Vanderbilt was an enthusiastic patron of the trotting-course, and his brother, Captain Jacob Vanderbilt, and son, the present William H. Vanderbilt, have followed closely in his footsteps. How often, as a boy, have I watched the old Commodore speeding a fast pair around the old course near the beach at New Dorp, Staten Island, his handsome face, with its keen eyes and snowy whiskers, firmly set, holding the reins, the fleet trotters seeming to respond to every touch; or again when engaged in a little trot with his brother "Captain Jake," on the same course, how vividly do I recall the whole scene, as the "old fellows," as I called them then, rushed along, horsemen every inch of them, relationship, everything, forgotten in their steeds.

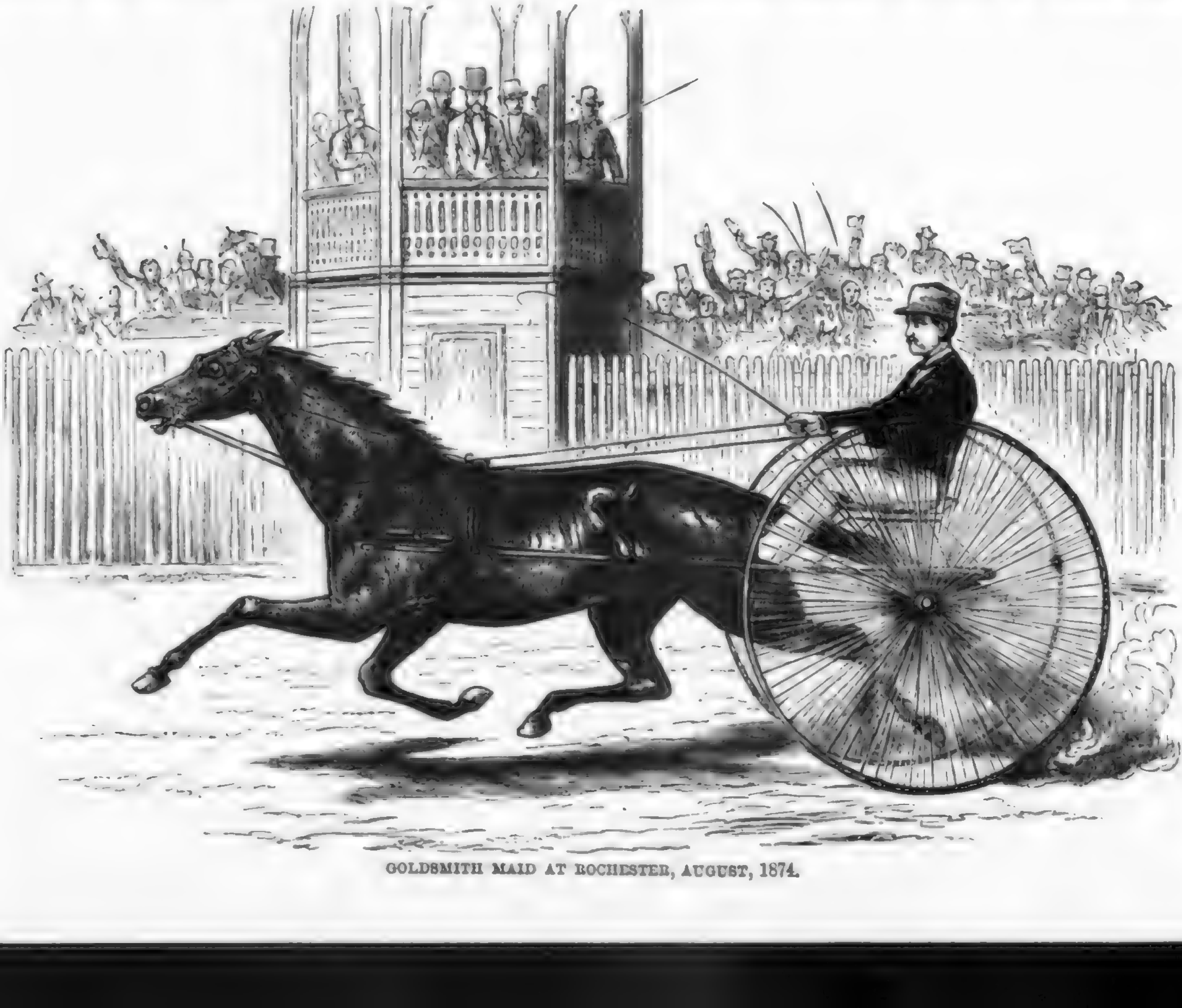
The famous trotters owned by Mr. Bonner and the Vanderbilts, and whose names have become known the world over, will be described later on in due order. I have spoken of Mr. Bonner and the Vanderbilts as representative American gentlemen of wealth, who have made the American trotting-horse the object of their attention and affection, and whose efforts have been chiefly instrumental in securing for him his proud position among the horses of the world. Numerous others there are, who are almost, if not equally, worthy of mention for the same reason; but the list, if once begun, would extend far beyond the limit set to my brief sketch, and this fact has made it necessary to select representative names for a class of men



AMERICAN GIRL, DIED ON ELMIRA COURSE, OCTOBER, 1875.

whom America cannot too highly honor for their labors in this regard. Many have passed away, but a goodly number still survive, and by their example, their enthusiasm for, and interest in, the sport, are preparing numerous worthy successors of later generations.

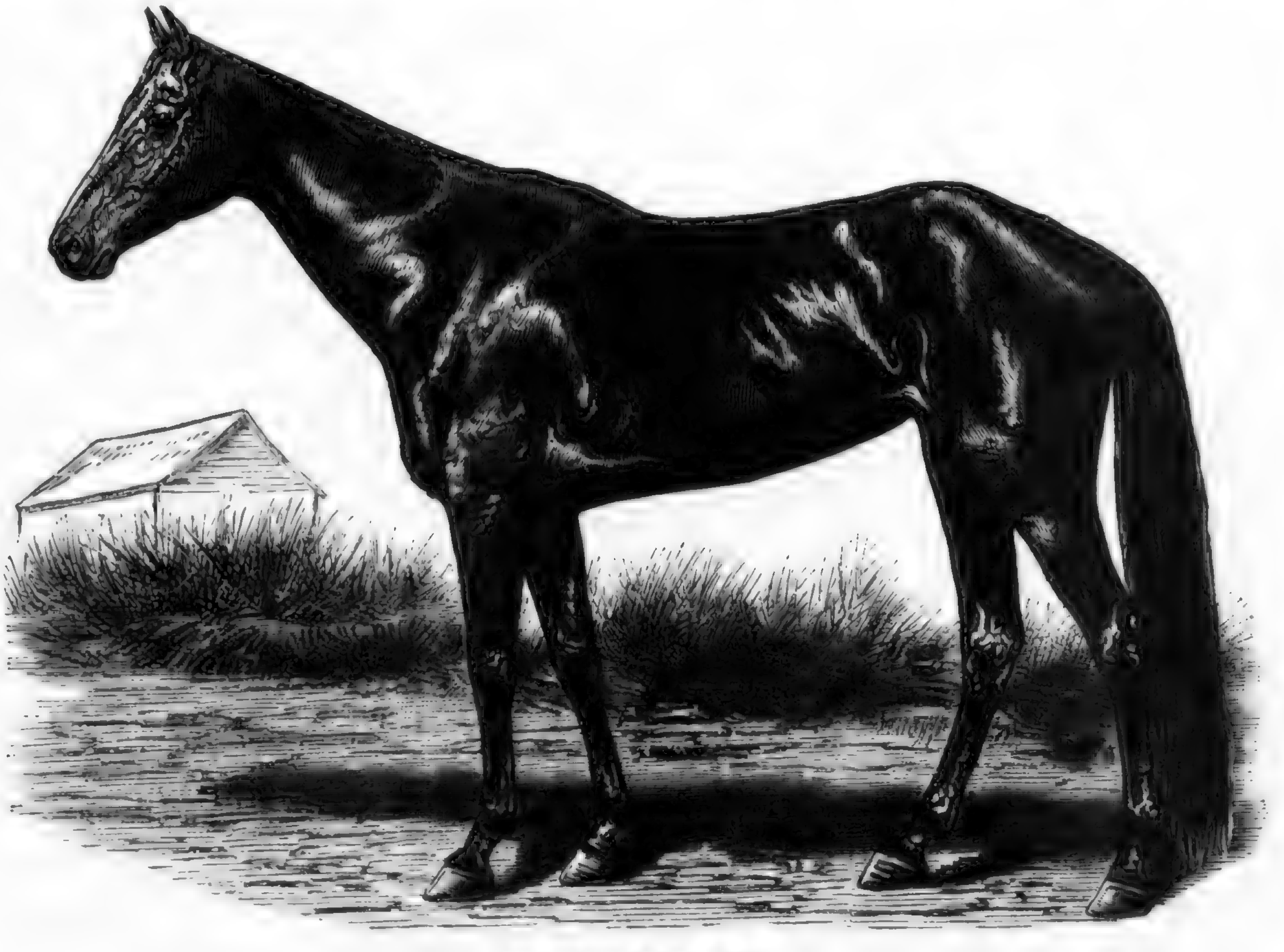
The American gentlemen who love the trotting-horse



GOLDSMITH MAID AT ROCHESTER, AUGUST, 1874.

may be seen speeding their favorite steeds, in Autumn and Spring, along the upper avenues and boulevards of New York, and in the suburbs of all our larger cities; their names and their horses are duly and daily recorded in the newspapers, and that the sport has enduring qualities is well-attested by the fact that the number of these gentleman-drivers increases, from year to year, keeping pace, as it were, with the steady improvement in the quality of their horses.

If to the American gentleman, then, belongs, in a great measure, the credit for having brought the American trotting-horse to his present stage of perfection, little less credit must be awarded to his agents, the trainer and the driver.



GOLDSMITH MAID IN 1877.

Hiram Woodruff must stand as the representative of the American trainer, as have Bonner and the Vanderbilts for their fellows. A history in even this brief notice of the American trotter would be incomplete without a description of this remarkable man. His name is indelibly associated with that of the animal he loved so well, and to whose training and cultivation his life was devoted. His admirers are, many of them, almost extravagant in their estimation of him.

Says one: "In all the future of our particular turf-history, his figure will loom up to the contemplation of its followers, as the sole great man, who had been produced in connection with that interest, down to the day of his decease." While opinions may differ as to this, there can be no question as to the service he rendered to the interest of the trotting-horse in America. He understood the animal, he knew and loved him, and he never wavered in his belief in his steady development. From the day when, as a mere child, in 1831, he rode Shaking Quaker at the Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia, in 2:57, until with his hand upon Dexter's reins the noble horse whirled him a mile in 2:26—during the years, in other words, in which the American trotter bridged the space between 2:40 and 2:18, Hiram Woodruff, more than any of his contemporaries, recognized and appreciated the fact that the horse of his love was to be more and more famous in the future. Already many of his predictions have been fulfilled. He came of a family of horsemen, his uncle, George Woodruff, having been famous as a trainer and rider of trotting-horses. Born at Birmingham, Huntington County, N. J., he was only fifty years old at his death, rode and drove during his lifetime the most famous trotting-horses of the period, and scored with them many noted records. He rode and drove Topgallant, a son of imported Messenger, Paul Pry, Dutchman, Ripton, the "white-legged pony," Lady Suffolk, Ajax, Hector, Lady Emma, Flora Temple, Peerless, and Dexter, the most noted horses on the American turf at his time. Just before his death he was anticipating a trial of Dexter, which he confidently expected would result in a record of 2:18. His greatest races were with this great and noble animal, and there can be little doubt but that had he lived a few years longer, and Dexter had not passed from the trotting-course, that he would have beaten even the famous horse's best record of 2:17¼, so well did he understand and appreciate his excellences. Hiram Woodruff was a singularly pure man, and early won the respect of his associates, which he always retained.

He died on March 15th, 1867, and his grave in Cypress Hills Cemetery, overlooking the ocean near East New York, on Long Island, will ever be an honored spot among the horsemen of America. A kindly, self-contained man, he brought to his chosen profession as much ardor and enthusiasm as did ever Raphael to his art, and surely, if the men who, by their labors have elevated other professions and pursuits are called great, Hiram Woodruff deserves that title. Other trainers, riders and drivers there have been and are, connected with the history of the American trotting-horse, whose labors and the interesting incidents in their careers I would gladly describe, did space and time permit me; but failing these, I have taken Hiram Woodruff, the foremost among his fellow trainers, as Robert Bonner is among American gentlemen who have cultivated the trotting-horse.

The horses that have made the American trotting-course famous are many in number, too numerous for detailed description here, and the leaders, the central suns among the various solar systems, as it were, are known in every household in the land. I have spoken of Messenger, the founder and sire of the American trotting-horse, and of whom comparatively little is known, but to whom, if a horse ever deserved a monument, one is richly due. His descendants, almost all of whom are of the color called "flea-bitten gray," are known the country over to-day, and no one horse ever impressed himself and his qualities more upon his race. His son, Topgallant, became the second famous horse on the American trotting course. "He was," says Woodruff, "a dark bay, fifteen hands three inches high, plain and raw-boned, but with rather a fine head and neck, and an eye expressive of much courage. He was spavined in both hind legs, and his tail was slim at the root. His spirit was very high; and yet he was so reliable that he would scarcely ever break, and his bottom was of the finest and toughest quality. He was live-oak as well as hickory, for the best of his races were made after he was twenty years old."

This famous horse was not known at all as a trotter until he was more than fourteen years old. In his twenty-second year, in 1829, he trotted four four-mile heats against the noted New York one-eyed horse Whalebone, in Philadelphia, in 45:44 for the sixteen miles, or 2:52 1-8 to the mile. Topgallant won the race, having secured two heats to Whalebone's one; one being a dead heat. In his twenty-fourth year, with George Woodruff, uncle of Hiram, as his rider, he trotted a race of three-mile heats at Philadelphia against the well-known horses Whalebone, Dread, Collector, Lady Jackson, Moonshine and Columbus. Woodruff, describing this famous trot, says, "It was one of the finest sights I ever saw when these eight splendid bays and grays, all in the finest order, and their jockeys in the richest and most varied colors and beautiful costumes, came thundering along for the word in the group, at the flying trot. Eight such riders and eight such horses had never met before, and it is doubtful when they will again." Collector won the first heat in 8:16; Topgallant the second, and Dread the third. In the fourth heat Topgallant led his two remaining competitors for two miles, but Dread finally passed him and won the race. The very next week Topgallant trotted a three-mile-heat race against Whalebone at Baltimore and won it. Topgallant lived until twenty-eight years of age, and was speedy to the last.

Lady Blanche was the second leading horse in the annals of the trotting-course in this country. She was by Abdallah, unquestionably of Messenger blood, was foaled in 1829, and was a handsome gray mare, fifteen hands, two and a half inches high, with a long tail. After a long and successful career, she trotted at the age of twenty-four against the horses Snowdrop and Beppo, on the Union Course, and won the race in four heats, her best time being 2:43. She died in 1855. Ajax, who was a son of Abdallah, and the uncle of Dexter, had also immense staying power at an advanced age. In fact, most of the Messenger horses had this quality.

Dutchman is one of the most celebrated of trotting-horses. He was a bay gelding, fifteen hands three inches high, and was raised in New Jersey. His pedigree is not known to this day, and beyond the report, seemingly well-founded, that he was the progeny of a thoroughbred imported horse, nothing is known of his antecedents. He began his career hauling a brick-cart in Philadelphia, was soon transferred to a road-wagon, and having proved that he could trot, was entered in a contest.

In 1836 Dutchman trotted a two-mile-heat sweepstakes race at the Centreville Course against Fanny Pullen and Confidence, winning it in two heats, the time for the first, 5:17½, being the fastest made up to this time in harness. In 1828 he defeated the famous Lady Suffolk and Rattler on the Beacon Course in two heats of 5:11 and 5:13, and the same year again defeated Rattler on the same course in a race of twelve miles, three-mile heats, during eleven of which the horses were never clear of each other. There were only two breaks in the entire race, each horse making one. After defeating Lady Suffolk in the Spring of 1839, Dutchman trotted in harness on the Centreville Course against Awful, a noted bay gelding, three-mile heats, and won the race, making the heat in 7:41, the best performance made up to that time, and one very seldom surpassed since that date. Considering the disadvantages attending the trot, the sulky alone weighing eighty-two pounds, the time made was indeed remarkable. The first mile was made in 2:34, the second in 2:32, and the third in 2:34. Says Hiram Woodruff, his driver: "By considering this time we shall perceive the even rate and great durability of this renowned horse. He put the miles closer together than any horse had ever done prior to that race, and finished the three miles in less aggregate time, taking the whip nearly all the way and never making a break." But Dutchman was to do still better than this. In 1839, under saddle, in a match against time on the Beacon Course, he trotted three miles in 2:34½; 2:28, and 2:30, or 7:32½ for the whole. This record stood unequaled for many a long day. Dutchman died in 1847. His career is a memorable one, and one whose lessons are most important to horsemen. He was an extraordinary horse, but taking his origin and his lack of early opportunities into consideration, it will readily be seen that his rapid improvement and the then wonderful speed he developed were chiefly due to the ability and careful study of his trainers and drivers. Dutchman's chief points of excellence were his endurance and his speed at an advanced age. Ripton stands second to him in these qualities in the history of American trotting-horses. He was a handsome bay horse, his pedigree, like Dutchman's, unknown, and first came into notice in 1835, when he was brought to New York from New England. After several contests, in which he developed much speed, he defeated Lady Suffolk at the Hunting Park Course, in Philadelphia, in 1842, in two-mile heats in harness, winning two heats, the first in the then unparalleled time of 5:7, and making his reputation. During this same year he trotted fourteen two-mile heats and five three-mile heats, and of these nineteen races he lost only six, and this when he was twelve years old. Truly a remarkable record.

The name of Lady Suffolk has been frequently mentioned as a competitor of the horses above named. She was foaled in 1833, and was bred in Suffolk County, Long Island. Her sire was Engineer, a thoroughbred son of Engineer by imp. Messenger, and her dam was by Plato, another son of imp. Messenger. She was about fifteen and a half hands high; a beautiful gray, with a large, sweeping tail; small head, well set on to a fine, arched neck, with a good deal of the Arab about it; large shoulders and quarters, not too heavy, but showing immense strength and power of endurance; long in the body and with fine and wonderfully good legs. When trotting she went with her head low, nose thrust out and neck straight. She made her first public appearance in February, 1838, near Babylon, L. I., when five years old, winning in three heats, the fastest of which was done in 3:1. Hiram Woodruff well sums up her extraordinary career as follows: "She continued on the turf until the latter end of October, 1853, a period of more than fifteen years; during which time she met almost all the celebrated horses of the day and trotted no less than one hundred and thirty-eight races, besides receiving three forfeits. As they were all races of heats, and many of them four and five heats, I estimate that she took the word from the judges above four hundred times, perhaps nearer five hundred. She won eighty-eight times, besides three forfeits; and the amount she earned in stakes and purses was no less than $35,000. When it is remembered, in addition to all this, that the heats in her races were as often two or three-mile as one, and sometimes four-mile heats, it will be plain to everybody that the mare had inherited in great perfection the hardy constitution, unflinching game and enormous stamina with which her grandsire, Messenger, was so eminently gifted." One man, David Bryan, was her trainer, driver and friend during almost her entire career, and so greatly did horse and man become attached to each other, that after the latter's death in 1851, the old gray mare seemed to droop and was never the same again. Lady Suffolk's most famous races were with Dutchman, Rattler, Awful, Apollo, Lady Victory, Cato, Americus, Washington, Ripton, Bryant and Trustee.

As the star of Lady Suffolk set, that of Flora Temple arose. It was reserved for this celebrated horse to lower the one-mile record to 2:19¾, a record which was untouched for years after her performance. Flora Temple was foaled in Oneida County, N. Y., in 1845. Her dam was Madame Temple, and her sire One-eyed Hunter, who was by Kentucky Hunter, a Western thoroughbred. She was owned originally by a Mr. Tracy, and in 1850 was sold by a subsequent owner for $175 to Mr. Jonathan Veilee, who was the first to recognize her qualities. Mr. George Perrin purchased her the same year for $350, and the following Summer she trotted two short races of a mile and a half-mile respectively against a horse known as the Waite pony, beating him so easily, and developing such qualities of speed and endurance as made her owner convinced he had secured a prize.

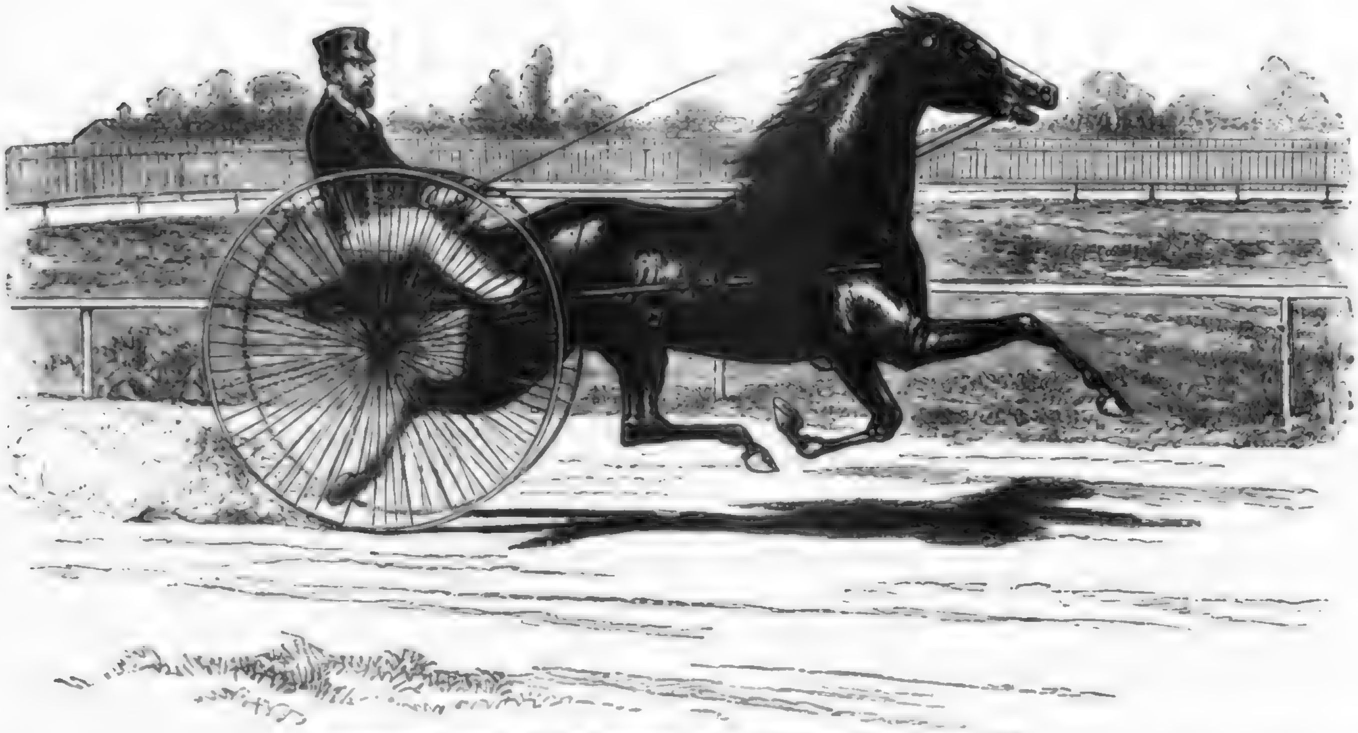
On September 9th of the same year, the little bay mare defeated four well-known horses in a race of mile heats in harness, at the Union Course, in the improving time of 2:55, 2:52, and 2:49, and secured a place in the Racing Calendar under the name of Flora in consequence. After retirement for a year in consequence of an injury, she defeated Young Dutchman at the Union Course in 1852, putting herself among the leading horses of the country by her time of 2:36. It would be impossible to follow Flora Temple throughout her career. Suffice it to say, that it was one of almost uninterrupted success. Let us glance briefly, however, at her greatest performance —the lowering of the trotting record to 2:19¾, and which in those earlier and more enthusiastic days set the country almost on fire with excitement and admiration.

The bay mare opened well the year in which she was to reach the zenith of her fame—a fame to be undimmed until Dexter's great record of 2:17¼ nine years later. Her opening trot on May 31st was at the Fashion Course, against Ethan Allen to wagon, in which she won the first heat by a length in 2:25, the best mile so far ever trotted to a wagon. She won the second and third heats and consequently the race also, and so surprising was her performance that it even enhanced the fame of her competitor. On June 16th, Flora defeated the Californian bay mare Princess, to wagons, and on August 6th, she appeared at the Eclipse Course to trot again against Princess in mile heats, three to five. The odds were 100 to 80 on Princess. Flora won the first heat in 2:23½, a second better than the record. The second heat she won in 2:22, and the third in 2:23½. This performance made her a national character, and her fame spread over the land. She continued to surpass even herself, however. On August 6th, she won a two-mile heat in harness from Princess, in 4:50½, which for many years was the best two-mile heat ever trotted to harness.

After several trots with Princess at Boston, Portland, Baltimore and Chicago, in none of which did the mares equal their previous best records, Flora Temple appeared on October 15th, at Kalamazoo, Mich., to trot against Princess and Honest Anse for a purse of $2,000, mile heats, three in five, to harness. Flora won the second heat in 2:22½, and Honest Anse having withdrawn, she defeated Princess in the third, in the then unparalleled time of 2:19¾, producing the greatest excitement all over the country.

Although it seemed as if no horse could now question Flora Temple's superiority, one was found to challenge her, the Jersey stallion, George M. Patchen. The mare won the first heat in 2:21, the second in 2:24, and the third in 2:21½. After a long career, and many famous races with George M. Patchen, John Morgan, Widow Machree and Ethan Allen, she was withdrawn from the turf in 1861, and having been purchased by Mr. A. Welch, was placed on the Chestnut Hill Stud Farm, near Philadelphia. Here she became the dam of several colts and fillies, none of which, however, although highly valuable, realized the expectations that the reputation of Flora Temple justified. Indeed, the progeny of mares who have achieved fame, and who have, in consequence, led a laborious life, seldom, if ever, equal their ancestors' performances, and it has become a common saying in England, "For breeding purposes, give me not the winner of the Oaks, but the sister of the winner of the Oaks."

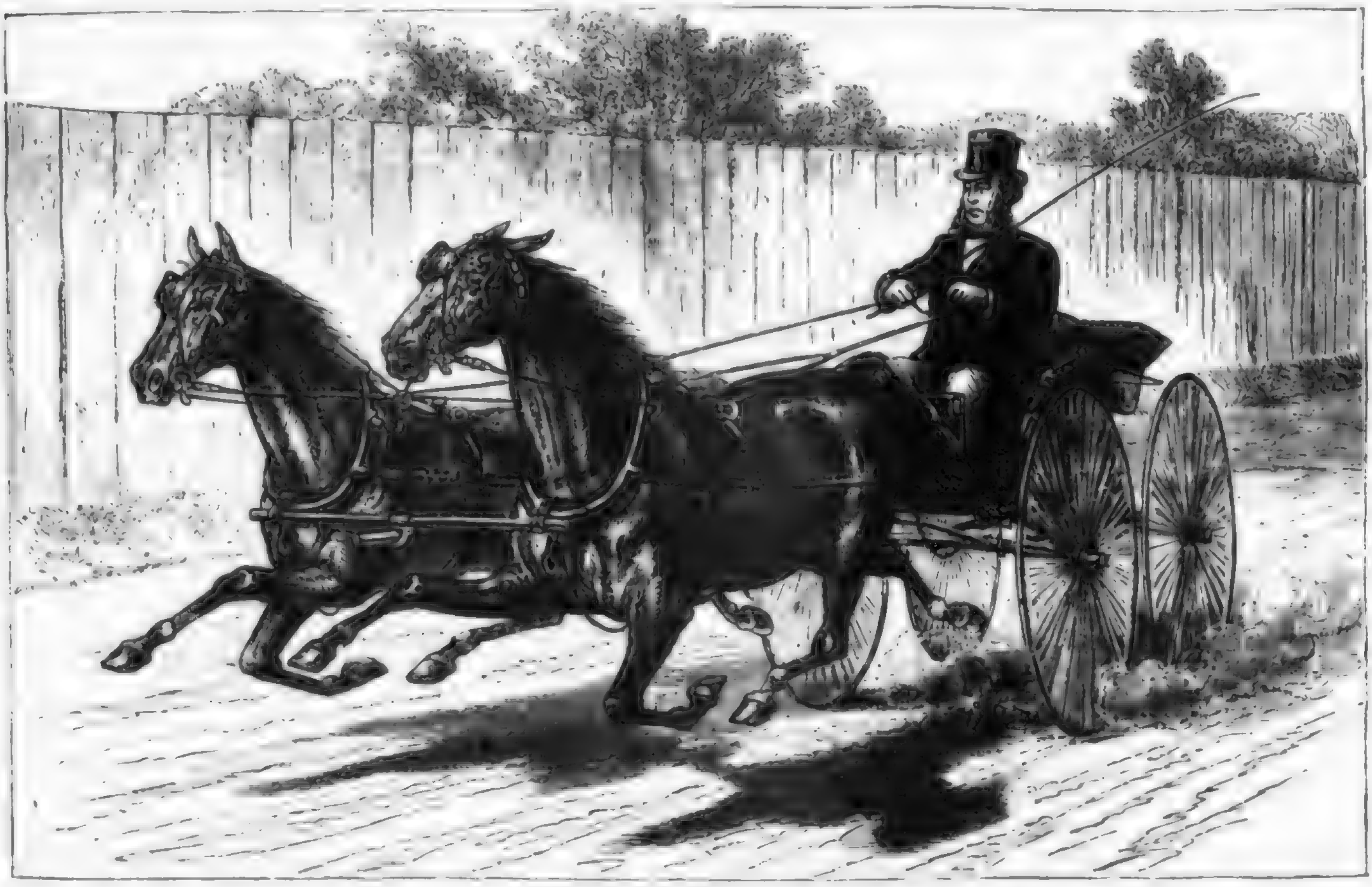
Lady Thorne, a large, gray mare, was a contemporary of Flora Temple, of whom mention must be made. She was foaled near Lexington, Ky, in 1856; her sire was Mambrino Chief, and her dam was by Gano, a son of the racer American Eclipse. She had, by her descent, a double cross of imported Messenger in her veins. She was first called Anna Lecomte, later, Maid of Ashland; and, in 1863, after having won much reputation in Kentucky, she was sold to a Mr. Relf, of Philadelphia, who brought her East, and changed her name to Lady Thorne. Here, trained and driven by Dan Pfifer, she met with success the fleetest horses of the day, Dexter alone being able to vanquish her. When the latter retired from the turf, she became the acknowledged Queen of the Trotting Turf. In 1870, Lady Thorne was purchased by Dan Mace for $30,000, and soon after fell while being taken



SMUGGLER, WHO BEAT GOLDSMITH MAID AT CLEVELAND, JULY, 1876.

into a railway-car, jarring herself so severely as to bring her racing campaign to a close. Her best record—2:18¼—was made on October 8th, 1869, at Narragansett Park, Providence, R. I., in the second heat of a race against Goldsmith Maid, George Palmer and American Girl. Lady Thorne stood sixteen and a half hands high, and had a long, sweeping stride, going low to the ground.

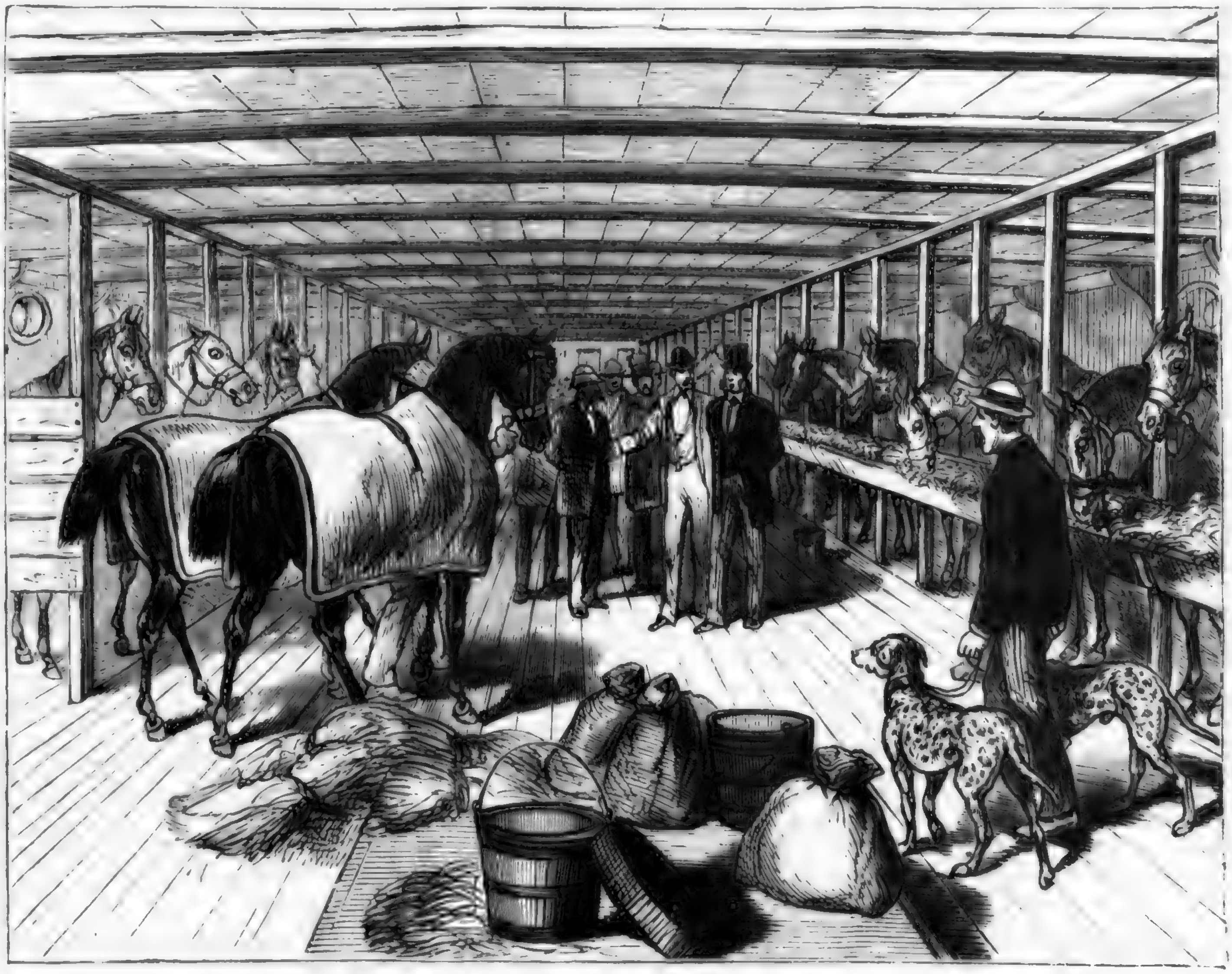
Before proceeding to a description of the noted horse that first broke Flora Temple's record of 2:19¾—a



WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT DRIVING SMALL HOPES AND LADY MAC, DECEMBER, 1877.

record that had stood untouched for nine years—and won for himself the title of the King of the American Turf; namely, Dexter, who is still alive, and an occupant of Mr. Robert Bonner's stable, I must refer briefly to the sire of American trotters from whose loins the great horse proceeded—Rysdyk's Hambletonian.

This celebrated son of Abdallah, who was, in turn, the grandson of imported Messenger, was foaled in 1849, in Orange County, N. Y., on the farm of Mr. Jonas Seely, Jr. When five weeks old, he was purchased with his dam by Mr. William Rysdyk for $125. He was a bright bay with black legs, and his whole appearance was expressive of courage, power and activity. He was never trained, and is consequently without a record. When three years old he was placed in the stud, and it is estimated that he became the sire of 1,240 colts, many of whom became greatly celebrated, and he netted to his owner nearly $200,000.



AMERICAN TROTTING-STOCK SHIPPED TO FOREIGN LANDS.

There are few of my readers who will not remember the excitement caused by Dexter's great record of 2:17¼, and how his name became a household word for months in consequence. He was foaled in 1858, in Orange County. His dam was a little black mare by American Star. He is fifteen hands one inch and a half high, his color a rich, silky brown, and his distinguishing marks are four white stockings and a blazed face. Dexter made his first appearance on the turf in 1864, at the Fashion Course, Long Island, where he defeated Stonewall Jackson, Lady Collins and General Grant, in three straight heats, the best time made being 2:34. He was at this time owned by the late George Alley. It was not until 1865, however, that Dexter developed his astonishing speed.

On October 10th of that year, at the Fashion Course, he trotted a mile against time in 2:18 1-5. In 1867 he vanquished Lady Thorne at the Fashion Course in two heats, distancing her in the second; his time being 2:24, 2:22. In a match the same year against Ethan Allen and a running mate he was beaten in three heats in the very fast time of 2:15, 2:16 and 2:19. Later in the same year he made his then unparalleled record. It was at Buffalo on August 14th. The trot was against time for a purse of $1,700. Says the late Charles Foster, describing it: "The famous horse was brought out and warmed up. Budd Doble, the driver, then intimated to the judges that he should drive one round as preparatory. The horse went to the quarter in 34 sec.; to the half-mile in 1:10, and trotted in 2:21½. This was a great deal faster than Doble had intended to drive him; and, indeed, most of the people thought that it was a real effort and failure. After being scraped and cooled off, Dexter was again harnessed and brought on the course at four o'clock. With him there came Ben Mace and the thoroughbred mare Charlotte F. She was under saddle, Mace riding; and it was his office to lay at Dexter's quarters to keep up his emulation and determination to conquer. A little jog or two, and then the trotter, in harness, and the runner, under saddle, went up the stretch, and came along for the word. As Dexter was seen to be going very square and well, it was given. He trotted the first quarter in 33¼ seconds made the half-mile in 1:7, and came home in 2:17¼, in good wind and with a stroke of commanding power."

This performance capped the climax of his fame, so far as trotting in public races is concerned. He had beaten Flora Temple's great record, became King of the Trotting Turf, and a cry of admiration went up all over the land. He was immediately purchased by Mr. Bonner for $33,000 and is now an inmate of his stables.

There is one more of the celebrated generation of trotters now passing away to whom I must refer before mention of the flyers of the day and hour. This is none other than Goldsmith Maid. She was foaled in Sussex County, N. J., in 1857, her sire being Edsall's Hambletonian and her dam by Old Abdallah. She was thus closely related to the old Messenger family; but, strange to say, she bears little or no resemblance to the illustrious family. She is a blood bay, fifteen and a half hands high, with lower limbs clean and well-formed For the first eight years of her life she ran wild and was intractable in the highest degree. In March, 1865, she was purchased by Mr. Allen Goldsmith, of Orange County, N. Y., and, recognizing her good qualities, he went to work, and after much perseverance, succeeded in making a trotter of her. In 1866 she trotted against General Butler at Copake in 2:23½. Defeated by Dexter, in 1867, her owner was not discouraged, but entered her in many races in which she showed steady improvement. The season of 1868 was a very successful one for Goldsmith Maid. She won eight races, defeating such horses as Rhode Island and American Girl at Buffalo: George Palmer and George Wilkes at Boston, and General Butler at Waverley. She was then purchased by Doble and Jackman for $20,000, and went to Philadelphia. On July 8th, 1869, she defeated Lucy in 2:20¼, on July 51st, American Girl in 2:22, and in turn was defeated five times by Lady Thorne. In 1871, after a series of successes, and at Milwaukee, Wis., in a trot against Lucy, American Girl and Chicago, she won the race in three straight heats in 2:20¼, 2:17 and 2:20¼. This lowering of Dexter's record of course made Goldsmith Maid famous. But she had not yet reached the zenith of her fame. In 1872, at Mystic Park, Boston, driven by William Doble, she trotted in 2:16¾, and her name was written highest of all on the trotting calendar. On September 2d, 1874, at the same place, in a trot against time for a purse of $2,500, she made a record of 2:14. She was retired from the turf in 1877.

Did space permit, mention should be made of American Girl, another bay mare whose name has frequently been mentioned as a competitor of the horses described above. She was foaled in Westchester County, and her sire was a son of Cassius M. Clay. Her career was a brilliant one, and she made a record of 2:16½ in 1874, before her retirement.

The names and fame of Rarus, Maxey Cobb, Phallas, St. Julian, Jay-Eye-See and Maud S are now known all over the land, and they need no detailed description here. They have consecutively lowered the record and surpassed each other's efforts to a point that, even to Hiram Woodruff's far-seeing eyes would, in 1867, have seemed impossible. The public have kept daily pace with their movements, and have watched their performances with eager eyes.

To Maud S, alone, the present Queen of the Trotting Turf, and who worthily bears the title once so proudly won by Flora Temple and Goldsmith Maid, must a line be given. She is a chestnut mare, was foaled in Woodbourn, Ky., in 1874, her sire being Harold, and her dam by Miss Russell, who was a daughter of Pilot, Jr. She was first purchased by Captain Stone for $350, and was given the name of his daughter, to whom the mare had become greatly attached. When four years old Mr. William H. Vanderbilt bought her for $21,000, she having previously made a record of 2:17¼.

Mr. Vanderbilt owned her for six years, and when he transferred her to Mr. Bonner for $40,000, less than half what he might have obtained for her, he said that he had derived more pleasure from her use than from any property he had ever owned. She is a remarkable horse in disposition, appearance and speed.

In 1880, at Chicago, she made a record of 2:10¾; at Pittsburgh, in 1881, one of 2:10½; in August, 1884, one of 2:09¾; and at Lexington, Ky., in November, 1884, one of 2:09¼, which last, she has just again surpassed by her magnificent performance at Cleveland of 2:8¾.

Should not Empress rather than Queen of the Trotting Turf be now her title?

Before closing this brief sketch, mention must be made of the performances of Maud S and Aldine, and of Early Rose and Aldine, trotting together. The first, unfortunately, is not a record, but it stands unparalleled in the history of team-trotting. The two were driven by Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, at the New York Driving Park, on June 14th, 1883, to a road-wagon, weighing combined, 411 pounds, and the time made was 2:15½; and on September 14th, 1882, W. W. Bair, at Hartford, Conn., drove Early Rose and Aldine a mile in 2:16¾.

Thus we have traced the development of the trotting-horse in America, and have followed the steady progress made, from the 3 minutes of the early days of the century, through the 2:40 of the boyhood days of the present generation, the 2:20 of Mambrino Chief and May Queen, the 2:19¾ of Flora Temple. Then a long pause, until Dexter rushed over the line in 1867 in 2:17¼, to be followed by Goldsmith Maid with 2:14 in 1874, Rarus with 2:13¼ in 1878, St. Julien with 2:11¼ in 1881, Jay-Eye-See with 2:10¾ in 1883, and Maud S with 2:08¾ in this present year of grace.

Professor Brewer, of the Yale Scientific School, asserts that it took from the year 2200 B. C. to the present century to produce a three-minute horse. What meed of praise should then be given to the men who have in three-quarters of a century made almost a two-minute horse from the three-minute one of one hundred years ago?

CRŒSUS, King of Lydia, who felt presumptuously proud on account of his power and riches, had dressed himself one day in his utmost splendor of apparel and royal ornaments, and, seating himself on his throne, exhibited his bedizened person to Solon, as comprehending within itself the substance and sum of all worldly glory. "Have you ever beheld," said he to the Grecian sage, "a spectacle more august?" "I have," was the answer. "There is neither a pheasant in our fields, nor a peacock in our courtyard, nor a cock on our dunghill, nor a lily of the field, that does not surpass you in glory!"

VICK says that soot is one of the most valuable substances the gardener can employ. That from coal is better than that from wood. It can be employed as a fertilizer for any crop, and it is not only valuable as a manure, but to drive away insects that attack cabbage, turnips, radishes, etc.

PROFESSOR GOODE says that there are 1,400 kinds of fish in the waters of the United States, and 300 of these are useful either as food or in some other way.

A PORTRAIT.

Dark eyes, from which a pure, calm soul looks out;
 Brown hair, back-braided from a gentle face;
Lips ready aye to smile, but slow to pout;
 A speech original, yet full of grace;
A buoyant walk, as if bright health did guide
 Her tripping feet; a merry laugh, whose sound
Makes all the clear air ring; and at her side
 A faithful worshiper, who with swift bound
Doth haste away, then quick again is found
Close to her side, where with a fond caress,
 The loving creature nestles to her feet,
Makes flying passes at her simple dress,
 And follows, flying, all her movements sweet.
Woman and hound, in truth a gladsome sight,
Both beautiful, and things of life and light.

Nor is she frivolous, this gleesome girl;
 Her heart is open to the poor and sad;
And the bright smiles that round her lips do curl,
 She uses oft to make the sorrowing glad.
God bless thee, dear! May life be full of charm
 To thee, who art so fair; may Sorrow fly
Far from thy steps; and may no rude alarm
 Haunt thy calm dreams nor wait thy pillow nigh,
Thy presence gladdens earth; may all things fair
Be thine own handmaids whilst thou dwellest there!

THE OLD KENTUCKY HOME;

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

By Celia Logan.

Chapter V.—The White Form.

A month rolled by, and what had become of Kent Cameron, dead or alive, ceased to be the absorbing question of the village. Not a human being save the doctor had Maryland permitted to cross her threshold in that time. She had been resolving upon her course, and one day bade the doctor tell Roderic Hope to come to her.

She desired to see him.

He came, and for one brief moment she suffered him to hold her hand and then withdrew it coldly.

He sadly inquired:

"Have you no warmer welcome for me than that, Maryland, after four long, tedious weeks of separation?"

"No," was all she said; though her heart was beating wildly at the unaccustomed sight of him she loved so tenderly.

"Why do you turn away and treat me so coldly? Is it because you blame me for your brother's death?"

She shuddered, turned paler than ever, but was silent. He went on hurriedly, for he feared she would check him in this his first chance to exculpate himself.

"All that men could do we did. No one save yourself feels more bitter sorrow for Kent's fate than I do."

"Speak no more," said Maryland, "I have never once blamed you for—for—what has happened."

"Then why this strange and icy manner, so unlike my own Maryland? Is it because you love me no longer? Tell me, oh, tell me, it is not that!"

"Not that," she faltered.

"What, then?"

"It is because"—she nerved herself to say—"it is because I love you too dearly to allow your life to be darkened by the shadow upon mine—therefore I give you back your freedom."

"I will not accept it," he answered. "What! You think me base enough to desert you now when most you need a friend!"

"The pain will be sharp, perhaps, but brief; for you will soon forget me."

"Forget you! Maryland, my Maryland! I shall never cease to love you!"

"Yes," she answered, "as we love the dead. We never forget them, but in time they cease to be essential to our existence, and naught is left of them but a sacred memory."

He said: "If you can thus break with me, it must be because something has come between us to change your heart toward me. Are you *sure*, oh, my beloved! that it is not because I—I—failed—to—rescue your brother?"

"I have already said no to that, Roderic; but his crime——"

"Can never reflect upon his innocent sister. After our marriage, Maryland, we will go far from here, where the memory of that impetuous deed would ever stand as a spectre on our hearth. Do not, oh, do not! ask me to relinquish you. I cannot. You are the woman I chose from out the whole world to be my wife. I am the man you consented to make your husband, and though trial, misfortune, disgrace, if you will, have come between us, my love will last beyond the grave. Is not yours the same?"

Maryland remained silent during this outburst of feeling, with trembling lip and swimming eyes. Indeed, had they not been blinded with tears, she must have seen the fold of a woman's dress flutter through the half-open door.

Agnes Morton had been one of the most persistent callers at the Home during the few weeks past, and notwithstanding the rebuff she had met from Maryland, she had determined to get into the house to find out what was going on, and, in particular, what took Dr. Morton there on such frequent and prolonged visits. In her agitation at meeting Roderic, Maryland had for once forgotten to lock the door of the sitting-room.

Agnes, who was as usual on the watch, saw Roderic go in, tried the street-door, found it unlocked, slipped in, and softly followed him up-stairs and remained outside listening.

Roderic waited in vain for an answer to his passionate appeal to Maryland.

"Why do you not speak!" he asked at last. "Have you nothing to say?"

"Nothing—except that I can never be your wife."

"At least tell me the reason why?"

"I have told you. It is because I will not let you share my brother's disgrace."

"That is no reason at all, and I refuse to accept it. Give me a better reason than that for breaking off with me. As your promised husband, I have the right to demand your reason."

"I cannot—will not tell you," she answered, firmly.

"Maryland! Darling, come to me!" called a voice from the inner room.

The sound was low and stifled, but still distinct enough for love's strained, jealous ear to catch. Maryland started, flushed painfully, then turned deadly pale and shook like a leaf. She strove to speak, but could not. Where, oh, where, she thought, was Dr. Morton! She had left him on guard, and he had promised to keep that tell-tale voice silent while she bade her lover a last adieu.

Roderic paused amazed, and looked at her with a new-born suspicion. Her changing color, trembling frame and helpless confusion were to him conclusive proofs of his worst fears. Maryland staggered toward the door of the room where Kent was concealed with the intent of preventing Roderic from entering, for there was that in his eye which made her see in him a man different to the erst soft and wooing lover—a man possessed by the worst devil of all human passions, the most unreasoning in its fury, the most cruel in its rage, the most relentless in its vengeance—the black and murderous devil of jealousy.

He strode after her, and thrusting her back from the door, seized the knob as if to wrench it off, exclaiming, in hoarse tones:

"I see it now, the reason of your refusal to marry me. You are on with a new love, for that is a man's voice there! You have a man concealed there in your room. You do not deny it. Shame keeps you silent. Do you love this man within there?" he demanded.

Maryland bowed her head in assent.

"And it is for his sake that you cast *me* off? Answer, I command you."

"Yes, I do!" said Maryland, with a tremendous effort.

"My God!" groaned Roderic, staggering to a chair and burying his face in his hands.

Agnes now stepped inside the room, and casting a glance of contempt upon Maryland, said, sneeringly:

"And it was *you* who reproached me so bitterly for a little flirtation with Dimmick! It was *you* who were going to point me out as an object of shame and contempt! I think the finger of scorn will be pointed at *you* first and longest!"

She laughed mockingly. Unheeding her cruel words, Maryland, pitying the agony of the man she loved, had stolen over to his side, and half-kneeling to him, asked in a soft, pleading voice:

"Roderic, do you—can you believe me guilty?"

The gentleness of her tones, the entreating position, the pure countenance that he loved so well, softened his heart and momentarily exorcised the demon, and he replied, not ungently:

"Summon that man within there to testify to your innocence."

"That I will not do," she said, firmly, and rising. "Will you not trust me without that?"

There were signs of relenting in his face, seeing which that beautiful fiend in female form, Agnes, stepped up to him, saying, tauntingly:

"You are afraid, I suppose, to drag out that man within there."

"No," he said, "I *will* drag him out, and make him answer for her treachery."

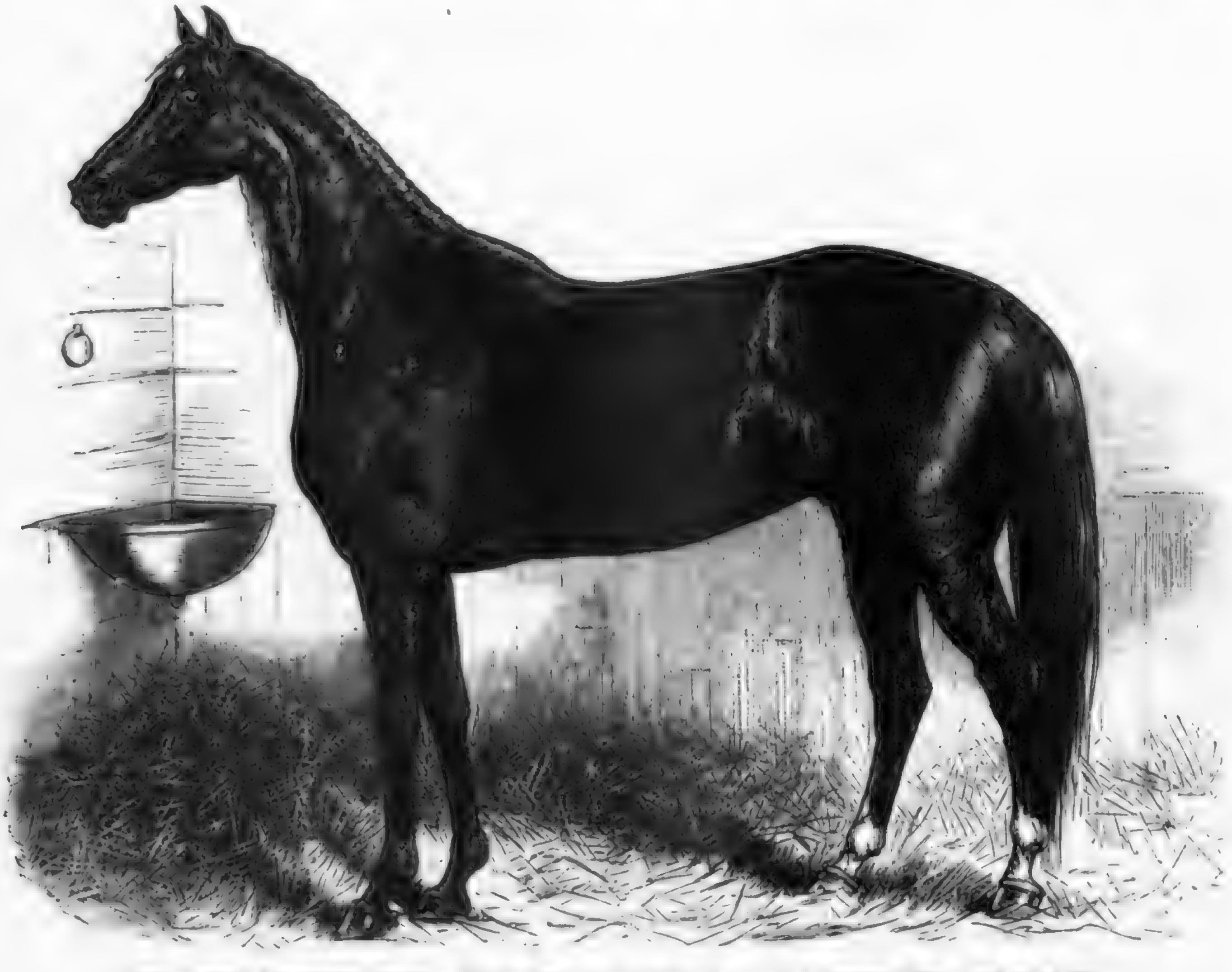
But yet, with his hand upon the knob, there was an innate sense of gentlemanliness that restrained him, and then that look on Maryland's face made him irresolute. There was no similar touch of pity in the cruel heart of Agnes, who cried out to him:

"Open the door; let's see who she's hiding there. Open the door, Roderic; open the door, I say!"

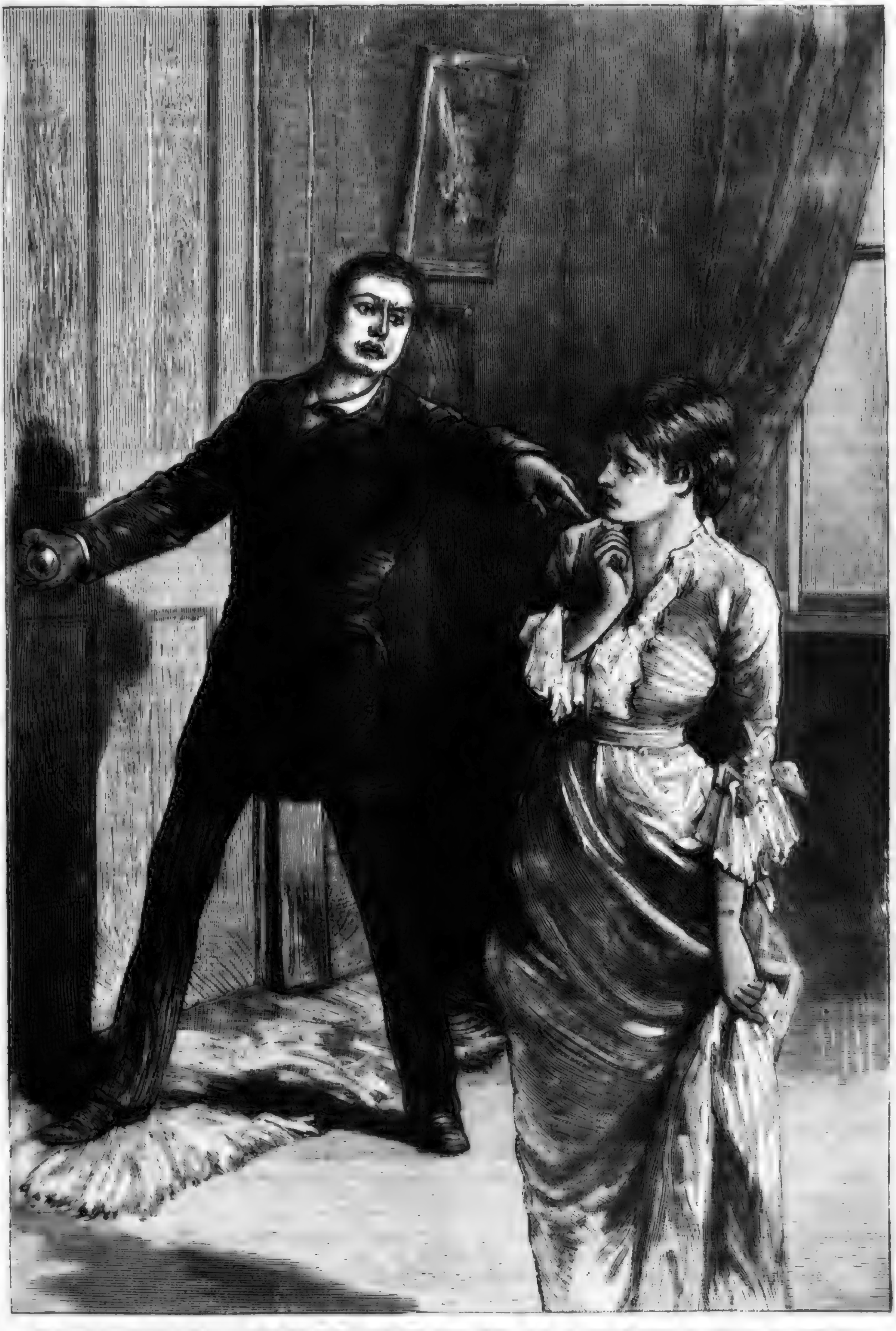
While the man still hesitated, the door was opened from the inside, and Dr. Morton appeared. Looking only at Maryland, he pointed to the form on the bed covered with a sheet, and said, solemnly:

"Maryland, there lies the last of your brother, Kent Cameron!"

Maryland motioned the awestruck woman and amazed man to leave her, and going to the bed, drew back the sheet from the face of the white form and covered it with kisses.



THE AMERICAN TROTTING-HORSE.—ST. JULIEN AT CHARTER OAK PARK, HARTFORD, 1880.—SEE PAGE 534.



THE OLD KENTUCKY HOME.—"WITH HIS HAND UPON THE KNOB, THERE WAS AN INNATE SENSE OF GENTLEMANLINESS THAT RESTRAINED HIM, AND THEN THAT LOOK ON MARYLAND'S FACE MADE HIM IRRESOLUTE."—SEE PAGE 543.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME.

The burial of Kent Cameron was conducted with what might be called secrecy. No one was allowed to see the body but the undertaker, who was a manumitted slave of Dr. Morton, and devoted to him. The reason given to the people was that Kent had been so disfigured by the maltreatment he had received from the mob, that his features were unrecognizable and unpleasant to look upon.

After the funeral Maryland liberated Sue and Jacob, who married. She held to her determination to break off with Roderic. After several fruitless attempts to alter her resolution, he suddenly left the village, and settled in the great city.

Maryland shut herself up in the old Home, barring her door against all the world with the exception of Dr. Morton and her former slave-girl, Sue.

Mary's hatred of men extended even to the humble tiller of the soil. She would not permit the little farm attached to the Home to be cultivated, and year after year it became a more pitiable sight to see everything running to waste and weed.

The whirligig of time brought its usual changes. Gentle Grace Morton realized the highest ambition of a village girl—that of marrying well and going to New York to live. There she kept up her friendship with Roderic Hope, and in her letters to her father she reported him as becoming rich and famous.

Immediately after the tragedy there was some prejudice in the village against Agnes Morton, from her having caused the death of two men; but this was afterward dispersed by the arrival of her father, who, having at last sown his wild oats, returned to the village to pass his old age with his daughter. As he was immensely wealthy and liberal, he soon became popular, and as Agnes presided at his sumptuous entertainments, she was courted and fawned upon with obsequious servility; and if, when poor, her beauty had won her hosts of suitors, as the rich man's daughter she was the belle of all Kentucky; but whether she had really loved Kent Cameron too truly to wed another, or that she regarded her wooers as mere fortune-hunters, or from any other cause, she remained single.

Dr. Morton's practice, from increasing years, and the presence of new practitioners in the village, fell off, and as he sustained other large monetary losses, his means of succoring others became limited; so that when, five years after the death of Kent Cameron, it was announced that the old Kentucky Home was to be sold for debt, he could do nothing to prevent it.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SPECTRE ON THE HEARTH.

"How I DO hab to fumble wid dis old latchkey, to be sho'," said Sue, as at last she managed to let herself into Maryland's kitchen. She set a heavy market-basket down upon the table, and glancing around muttered to herself, "How ramshackle ebery ting is in dis yer ole house, but when dey dribes her yout of dis rat-hole, she done won't hab no place to lay her pore head. Arter Massa Kent's death Dr. Morton he says to me, 'Sue, Miss Cameron done bin in sech troubble she's a-gwine to shet herself up in de old Kaintuck Home, and yo must carry her a big basket of food ebbry day from my house, and be sho yo take enuff fur two.' 'Law's massy sakes, massa,' says I, 'do trouble make white folks eat double?' 'Ax no questions,' says he, 'an' don't you nebber breathe no word about nothin' you may see or hyar dar.' An' I habben't nudder, an' I'se toted up dat ar basket ebbry blessed day for five yars, eben the day me an' Jake was married."

A knock startled her.

"Who dar? I wonder! P'r'aps someone come to help her in her trouble, but she don't nebber let nobody in, but I've a great mind to; lots o' folks is bound to come in soon. If de won't go away"—for the knocking was repeated—"I suppose I'se best let 'em in," and thinking she was doing Maryland a service, the black woman cautiously opened the door. "Law's a massy!" she said, with a relieved look as Agnes stepped in. "It's yo', Miss Agnes."

"Yes; tell Miss Cameron I wish to speak with her."

"'Scuse me, miss, but I dassent do dat. You know she won't never let nobody in."

"I know it, but it is time such folly came to an end. Run along home, Sue. I'll wait till she comes into the kitchen."

"For de lub o' de Lord, miss, don't let on I let you in!"

"I will not. Go along, that's a good girl!"

Only too glad to get off so easily, Sue scudded away.

"I wish this disagreeable business were over," muttered Agnes to herself.

She was not long kept in expectation, for the door of the room leading into the kitchen was unlocked on the inside, and Maryland came in cautiously, locking the door after her and putting the key in her pocket. She had been expecting Sue with the dainty supplies, and had heard talking, but as the black woman had a habit of talking to herself, she had supposed the sounds she heard came from her. Her look of surprise and dislike on beholding Agnes is beyond description. Agnes felt the same repugnance and hatred toward her, but she was more accustomed to the hypocritical masking of her features, and therefore kept her face from betraying her feelings, and yet she was shocked at the change in Mary's appearance.

"You here?" exclaimed Maryland.

"Yes," she replied; "after five years we meet again, Miss Cameron. It is a long time, considering that Kent, in the last letter he ever wrote, recommended you to my care."

"Kent did that, and you never told me?"

"Never told you! Did I not write and say you might call on me for anything you might require?"

"Yes, you did so write, I remember; but you alone of all the world held aloof from me! Notwithstanding all that had transpired between us to fill my soul with bitterness toward you, I would have forgiven you everything had you but come to me with a letter written by *him* in "his senses."

"Come to you, after all that had passed between us! Setting all private differences aside, you could scarcely have expected me to come to you in face of the scandal attaching to your name and conduct!"

"And have you come at last," said Maryland, more in sadness than in anger, for her spirit was broken by trouble, "only to insult me?"

"On the contrary, I came to do you a kindness," Agnes replied, condescendingly.

"Indeed?"

"Yes; the matter is a very simple one, and had you been mixing with the world, instead of burying yourself alive all these years, you might have known about it long ago. My father came back from Europe, took me from the doctor, and we keep house together. He is very rich, and I have all that heart can wish for. He is so grateful to Dr. Morton for having taken care of me for so many years that he says it is his duty to take care of some other young girl who needs help. Hearing the talk in the village about your troubles, and the house being about to be sold over your head, he has taken up the notion of assisting you, and nothing would satisfy him but for me to come here in person to offer you a home."

"You! offer me a home?"

"Yes," continued Agnes, with a lofty air of performing an unpleasant duty against her will. "Not with me, of course! That would never do! I will engage a room somewhere, in some quiet corner of the village, where you can continue to live in your present obscurity and isolation. You must not visit me, nor can you expect that I will visit you, but I will send you a small sum weekly for current expenses, and a couple of dresses yearly. They will be new, as my cast-off costumes would not be appropriate to you, nor should I like you to be seen in them, though anybody would be glad to get them."

"Except me," Maryland said, calmly.

"What?" exclaimed Agnes, amazed. "*What?*"

Maryland pointed to the door as she spoke:

"Go tell your father that I thank him for his charitable intentions toward a stranger, but that I would either beg or starve before I would accept a crust from his daughter!"

"What!" cried Agnes, panting with rage. "Is this your gratitude? You, the talk of the whole village! I have lowered myself by entering this house of ill-omen, and if it were known my reputation would be in danger!"

"*Your* reputation!" exclaimed Maryland, casting a look of withering contempt upon her. "Oh, yes; you bear a spotless reputation! You are rich and happy, while I am impoverished and shunned! You are beautiful and courted still, for who, save me, remembers that poor youth whose life-blood welled out at your feet? Who knows, save me, of the spectre of his murderer?"

"Spectre! — murderer!" half shrieked Agnes, with wide-opening eyes, looking around in fear and horror. "What do you mean?"

"Nothing," said Maryland. "Begone! before I'm tempted to drag my ruined brother's corpse from his unhallowed grave, and set you face to face with the dead!"

In her excitement Maryland's voice had risen to a scream, which was taken up by the affrighted woman, who fled from the house as if she believed the weird threat were possible of instant fulfillment. As her voice died away in the distance, Maryland fell upon her knees.

"Father of Mercy!" she moaned, "how much more of anguish, of insult, and of contumely shall I be called upon to endure? Strengthen me anew, I beseech Thee! or I sink beneath my burden!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE OLD LOVE.

When Agnes fled in terror, she left the door ajar. Maryland, on her knees, with her face buried in her hands, absorbed in her prayer, did not hear the light and cautious step that stole in a moment after Agnes had gone. When Maryland arose, a man stepped forward and faced her. She started back, repressing a scream, and exclaiming:

"Roderic, has the grave given back its dead?"

"No," he answered; "the living has sought you again."

"And why?" she asked, in low, tremulous tones, passing her hand in bewilderment over her brow.

"I have sought you because the old love never dies."

"All that is over and gone long ago—gone with my vanished youth," she sighed.

"Vanished youth!" he repeated. "Why, it is but five years since we parted."

"Yes, by actual count of time, which I see has dealt gently with you; but to me it has been fifty in suffering. Look at me, and tell me if you do not see its traces in my face."

He approached her closer, and his heart nearly died within him as he saw the deep lines of care upon her features, crowned by a mass of snow-white hair.

"Well?" she said.

"I see that you are much changed," he said, with a trace of sadness in his voice which he could not repress; "but to me you are still my pure, sweet Maryland."

"Pure!" she repeated, bitterly, "you did not think so when you spurned me from you the day my brother died."

"Maryland, hear me at last, and listen dispassionately. Maddened by jealousy, which appearances seemed to warrant, it is true that I misjudged you; but when I found how grossly I had wronged you, was not my penitence sincere? Did I not entreat your forgiveness—even on my knees—then and many times after? Did I leave anything undone that man could do to win pardon from the woman he had injured? Despairing at last of winning forgiveness, I left my native village, my home, all that was dear to me, hoping that absence and time might soften your heart toward me."

"Go on," said Maryland, coldly.

"Years have passed, but you have shown no signs of relenting, of recalling me and confessing that you love me still."

"Love—love for *me!*" she said, bitterly. "Have you anything more to say?"

"I have. Dr. Morton wrote me that your brotner——"

"My brother!" she interrupted in alarm. "What—what did he tell you of my brother?"

"He wrote that your brother's death having caused your fortune to pass out of your hands, you had eked out a miserable existence on the little farm here; but that even that is soon to be sold."

"It is true," she answered.

Roderic continued:

"The doctor added that his own means had suffered such diminution that he could do but little for you, and would like to know that you had at least one friend to rely upon after his death."

"Kind, noble old man!" murmured Maryland.

Roderic went on:

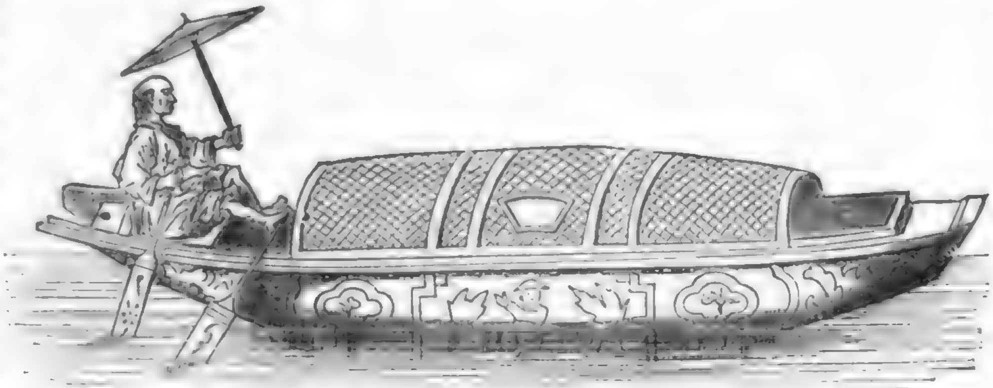
"As soon as I received his letter I hastened to you, hoping that you would let *me* be the friend he seeks. Let *me* settle the claims against the old Kentucky Home. I have prospered in New York, and, Maryland, I implore you to become my wife."

"Wife!—your wife!" she said, in much surprise. "You ask me—you *wish* me to be your wife?"

"I do," he answered, simply but earnestly. "It is the dearest and the only unfulfilled wish of my heart."

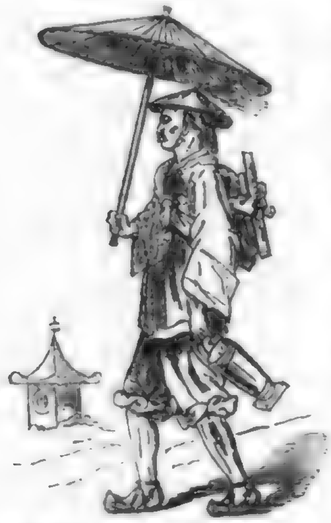
The icy reserve which Maryland had maintained throughout the interview, during which she had never even asked him to be seated, seemed suddenly to melt at last.

A hot flush swept over her wan face, then quickly died away, leaving it deadly pale. A spasm as of pain set her lips trembling and twitching; she put her hand to her



THE POSTMEN OF THE WORLD.— CHINESE MAIL-PACKET.—SEE PAGE 552.

heart and swayed to and fro, and when he stepped forward to catch her, she half fell upon the old sofa, which, like the rest of the furniture in the old house, was but a wreck of its former splendor. Roderic was at her side in a moment, and for the first time in five years a human hand was laid caressingly upon the head of the poor girl.



CHINESE DISPATCH-BEARER.

For a moment — one brief moment only — she suffered his hand to smooth her locks, blanched by sorrow and not by time, then, drawing herself away from him, she said:

"I can never be your wife."

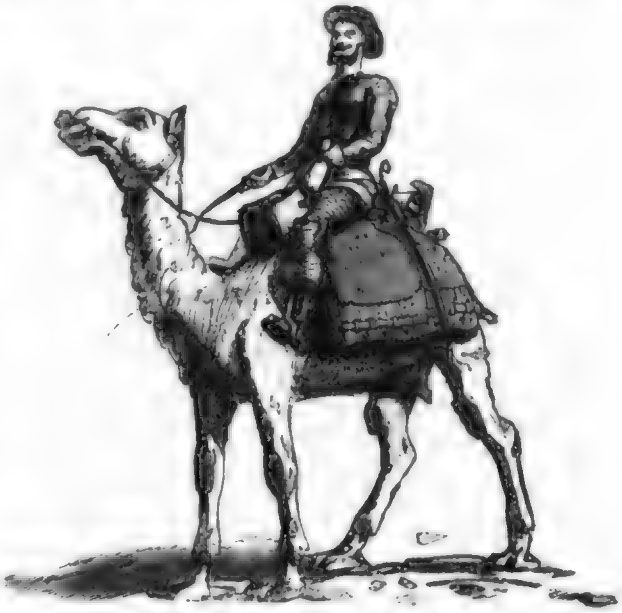
"Will you," he said, clutching her dress as she rose to leave him, and in a voice of supplication; "after all these years of vain imploring, at least tell me *why* you can never be my wife."

"And do you think I will take advantage of such love as yours, and impose upon you the mystery of my life?"

"If I am content, why cannot you accept?"

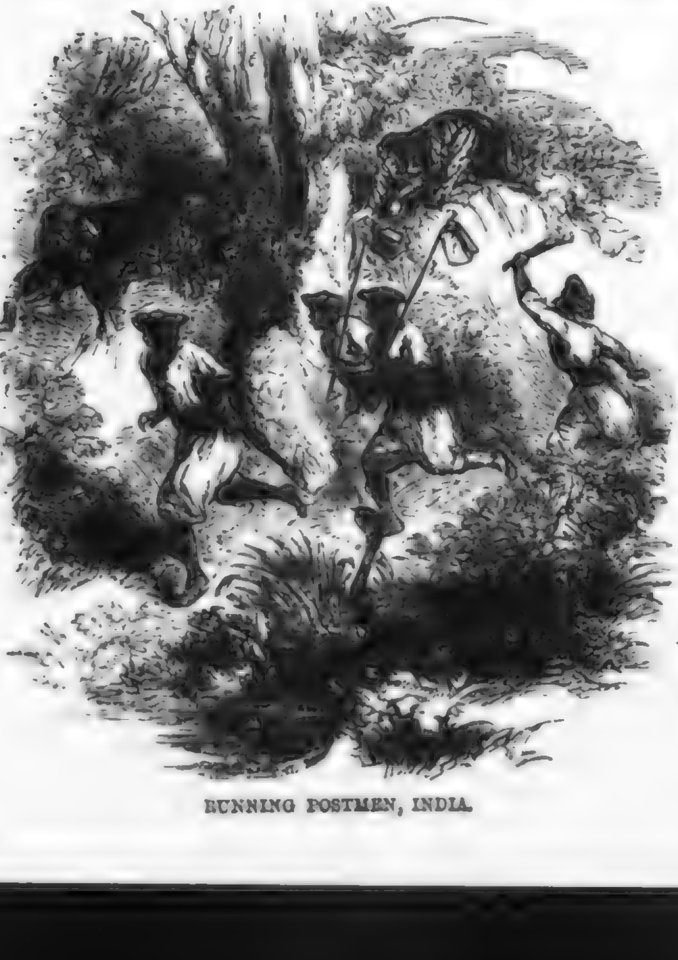
"Because I could not bring to you that unsullied fame which it is the right of every man to receive with the woman he weds — for mine is now a tarnished name."

"Tarnished!" he repeated, in surprise; for save with the doctor, Roderic had had no communication with the people of the village since he had left it, and Morton had never informed him of the cruel reports about Maryland.

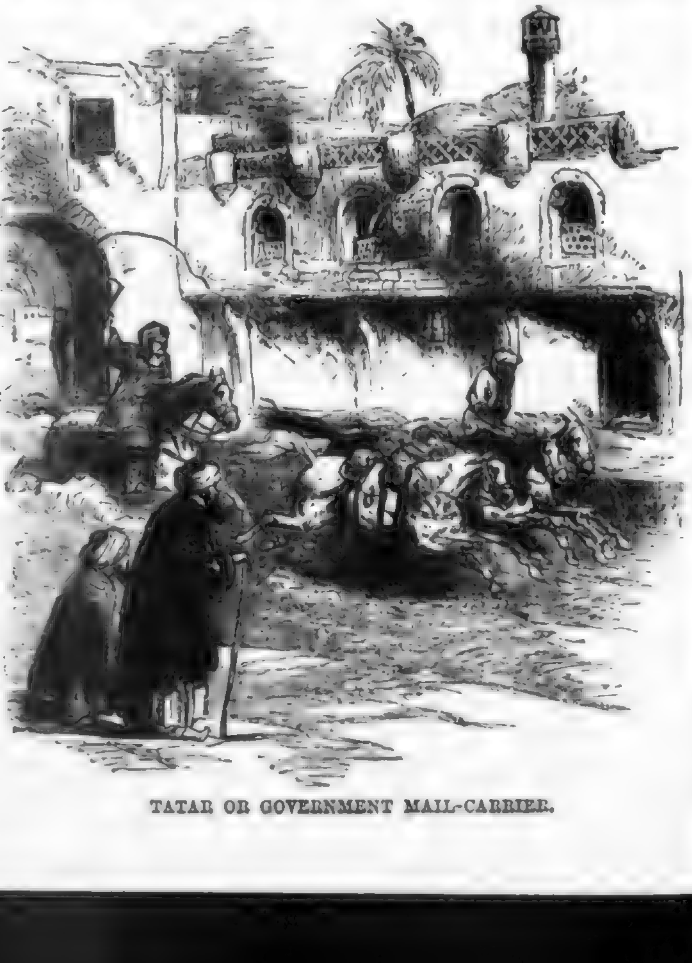


CAMEL-MOUNTED LETTER-CARRIER.

"Yes," she replied, "do you not know the story that is told and believed here; that I have for years concealed



RUNNING POSTMEN, INDIA.



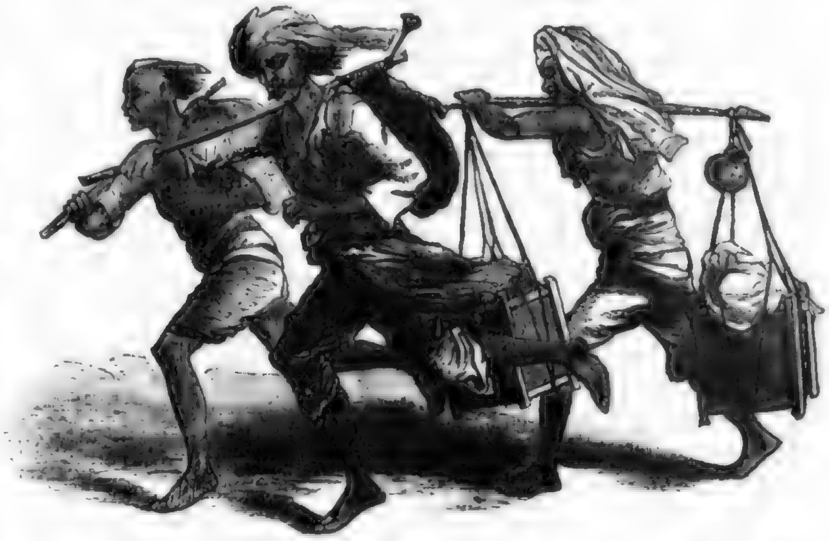
TATAR OR GOVERNMENT MAIL-CARRIER.

within this gloomy house a man, and that man not my husband? So strong is the general opinion against me that, save faithful Sue, no woman's foot ever crosses my threshold. If I go out upon the streets the women gather their skirts the closer as I pass, lest the touch of mine contaminate them. Even the children point at me as the crazy woman who lives in the haunted house with the ghost—and there *is* a ghost in this house!"

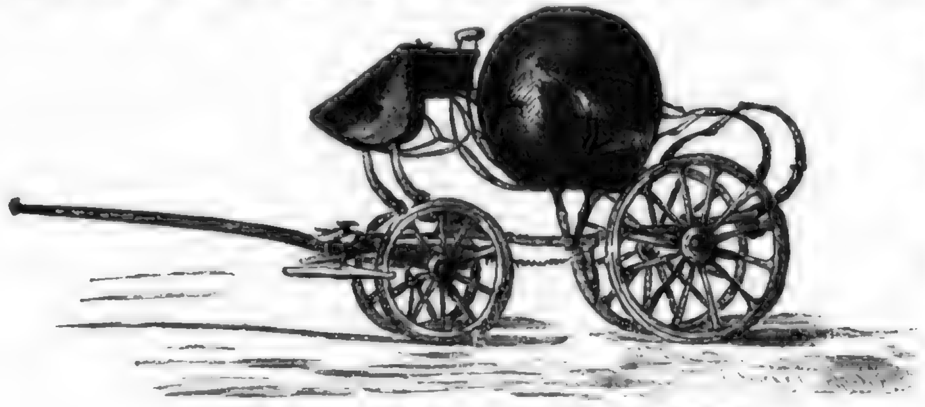
"A ghost!" repeated Roderic, wondering, and with a secret misgiving that her mind was affected.

"Yes. Do you wonder now that youth and hope and love have passed out of my life for ever?" she asked.

"Do not say 'love,' Maryland. I had hoped you had some lingering love yet left for me," and taking her hand, he kissed it.



THE POSTMEN OF THE WORLD.—POSTMEN IN BENGAL.—SEE PAGE 552.



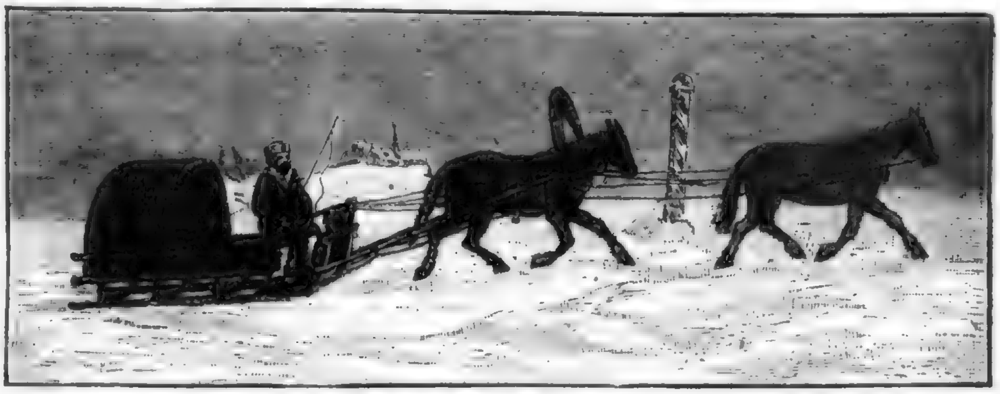
DANISH MAIL-COACH, EARLY PART OF THIS CENTURY.

She did not repulse him; but tenderly, in a softened tone, she answered, repressing a sob:

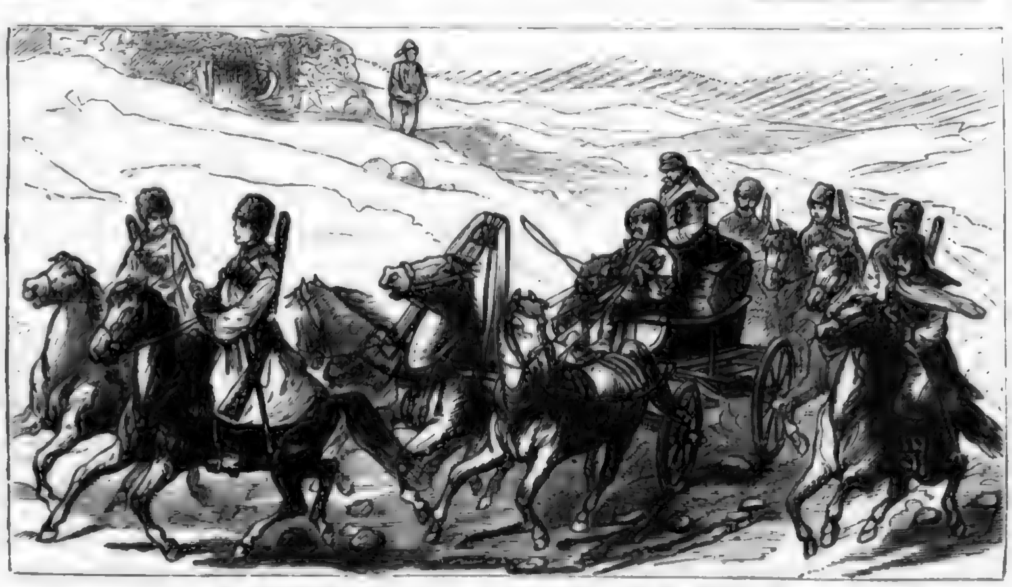
"Such a dead and heavy heart as misery has left me, I own still beats for you—that the memory of the hour in which we plighted troth is all the recollection of happiness that grief cannot efface—but even were the shadow lifted from my hearth and home, still I could not marry you, for my good name is gone for ever."

"Let me redeem it," he pleaded; "let me give you a name that is not sullied; a name that may one day become sufficiently distinguished to obliterate the stain you say is upon yours—my own."

A sudden flush of joy illuminated Mary's features, and she said, eagerly, her whole frame trembling: "If you offer me this, it must be—not alone because you love me—but because you have faith in me—believe me—*innocent!*"



RUSSIAN MAIL-SLEDGE.



THE RUSSIAN MAIL-POST FROM KARS TO ALEXANDROPOL.

"I do—I *do* believe you innocent, and the victim of some cruel mistake which I cannot fathom, nor even conjecture," he solemnly replied.

At his words, the woman's whole heart went out to him, and the tears repressed for years refused longer to be held back, and gushed forth freely.

He clasped her to his breast, rejoicing that nature had at length given way, and while he held her thus unrebuked, he continued to pour forth his pleading.

"Come to my heart, oh, my

darling, for I believe, I *feel* that you are as pure as when first you became my promised wife. Then let all the wretched past be forgotten; let us remember only that we still love each other. Consent, oh, consent that you will reward my patient waiting—be my wife!"

"Tempt me no more, Roderic," she said, struggling to release herself, "lest I prove a traitor to my sacred trust."

"Your answer—your answer," he said, clasping her the closer to his heart.

A voice from inside the locked room, called feebly: "Maryland! Maryland!"

"My answer!" she cried, with superhuman strength, tearing herself from his arms, and pointing to the door; "my answer! It is *there!* That is the same voice you heard five years ago. It recalls me to my duty now—leave me!"

"At least promise me," he said, no longer seeking to detain her, "that should that voice ever be silenced for ever, you will reveal this mystery."

"That much I promise," she said, resuming her cold bearing.

Without another word he bowed and left her. As he walked toward the old doctor's house to consult with him, had Roderic's thoughts been spoken they would have taken this form:

"Sacred trust! the same voice that called her years ago! She has inadvertently betrayed herself, and at last I have a suspicion of the truth. Strange, impossible as it may seem, I thought I recognized that voice! I will not leave this place until I have solved the mystery which has wrecked her life and mine."

Chapter IX.

THE GHOST IS LAID.

Cautiously locking the kitchen-door after Roderic's departure, Maryland hastened to the door of the inner room, and unlocking it, led in a man who leaned heavily upon her, and was so feeble that he could scarcely, even with her help, reach the old sofa near the fire.

Half fainting he sank back, white to the very lips.

Maryland ran to the basket Sue had brought, and taking out a bottle of wine, uncorked it, poured out a glass, and gave it to him.

"Drink, Kent," she said.

Kent!

Yes, Kent Cameron.

When Dr. Morton overheard the stormy scene between Agnes, Roderic and Maryland, it suddenly occurred to him that the only way to shield Mary's reputation was to show Roderic that it was her brother whom she was concealing. After calling her, Kent had swooned, and the doctor had taken advantage of his condition to draw the sheet over him, and declare him dead.

After Roderic and Agnes had left the house, it was determined by the girl that it would be best to keep up the deception to the world, so, by the aid of the devoted undertaker and the doctor, the funeral service and burial of a body supposed to be that of Kent Cameron were managed without detection. To the last Dr. Morton protested, and sought to show Maryland how rife with danger to herself was the fraud, but she was not to be moved from her purpose, and he yielded. As everybody believed Kent Cameron to be dead, and would individually have sworn that they saw him buried, it is no wonder that when a man's form, from time to time, was seen dimly in Maryland's home, her reputation suffered; for no one who had ever known him would, even if brought face to face with him, have recognized in the gaunt, haggard man now lying exhausted on the sofa—the once splendid-looking, robust Kent Cameron.

The wine revived him, and he muttered:

"I'm so tired, Maryland."

"That's only because the day has been so warm," she said. "The Spring is coming."

"And are the fields green?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes, and the trees are full of blossoms."

"Oh!" he exclaimed, trying to rise, "I *must* go out and see them. I must breathe once more the fresh, soft air of Spring;" but he was too weak to stand, and sank down.

"Not to-night, Kent," said his sister. "Some other time when you get stronger."

"That's what you always say," he answered, pettishly.

"You must be patient, dear."

"I have been patient ever so long, and a good boy"—a fit of coughing that racked his wasted frame prevented him from speaking for a minute.

Which of the two beings was the more unhappy? The poor woman, in possession of her senses, keenly cognizant of her misery and his, or the man, unconscious of trouble and fancying himself a boy again?

Again he spoke, in a fretful, complaining voice, as a thwarted child might speak.

"I'm tired of always staying in the house. I hear the other boys shouting and whistling as they go by to school. Why don't you let me go to school, too, Maryland?"

"Because—because," she said, searching for an answer, "your clothes are not good enough, Kent."

"Then buy me some new ones, do, and unlock the door and let me go out. I promise you I'll only play a couple of games of marbles, and come right back."

"After awhile, Kent—you *must* wait until you get stronger."

"How can I get stronger if you won't let me run out and play? I think you mean to kill me."

"Oh, Kent!" she gasped, a quick, keen pain shooting through her heart. "How can you say that?"

"Well, then, if you won't let me go out, let some of the boys come in and play with me, and buy me some new toys. I've broken all the old ones. Where's my top?"

"Here," she said, getting it.

"Twine it for me; I'm too tired."

"You haven't slept this afternoon—that's why," she said, spinning the top; but as soon as he heard the humming he put his hands to his ears, saying, quickly:

"Stop it! stop it!" I can't bear the noise."

"Lie down and try to sleep, Kent," she said, soothingly, arranging the sofa-cushion and helping him to lie down. As soon as he was comfortable, he asked her to tell him a story; and drawing a stool up she sat down beside him and began:

"Three children, sliding on the ice,
All on a Summer's day."

"Oh," he said, clapping his emaciated hands and smiling, "that's just what *I* should like—to skate when it's warm."

A signal knock was heard upon the door—two slow taps, and two in rapid succession.

"There's the doctor," said Maryland, springing up and going to the door.

"Come out a moment, Maryland," the doctor said.

She stepped outside, not forgetting to lock Kent in, who indeed seemed to have lost all wish to go out, and lay listless or dozing.

"Strange news, doctor," she said. "Agnes and Roderic have both been here."

"I know it," he replied, "each to offer you a home. What did you decide?"

"To reject all offers, except yours."

"I knew you would; but, my child, had you not better think seriously before you again reject Roderic? Remember it is the last chance you will ever have of happiness—of marriage, and a home of your own. I am convinced that you could trust Roderic with the secret we have so long kept between us."

"I am afraid to do so, doctor," she replied. "His ideas of honor are so exalted that, notwithstanding his love for me, Roderic might feel it his duty to deliver my brother up to justice."

"Not if he knew that his life hangs on a thread which must soon break."

Maryland shook her head.

"Well, if you will not do that, of course it is useless to urge you to make it publicly known that your brother is alive; by doing so you could recover your grandfather's property, and the money that has accumulated during the last five years. Even if arrested for the old matter, Kent would not live to stand the slow process of the law."

"It would only be to embitter his last days, doctor, and the money would not long be mine."

"True," he said; "I forgot that."

"Have you found a shelter for us?"

"Yes, where you will be safe from prying eyes, if we can get him away from here unseen; but the announcement that the house is to be sold has revived interest in you and the old story, and there are loungers always about, waiting for what they may chance to see. We will have to take our chances."

The moon was now and then obscured by the driving clouds which predicate the approach of a storm, and under the blackness of these the doctor hoped to get Kent away unseen.

"Have you prepared him for the removal?" he asked.

"No; but he will offer no opposition. He is always longing for the outside air."

"Let us go in then and get him ready. I have a carriage waiting about a block off. Wrap him up the best you can, and I will take him to the carriage. After we have been gone a few minutes, vail yourself and follow the carriage. In this way we shall escape the observation which we should not fail to attract if we all went together."

The doctor and Maryland went into the kitchen, which she had been forced to make a living-room, because Kent was always cold, and she could afford only one fire. As Maryland went into the adjoining room to get Kent's long disused overcoat, the doctor gazed after her, thoughtfully.

"Poor, poor Maryland!" he said to himself. "What superhuman sacrifices has she not made for this poor remnant of humanity? But I must wake him up, and get him ready. Kent," he called, "wake up, wake up!"

Kent was lying with his face to the wall, and as he did not turn nor move, the doctor put his hand upon his shoulder and turned him over on his back.

"Great God!" he exclaimed; "he is dead!"

Maryland entered the room in time to hear him.

"Dead! she cried, rushing to him, and falling on her knees by his side.

Yes, there was that in his face that sends a sudden conviction of the truth even to the mind of those who have never looked upon death.

"Dead! dead! Oh, my brother," she moaned, "have I suffered so much only to lose you at last? He will never speak again, will he, doctor? He is gone, and alone I must go forth from the house where we were born—alone, alone for ever more! But you are happier than I, Kent, for here, in your boyhood's home, unconscious and careless of the world's woes, even as a boy again, you go to meet our parents."

The doctor was shocked to hear her talking to the ears that never again would hear an earthly sound, and tried to draw her away, saying, gently:

"Maryland, be calmer; you have borne so much, be strong in this. You have done all that you could for him, and now that he is gone, do you not see that it is the will of God to bring your sacrifice to an end? Do you not see that——"

"That the hour of my vindication has come at last?" she said, springing to her feet. "I do—I do! Did you not say that there were always loungers about?"

He nodded.

Like a mad woman Maryland ran to the door, threw it wide open, calling wildly and beckoning, "Neighbors, neighbors! come in—come all of you, men, women and little children!"

They needed no second invitation, but rushed in by twos and threes till the little kitchen was thronged, and even the yard. Among those who were lingering about, were Agnes and Roderic. They, too, came in.

"Come in, come in!" the woman still cried, like one demented; then, suddenly controlling herself, she resumed her ordinary manner, and facing the wondering crowd, thus addressed them: "I have called you in because I wanted to see all of you who have shunned me for so long as an evil woman. Come here, one by one, and look upon this pallid face!"

Wondering still more, the men awed, the women frightened, they drew near and gazed upon the dead man upon the sofa.

"Is there one among you who recognizes him?" she asked.

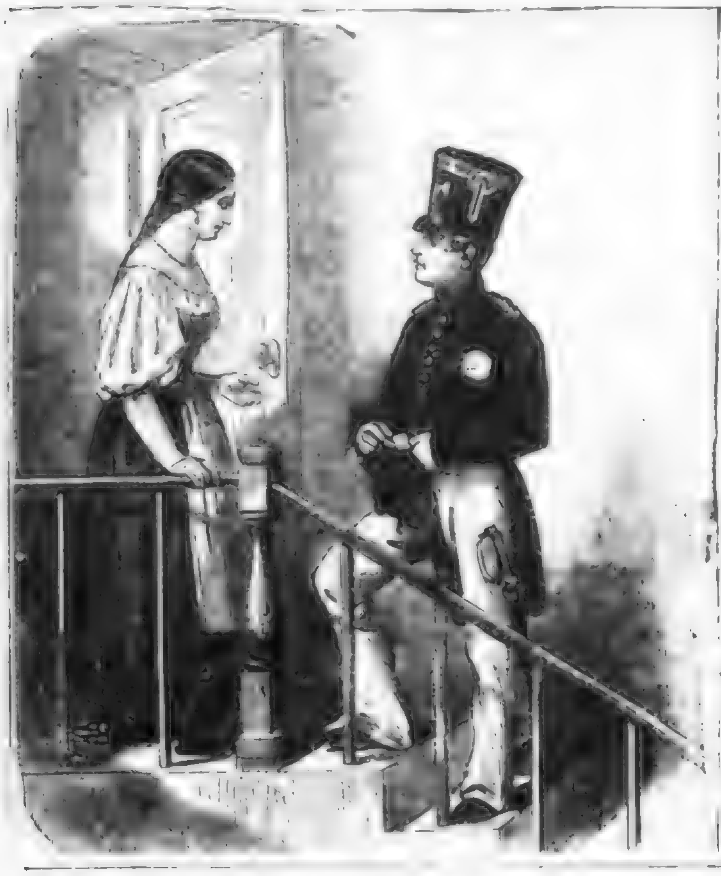
There were shakings of heads, and a general murmur of "No," "No."

"None of you know this poor wreck! It is the man you have so long and rightly suspected I have lived with alone, but not in shame, for that was my brother! Ah!" she said, heedless of the exclamations of astonishment that broke from the crowd, "I see one there who will know I speak the truth!" and, darting forward, she seized Agnes by the arm and dragged her toward the corpse. The frightened woman vainly tried to shake her off and get away, but Maryland held her tightly and compelled her to look. Look! look!" she said, "upon the changed features of the man you once pretended to love. Do you know them?" Agnes bowed her head. "Then declare to all these people that at last you know me to be innocent, and I will forgive you—even his ruin!"

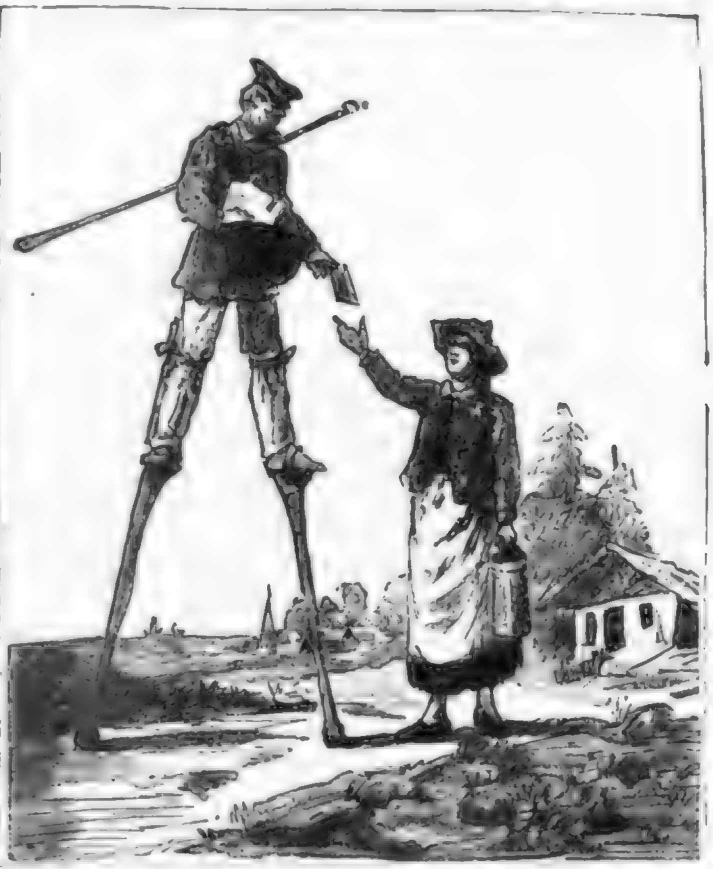
"Forgive me!—forgive me!" wailed Agnes, cowering away from the body, "I wronged you—I wronged you!"

"So did we all!" shouted a man. The shout was taken up by every voice, and forgetful of the presence of death in the desire to right the living, "So did we all!" "So did we all!" was shouted again, till the cry floated out upon the green fields, and fragrant leaves, now illumined by the undimmed lustre of the moon.

"Enough," said Maryland. "Heaven itself has vindicated me to man. I thank you all, friends, but I wish to be alone with *him* again."



POSTMAN, ST. PETERSBURG.



RURAL POSTMAN IN THE LANDES, FRANCE.

Dr. Morton led the white and trembling Agnes from the room. The rest followed reverently, with uncovered and bowed heads. One alone of all the crowd remained—Roderic Hope. He took her hand, and as they knelt together by Kent's lifeless form, he whispered:

"Maryland, *my* Maryland!"

And as they prayed together, some male and female plantation slaves, returning from the cotton-fields, sang softly in the evening air as they passed the haunted house:

> "Weep no more, my lady,
> Weep no more to-day;
> We'll sing one song for the old Kentucky Home,
> The old Kentucky Home far away."

THE END.

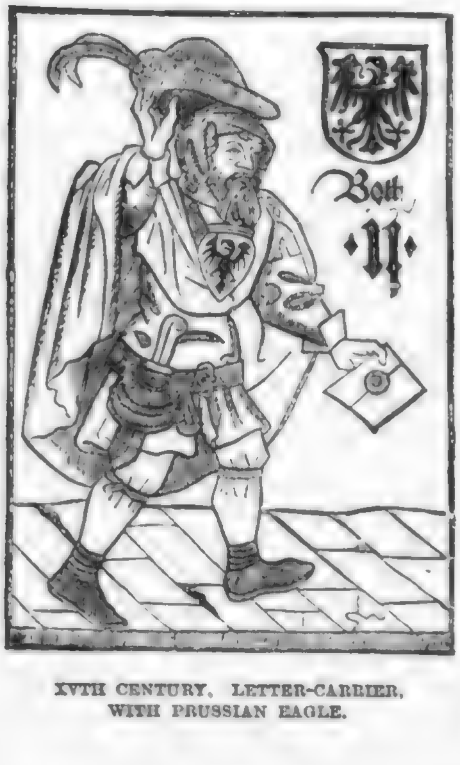
THE POSTMEN OF THE WORLD.

By GORDON CUMMING,

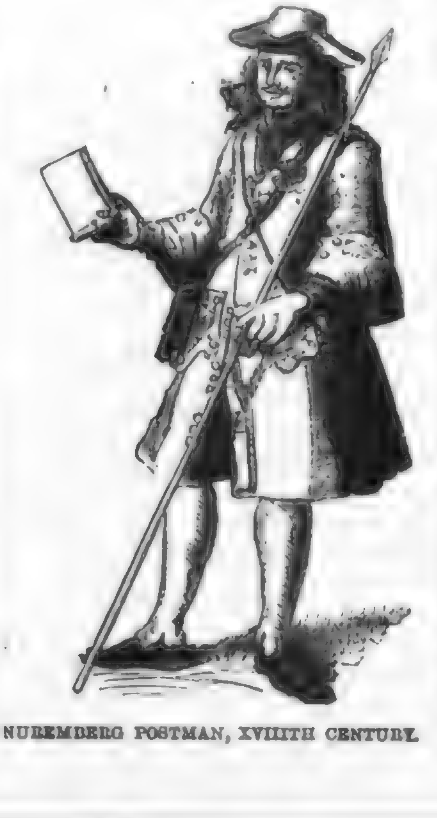
AUTHOR OF "THE NEWSPAPERS OF THE WORLD."

HOW STRANGE to think of the wonderful organization which insures the regular transmission of every little letter, and its final safe delivery to its owner, at the remotest ends of the world, in crowded foreign city, or in the solitudes of the mountain or the forest! In my furthest wanderings, I have never yet reached any point so isolated as to be beyond the ministrations of the Post Office, but strangely varied have been its emissaries!

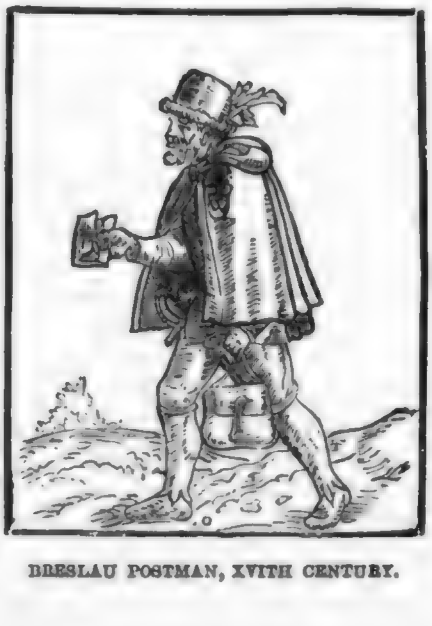
I had heard of a settler in an uncivilized island, who, while building himself a boat, required some tool which he had left at home, so he selected a smooth chip of wood and thereon wrote a message, which he bade one of the bystanders carry to his wife.



XVTH CENTURY, LETTER-CARRIER, WITH PRUSSIAN EAGLE.

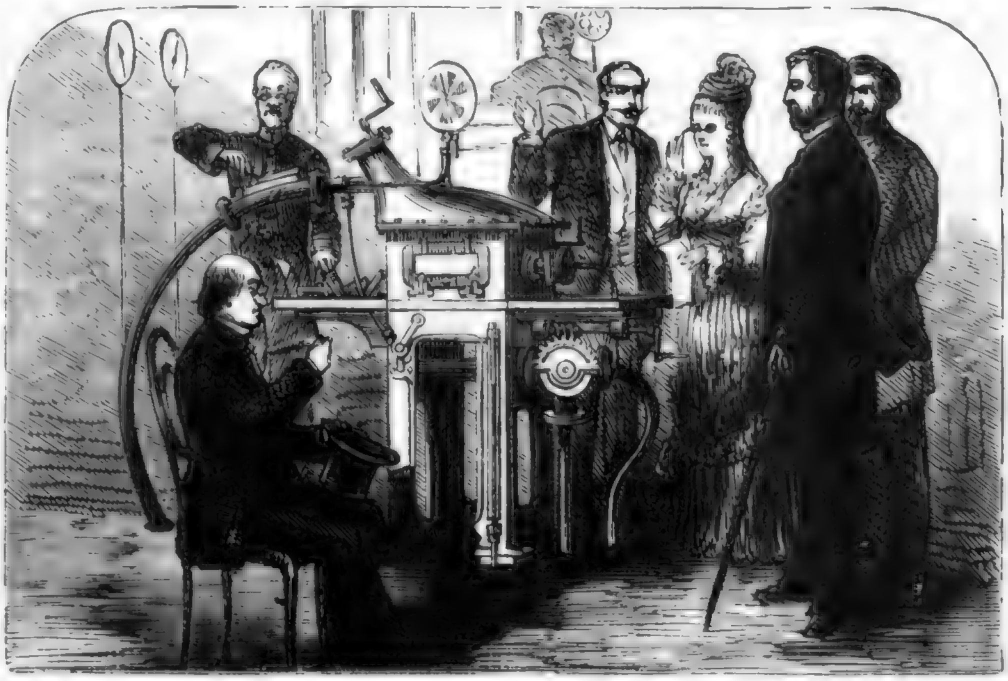


NUREMBERG POSTMAN, XVIIITH CENTURY.

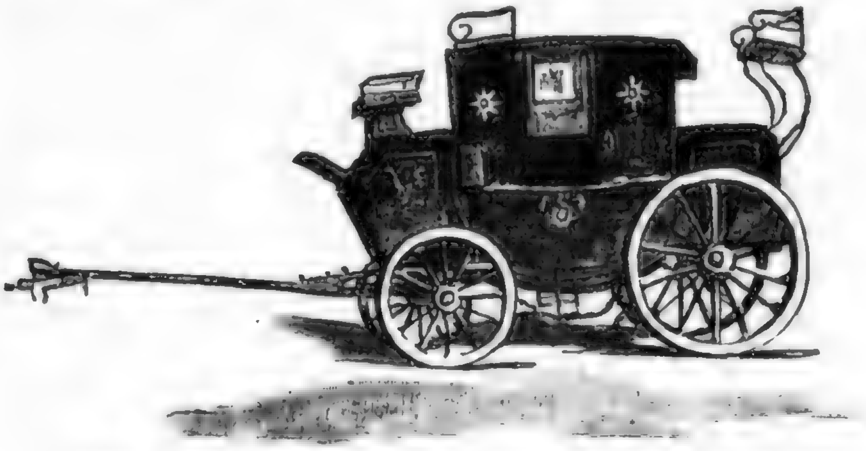


BRESLAU POSTMAN, XVITH CENTURY.

Of course the man, on seeing her look at the chip and then deliver to his care the needful tool, attributed the whole to magic. Nevertheless, he had unconsciously been a letter-carrier of the most primitive type.

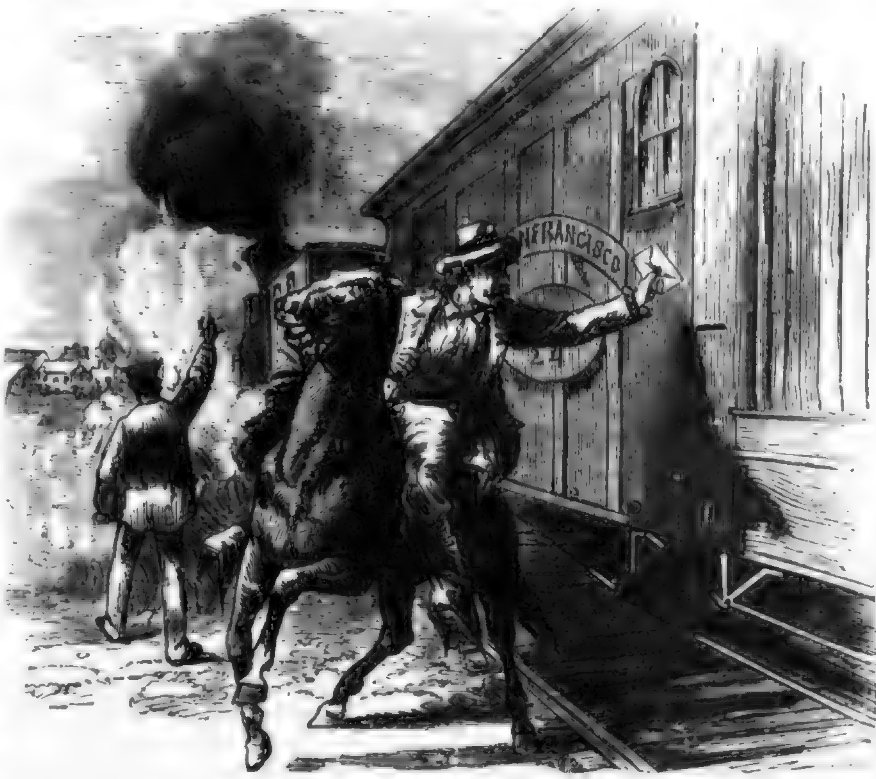

THE IMPERIAL TUBULAR POST-OFFICE, BERLIN, GERMANY.

Slightly in advance of this is the system of writing with a sharply pointed instrument on long strips of the firm, green palm-leaf—a substitute for paper—which is in common use in Ceylon and on the seacoast of Hindoostan, and wherever the cocoa-palm flourishes—or still better, the broad-leaved taliput or Palmyra palm. Whole books are thus inscribed, but for letter-writing it is particularly useful, and the missive is folded and tied up with a trail of natural string plucked in the forest, and is slung from a light stick and so carried to its destination.


FAMOUS ENGLISH MAIL-COACH, "THE FLYING COACH," WHICH WENT FROM LONDON TO OXFORD IN SIX HOURS.

In my travels in the Himalayas, we found a truly useful friend in the native postmaster at Kotghur, which was the furthest limit of the great postal network. Thenceforward, as we journeyed in the wilds, he forwarded all our letters by a very lightly garbed special runner, who carried them, as English village children carry sweet violets, in the end of a cleft stick. Thus the letter was perhaps carried for several days, and was at length delivered, as clean as when it started.

The commonest type of Indian post-runner, or "Tappal wallah," wears a long white coat, tight trousers inclose his lean legs, and his headdress is a huge light blue turban. His letter-bag is slung on his side, and it is necessary that he should be a good linguist, and be able to read a great variety of strange, crabbed characters, for several of the multitudinous languages of Hindoostan are written in quite distinct characters, all of which are alike incomprehensible to our untutored eyes. The rural letter-carrier of Hindoostan carries a long stick with a sharp iron point, which can be used as a weapon in case of need. This stick is adorned with six little brass bells, which serve to frighten away reptiles and dangerous animals, and also to give notice of the approach of the post. The danger from wild beasts is, in some districts, a very real one, the "tappal" runners through the forest districts in the



POSTING A LETTER IN THE RAILROAD MAIL.

south of Ceylon having occasionally had very narrow escapes from the attacks of "rogue" elephants and other wild animals.

Of all varieties of Indian letter-carriers, clothed or unclothed, none are so picturesque as the Camel Express Messengers. The men wear a serviceable red uniform, and a large green turban embroidered with gold thread. From their girdle hangs a curved sabre in a red sheath. The camels are adorned with trappings of gay cloth and tassels, and ornamented with blue beads and cowrie-shells, and small brass bells round the neck to give notice of their swift approach. It is said that their rough and rapid trotting, sometimes at the rate of eighty miles a day, is so trying to the riders as to shorten their days. Two heavy mail-bags hang to right and left on each side of the camel, and the saddle is so arranged that a passenger can take a seat behind the postman.

In no country of the world is the postal organization more wonderful than in Japan; the chief marvel being that, till about a dozen years ago, there was no regular Government institution of posts in the country. In 1871, when Japan awakened like a giant from her long sleep of exclusiveness, and set to work to accomplish changes of every sort, she resolved to establish the European postal system; and with such astonishing zeal has she done her work, that within ten years the British, American, and French post-offices, which had been established at all the open ports, were closed, foreign nations being satisfied with the thoroughness of the Japanese postal system. In that short period mail routes had been organized over 36,000 miles; mail-trains and steamers, post-vans, and runners were all enlisted; 3,927 post-offices and 7,439 letter-boxes had been established; money-order offices and post-office savings-banks were in full operation; 7,500 persons were employed on the regular staff; stamps, stamped envelopes, post-cards and newspaper-wrappers were issued at the same rate as our own; letter-postage to any part of the Empire being at the rate of two cents, and post-cards one cent; while within the limits of the City of Tokio these postages are respectively only half-price.

Where the post-office had thus started at full swing, it is needless to say that the telegraph was not forgotten; and by 1880 it was in full working order over a distance of about 10,000 miles, and giving employment to about 15,000 persons.

In very strange contrast with this extraordinarily rapid postal development in the little island Empire of Japan is the equally wonderful stagnation in the vast Empire of China, where, even to this hour, there is actually no Government institution for the transmission of posts.

Japan has already developed such a widespread system of newspapers as would of itself require an elaborate method of distribution; but China, that esteems itself the most literary of nations, is still practically without newspapers. Consequently these do not call for postal consideration.

But as regards letters, a considerable proportion of the 400,000,000 Chinamen do occasionally exchange letters—those who cannot write for themselves hiring scribes to do so. These letters are consigned to firms which have houses in all the large towns, where letters are forwarded to distant ports, to be there distributed by special agents, who generally collect the postage from the receiver. There was certainly something comic in the fact that when China was no longer able to exclude foreigners from Pekin, the British postal arrangements were no sooner established than some of the Imperial officials came to ask Sir Frederick Bruce to forward certain state documents for them between Pekin and Canton. On the death of the Emperor Hien-fung, which occurred just at that time, intimation thereof was sent from his country palace (a distance of 600 li, which is upward of 200 miles) in twenty-four hours, which is the highest speed attainable in China. But the placid Celestials, to whom hurry appears a form of vulgar impatience, and to whom telegraphs are an abomination, are content that all ordinary communications should be conveyed either by slow paddling or poling-boats, or else by foot-runners, whose high-sounding title of "the thousand-mile horse" does not quicken their pace beyond about twelve miles in twenty-four hours. They carry a paper lantern and a paper umbrella, and their letter-bag is secured on their back by a cloth knotted across the chest.

But though the rise and fall of nations in the outer world of barbarians are topics wholly without interest to these millions, there *are* some subjects which call forth enthusiasm and an eager desire for early information. Foremost among these is the declaration of the list of sixty successful candidates for literary degrees in the Confucian classics at the great annual and triennial examinations. So great is the competition for this honor, that sometimes as many as 8,000 candidates present themselves in a single province! Then, when this long-looked-for list is published, the rivers and creeks in the neighborhood are all astir, and swift, lightly built boats, each manned by half a dozen strong rowers, start off at full speed to convey the news to anxious relations and fellow-citizens.

Others have made agreement with the owners of carrier-pigeons, to whom the lists are immediately forwarded, and the messages, being inscribed on slips of thin stiff paper, are rolled up into the smallest possible compass and attached to the legs of these winged letter-carriers, who straightway start on their respective journeys at a rate of eighty miles in three hours.

Of vehicles we find every conceivable variety pressed in to aid the post-runner in his labor. In Natal the post-cart is a light four-horse vehicle—not much to look at, but capital as a means of getting over vile roads with very deep ruts. In the mountainous districts of Brazil, a two-wheeled wagon, drawn by oxen, is in use—the wheels being cut out of a solid block and fastened to the axle.

In some parts of Russia, buffaloes harnessed to two-wheeled vehicles convey the postmen on their road, but more frequently mail-sledges are drawn by horses, by reindeer, or, or in the far north, by dogs.

The latter we find again in Canada—as, for instance, in the mail-service between Selkirk and Lake Winnipeg, where the work is done by trains of letter-sleighs, each dragged by three dogs, harnessed in single file.

Passing from Canada to the United States, we find the most gigantic postal system in the world, working with the regularity of first-class machinery; and nowhere has its wonderfully rapid development been more remarkable than in the establishment of communication between the capitals of the extreme East and West—New York and San Francisco.

Twenty years ago, settlers starting for the Far West, with their heavily laden wagons, knew that the journey would occupy six months of hard travel, and might involve many dangers of varied character—chiefly from hostile Indians, prairie-fires, and rattlesnakes. Once started on that far journey, many a weary month must elapse ere any tidings could reach them from the home they had left.

Great was the excitement when a company of fearless, determined men announced their resolution to carry letters from the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific in fourteen days. The feat was deemed impossible. Nevertheless, the Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express was duly organized, the vast expanse of country right across the Great Continent was divided into runs of sixty miles, and at each terminus rude log-huts were erected as stations and stables for men and beasts.

The latter were strong, swift ponies, selected for their hardiness and great powers of endurance, and the riders were all picked men, experienced scouts and trappers, noted—even in that region of keen, hard-riding men—for courage and good horsemanship; and many a time must both have been tried to the uttermost in the course of those terribly long and awfully lonesome rides across the trackless prairie, continually in danger of attack, by day or by night, by wild Indians or highway robbers.

Once a week an express messenger started from either side of the Great Continent. From the first moment to the last, not a second must be lost. As long as the pony could gallop, gallop he must; and the eager beasts seemed as keen as their riders, and scarcely needed the cruel spur to urge them on. For sixty miles at a stretch they must keep up their utmost speed; and when at length the goal was reached, where the next messenger was waiting in the saddle, ready to start without one minute's delay, the precious letter-bag was tossed from one postman to the other, and, ere the wearied incomer had even dismounted, his successor had started on his onward way.

Then pony and man might rest and feed, and rest again, till the return of the messenger with a refilled bag, which was warranted to accomplish its journey of upward of 2,000 miles in 240 hours. (The railway on the New York side being already constructed as far as St. Joseph, that station was the eastern point to which the Pony Express had to run.)

This Pony Express was continued for two years, accomplishing its work with amazing regularity, and involving many a feat of splendid riding and wild adventure. It proved, however, a ruinous failure from a commercial point of view, and the company collapsed with a deficit of $200,000.

The telegraph was by this time complete, so for a while it was the bearer of all overland communication, and letters had to travel from New York to San Francisco *via* the Isthmus of Panama, which occupied just a month. In those days comparatively few steamers entered the Golden Gates (the entrance to the great harbor of San Francisco), so the fortnightly arrival of this steamer, with its precious cargo of letters and newspapers, was a signal for hours of intense anxiety and excitement. Not only were the merchants of the city eager for business letters, but crowds of miners came in from the mountains, in the (too often vain) hope that the mail might bring them some word from home.

Of the enormous amount of labor and thought which has now covered so vast a tract of country with an intricate network of postal arrangements, a faint idea may be gathered from the exceedingly bulky annual report of the Postmaster-general of the United States—a report which fills 800 pages of closely printed matter, besides a supplementary volume of 454 pages of postal laws and regulations. Beside these imposing volumes, the modest 59-pages Parliamentary report of the British Postmaster-general seems quite a small matter. Indeed, on looking over the statistics of the postal facilities in the thirty-eight States and eleven Territories, we find that the three which head the list—Pennsylvania with its 3,716 post-offices, New York State with 3,082 and Ohio with 2,620—together possess nearly as many post-offices as Britain in A.D. 1854 could number, including all sorts of letter-boxes and offices, her grand total in that year having amounted to 9,973.

In the thirty years which have elapsed since that date, British facilities have been trebled; there are now 31,700 receptacles for the collection of letters, of which 15,951 are post-offices.

Of the postal statistics of the United States, I will only note that the total weight of mails dispatched in 1883 to Postal Union countries amounted to 1,266 tons, and that "the number of pieces handled"—*i.e.*, letters, newspapers and post-cards collected or delivered—was 1,324,637,701, the average handled by each letter-carrier being 359,955.

In systems so vast and so admirably organized as these, the work of the letter-carrier ceases to have any individuality. It is the work of a chronometer, as faultless as anything human can well be, and possessing as little picturesque interest as does a handsome, solidly built street in a great new city.

Of the amount of care and mental anxiety whereby postal punctuality is purchased, we may form some estimate by noting the agreements concerning the contract time allowed for the transport of the mails between the most distant countries, and the penalties exacted for delay. Thus, in the case of the mails from India and China to Brindisi, there is a fine of £200 for every twelve hours in excess of contract time. On the voyage to or from the West Indies, the penalty for overtime is £25 for every twenty-four hours, while between London and Calais it is £5 for fifteen minutes. By another contract, which comes into force this Autumn, the City of Dublin Steam Packet Company undertakes thenceforward to convey the mails between Holyhead and Kingstown in fifteen minutes less than the time hitherto allowed; a fine of £1 14s. to be exacted for each minute in excess of contract time. Such details as these give us a very practical notion of the literal value of time.

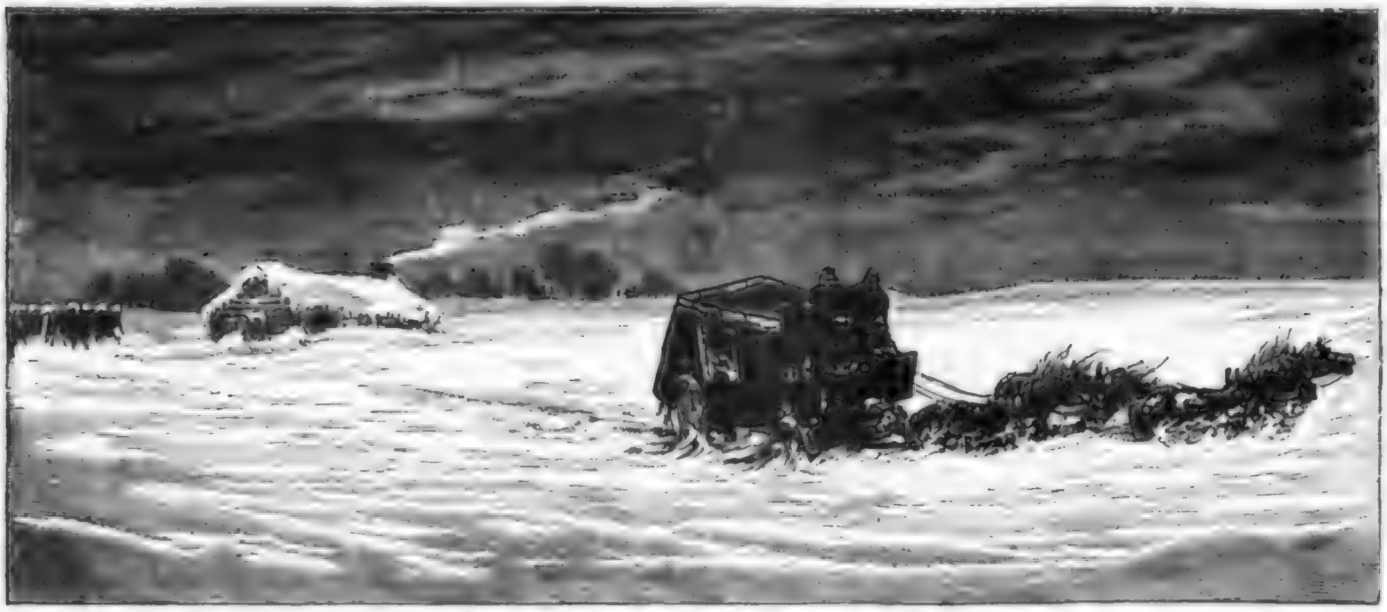
Like that of all mighty institutions, the growth of the Post Office has been slow and gradual; and we, in the enjoyment of all our postal privileges, find it hard to realize how our ancestors could have endured their total privation of all such.

The establishment of a commercial postal service seems to have originated in the thirteenth century, to insure facility of communication between the eighty-five cities of Prussia, Livonia, Westphalia, Saxony, the Baltic, and the Netherlands, included in the Hanseatic League.

After this beginning, regular letter posts for the public convenience were established between Austria and Lombardy, and between Vienna and Brussels. Judging from such old engravings as we here reproduce, these early postmen do not appear to have been very heavily burdened.

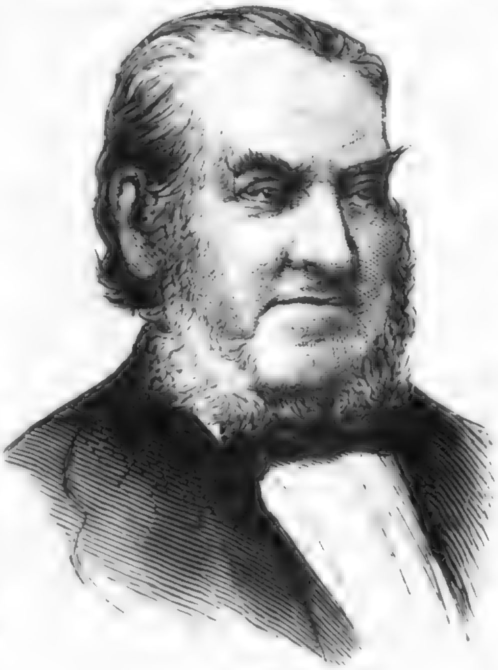
Scarcely picturesque, but doubtless comfortable, is the solid-looking postman of Nuremberg, whose portrait, as sketched a hundred years ago, we here reproduce. The spear which he carries is his symbol of official dignity.

The English postal service represents the steady development of two and half centuries. Prior to the sixteenth century, all letters in Britain were sent by messengers who wore the royal livery, but only hired post-horses as they happened to require them. In the fifteenth century a company of foreign merchants made arrangements for the conveyance of letters between London and the Continent. This private enterprise was, however, made over to the Crown, and James I. established a Post Office for foreign letters.



WESTERN MAIL-COACH IN A HEAVY SNOW.

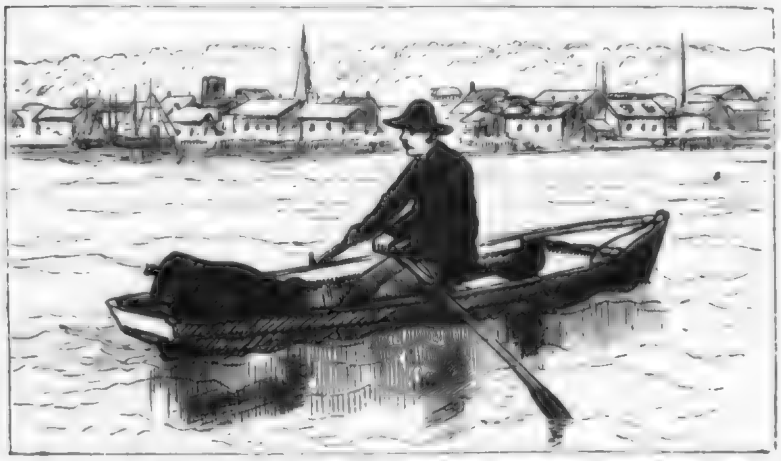
Another century, however, elapsed ere any postal arrangements were made to facilitate intercourse within the kingdom. In 1635 Charles I. authorized Thomas Witherings to run a post night and day between London and Edinburgh, to go thither and back again in six days, carrying all such letters as were directed to towns near the road. Eight main postal lines were established at the same time, and the bearers were authorized to carry letters on a graduated scale of from twopence to sixpence to any part of England. If across the Border the charge was eightpence, and to Dublin by packet, sixpence.



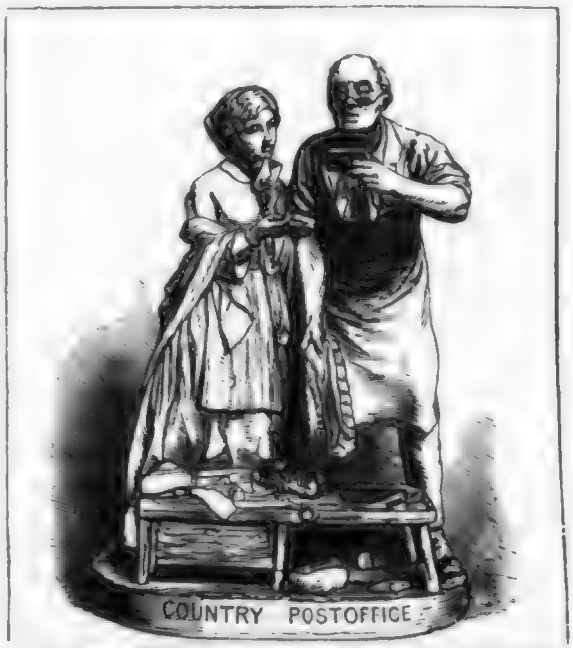
COLONEL JOSEPH DODD.

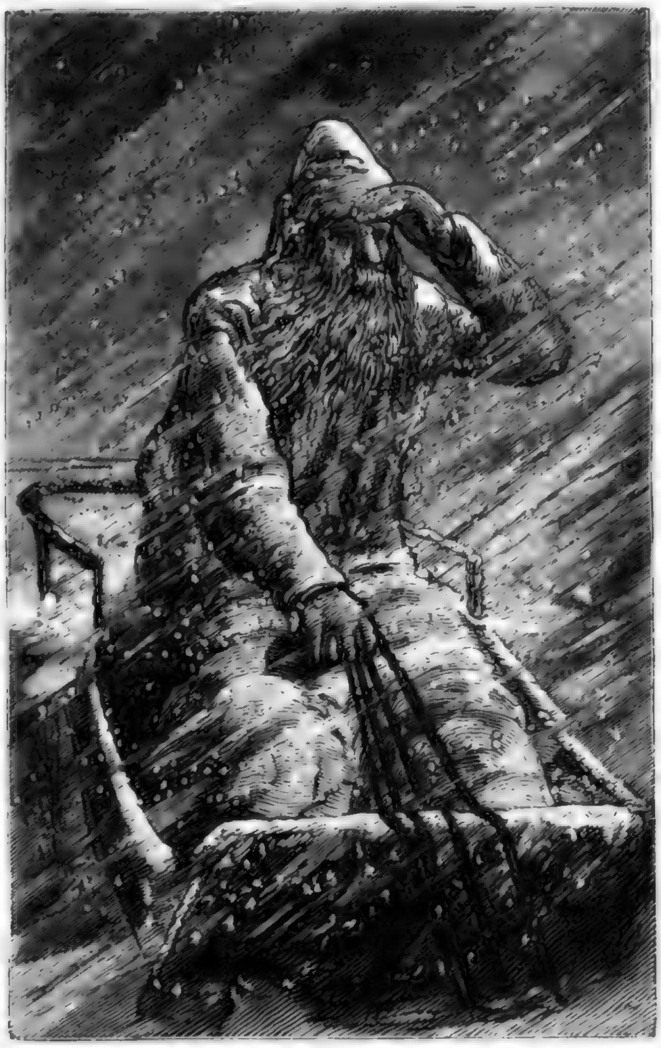
To cross the Border in those days was a serious matter, for its wild glens were the refuge of the wildest spirits of both lands, and the Borderers were ever noted robbers. But even in the more settled districts the letter-carriers were so frequently attacked by highwaymen, that, so late as A. D. 1700, it became necessary for both the Scottish and English Parliaments to pass Acts making robbery of the post an offense punishable by death and confiscation. While the "post-boys" (as they were called, without respect to the gray hairs of many) were thus subject to perils from land robbers, equal danger awaited their brethren in charge of the mails for Ireland or foreign countries. Every mail-packet had to be armed as a ship-of-war, ready to hold her own against any privateer which might see fit to attack her; and, indeed, such pirates might chance to capture many things besides letters, for these marine posts were charged with all manner of articles—such as "fifteen couple of hounds, for the King of the Romans"; "a deal case with four flitches of bacon, for Mr. Pennington, of Rotterdam"; "two servant-maids going as laundresses to my Lord Ambassador Methuen"; and even "a doctor, with his cow and other necessaries."

In 1783, it was suggested to the great Mr. Pitt, by Mr. John Palmer, manager of the Bath and Bristol theatres,

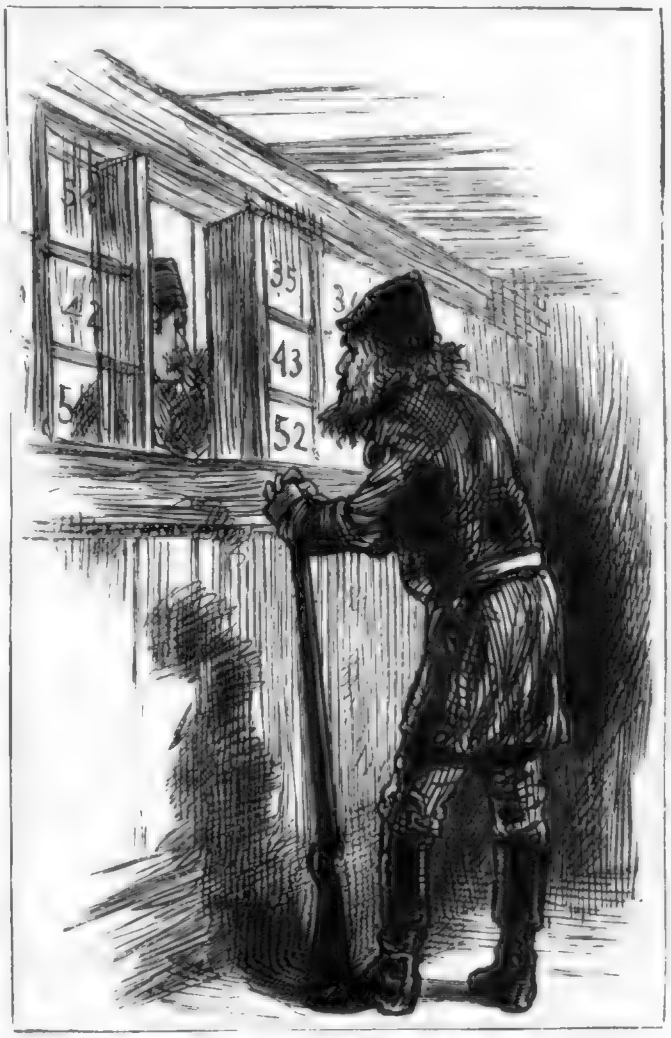


COLONEL DODD CARRYING MAILS FROM NEW YORK ACROSS THE HUDSON SEVENTY YEARS AGO.





MAIL-CARRIER ON THE FRONTIER.



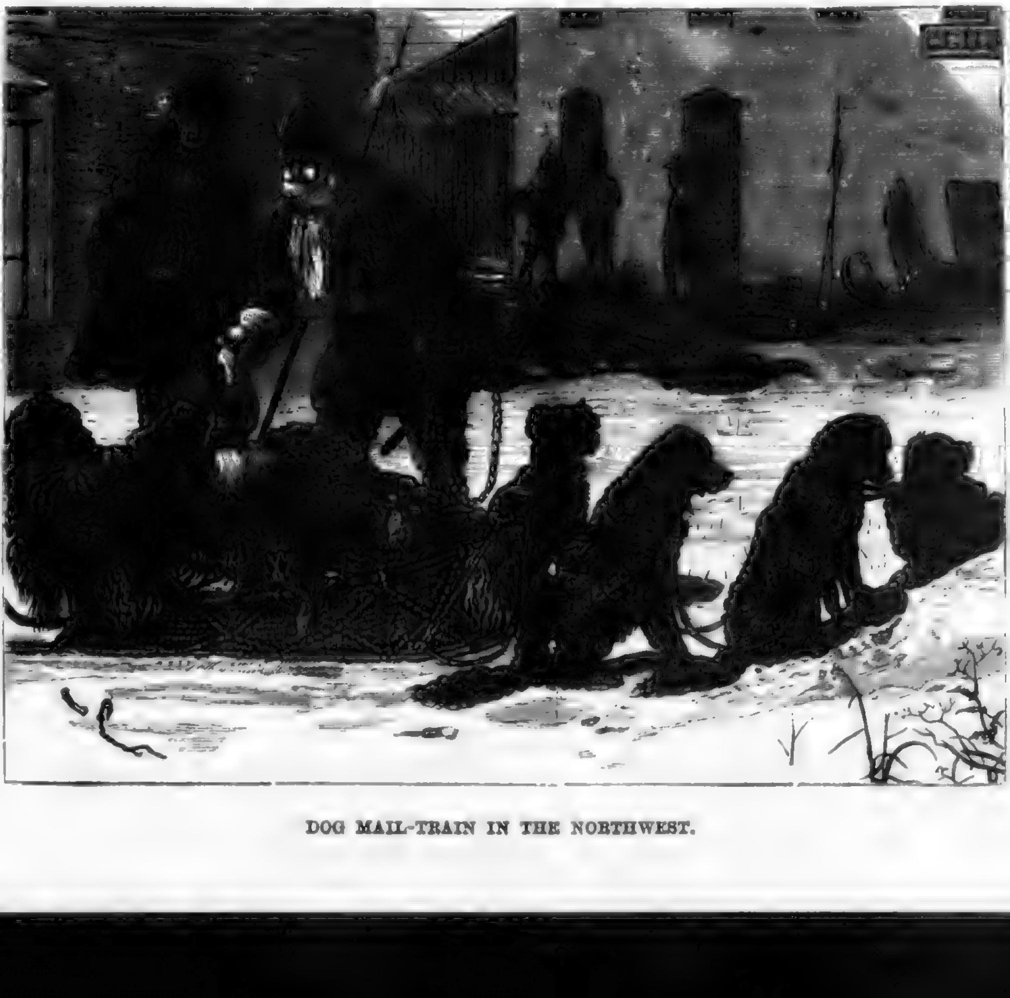
A FRONTIER POST-OFFICE.

that, instead of employing horsemen, mail-coaches should be established and escorted by trustworthy and well-armed guards. This innovation was strongly opposed by the Post Office authorities, but was eventually carried, and Mr. Palmer installed as Controller-general of the Post Office, to the immense advantage of all concerned, and the great acceleration of the mail service.*

Hence originated the mail-coaches, which so many of us can still remember as one of the cheeriest features of rural life some thirty or forty years ago, when the coming and the going of the coaches, with their first-class teams, and the cheery drivers and guards arrayed in scarlet, and the sound of the brass horn, were the daily great events of villages and remote country towns—the bringers of good or evil tidings in days when telegraphs were as yet undreamt of.

When the system was in full working order, there were 94 four-horse mail-coaches running regularly in Great Britain, besides 49 two-horse coaches in England.

Very quaint and picturesque, but certainly not so suggestive of mirth and gay company



DOG MAIL-TRAIN IN THE NORTHWEST.

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* Apparently the pace had not improved since Charles I. had established his post to run between London and Edinburgh and back in six days, and nights.

as the old English mail-coach, is the essentially solitary vehicle which was devised in Denmark for the safe and swift conveyance of letters, and which continued in use till the year 1842: a bullet-shaped receptacle, into which the mail-bags were thrust, and secured by a leathern flap, the whole being lightly poised on strong springs. No place is here provided for the armed guard, and should any accident occur, the solitary driver must manage for himself as best he could.

While the British postal system was gradually developing improved methods of conveyance, the grandest change of all was brought about when, in 1837, Sir Rowland Hill first suggested the advantages of a reduced and uniform rate of postage to all parts of the kingdom. After considerable opposition he carried his point, and in 1840 the penny post for half-ounce letters was established throughout Britain, and postage-stamps were invented to facilitate pre-payment.

A penny-post for the delivery of letters within the limits of London and its suburbs (which then formed a comparatively small radius) had been established in 1685; and in 1776 Edinburgh had followed suit with four letter-carriers, whose business it was to walk daily through what is now known as "the old town," collecting letters, and ringing bells to attract attention.

The establishment of Rowland Hill's uniform penny-post led to an immediate increase of letters which was positively amazing, being due not only to increased correspondence, but to the cessation of the illegal dispatch of letters by private hands. That such were numerous can scarcely be a matter of wonder, when we consider how very small a letter could be received north of the Border for eightpence, and, either from excess of weight or some other cause, the sum charged was liable to a considerable increase. Thus, an old resident in the Green Isle of Lismore, just off the coast of Argyleshire, tells us that in his young days he had to pay one shilling and twopence for every letter he received, and when the postage was reduced to one shilling it was considered a great step forward; but when, about 1835, it was further reduced to eightpence, the rejoicing was great indeed.

A very considerable improvement in the regulations for the delivery of letters in rural districts in the Southwest of England and Wales was effected in 1851, when Anthony Trollope (who had already been employed on similar work in Ireland) was deputed to go over every nook and corner of Cornwall, Devon, the Channel Islands, Worcester, etc., etc., in order to define the beat of every individual letter-carrier. Of this work he has left us a very interesting account in his autobiography. He tells us that, knowing that the postal regulations of France require that every letter shall be actually delivered by an official letter-carrier to the person to whom it is addressed, he aimed at the nearest possible approach to this standard, and it became the ambition of his life to cover the country with rural letter-carriers. Their beats were apportioned on the understanding that no man should be required to walk more than sixteen miles a day. Trollope took good care to find out all the short cuts, so as to insure the including of the largest possible number of houses in the distance.

Bicycles and tricycles now help many of the rural postmen to "make good time." I am not aware that the letter-carriers of the Fen districts have profited by the wisdom of their French brethren in the Department of Landes, that desert region of reedy marshes, and ever-shifting sands, only traversed by muddy uncertain roads. Year by year, owing to the prevalence of westerly winds, the *dunes* (as these sand-hills are called) encroach more and more on the fertile tracts, actually overwhelming houses and vineyards. Here and there, on the marshy heath, or in the forests of cork-trees, are scattered the wretched huts of the people, who were mostly shepherds, cork-cutters and charcoal-burners. One of their chief industries is the manufacture of *sabots*, or wooden shoes, clumsy indeed, but warranted to stand any amount of wear and tear.

But even these active peasants find it exhausting work alternately to trudge ankle-deep in light dry sand, or through oozy peat-moss, so they have borrowed a hint from the long-legged water-birds that stalk among the marshes, and have adopted the plan of walking on very lengthy stilts. Thus they get over the ground at double pace, and being well-raised above the world, they can keep a better outlook for their stray sheep or swine, or for the position of such game as may be worth stalking at leisure.

This, then, is the mode of travel adopted by the postmen on the southernmost seaboard of France, while going their rounds among the remote villages, conveying the rare letters, which must be such doubly precious prizes in those lonely districts.

Toilsome as were the sixteen-mile beats apportioned by Trollope to his rural letter-carriers, their task was less severe than that imposed on some of the Scottish post-runners—those, for instance, who carried the mails between Fort William and Inverness, a distance of about sixty miles. The men started simultaneously from either point, and met at Fort Augustus, where they exchanged bags, and on the following day returned to their starting-point. Thus each man did his sixty miles on foot in two days, and was allowed the third day for rest ere recommencing his weary tramp. The distance was often seriously increased by accidents of weather, deep snowdrifts or swollen rivers sometimes compelling long circuits.

No general system of posts was thought of in this country till 1692, and even then it took twenty-eight years to get into operation. At last, in 1710, Parliament organized a department with a postmaster-general for the colonies, who was "to keep his chief letter office at New York, and other chief offices at some convenient place or places in other of Her Majesty's provinces or colonies in America."

In 1732 the papers noted that the Post Office, though organized in America for thirty-eight years, had never yet been established south of Philadelphia, but since the Hon. Alexander Spotswood, Esq., had been appointed Postmaster-general, he had extended it 350 miles further to the City of Williamsburg, in Virginia, and shortly designed extending it 100 miles to Edenton, North Carolina, and in time to Charles Town, South Carolina.

The postal system remained, however, very insignificant till Benjamin Franklin was made deputy postmaster-general, when he startled the people by proposing to run a weekly mail from Philadelphia to Boston, the mail-coaches starting from each city on Monday morning and arriving on Saturday night.

On the adoption of the Constitution, in 1789, the Post Office Department devolved on the Federal Government. Postage at first was high, eight cents for a single letter for forty miles or less. Some reduction was made in 1816, but in 1843 the general discontent was such that the Representatives from many States were instructed by the Legislatures to insist on a reform. In 1845 postage was reduced to five cents for 300 miles, and in 1851 to three cents for 3,000 miles; and in 1883 to two cents for any part of the country.

How business has increased in the New York Post

Office may be imagined from the fact that only about ten years ago, in December, 1874, Colonel Dodd died holding a position in it which he had held for fifty-eight years, having entered it when the Post Office was in Garden Street, and the whole business was managed by a force of three clerks. It was part of his duties in his early days to cross the North River in a skiff to Paulus Hook—now Jersey City—and receive the Southern mail from the contractor so as to bring it, without loss of time, to the city. The mail-bag he then trundled on a wheelbarrow to the office. Winter or Summer, he never missed a mail, and lived to see the present grand Post Office begun.

FADING GLORIES.

(From the Spanish.)

Oh, let the soul its slumbers break—
Arouse its senses and awake
To see how soon
Life in its glories glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

And while we view the rolling tide
Down which our flowing minutes glide
Away so fast,
Let us the pleasant hour employ
And deem each future dream a joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind,
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day;
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight—
Like them decay.

Our lives like hastening dreams must be
That into the engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall—
The sea of death, whose waves roll on
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble rivulet's glide
To that sad wave!
Death levels poverty and pride,
The rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our life is but a starting-place;
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal;
There all our glittering toys are brought,
The path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

See, then, how poor and little worth
Are all these glittering toys of earth
That lure us here—
Dreams of a sleep that death must break;
Alas! before it bids us wake,
We disappear.

Long ere the damp of death can blight,
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Has passed away;
Youth smiled and all was heavenly fair.
Age came and laid his finger there—
And where are they?

Where is the strength that spurned decay
The steps that roved so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows weariness and woe
When age comes on!

MISS ARGLEROY'S TEST—A THANKSGIVING STORY.

BY MISS CAROLINE B. LE ROW.

CHAPTER I.

"It's a good thing there ain't no outstandin' debts agin the estate, so fur as known," remarked old Deacon Stickney, striking with his jack-knife the heel of an expansive boot which rested on his knee. "Everything's settled up pretty nigh; but what in nater has become of that will is one of the mysteries."

The young lawyer, Rodney Livingstone, his companion, paid little heed to the words, his attention being held captive by a dress hanging on the opposite wall. It was of some soft, light material—he had no idea what—and one sleeve drooped gracefully in full sight, rounded as it had left the wearer's arm, with rich, full lace gathered about the waist.

There was a fascination in the sleeve, and the strange thrill which he felt when he caught sight of it was only a little less strong than if the arm to which it belonged had touched his arm.

It could not belong to Miss Cornelia, the housekeeper. Nothing so lovely, ethereal and altogether poetic, could by any possibility be associated with that strong, gaunt spinster, who was at that moment in the kitchen beyond, paring potatoes for the noonday meal.

"It's a good deal cooler in the keepin'-room, gentlemen," she called out, in her thin voice. "I s'pose there ain't nothin' to hinder your goin' in there."

"This is the room the squire died in, isn't it?" asked the old deacon.

"Yes, 'tis!" snapped Miss Cornelia, in a tone which implied that his dying anywhere was a circumstance to be resented.

Rodney Livingstone looked more closely around the room. On a little table near one of the windows was an opera-glass of gold-and-pearl, with initials engraved upon it—"E. B. A."—an elegant inkstand of Russia leather and a well-worn portfolio of the same material, with a few half-written sheets of music.

"There's a lot o' papers in one of them trunks overhead, so Miss Cornelia says," remarked Deacon Stickney. "I reckon you'd better go up there with me right away."

In his examination Livingstone came upon a picture, the photograph of a girl whose shoulders were enveloped in a black lace mantle, one corner of which was thrown coquettishly over her head.

It was not a handsome face, but a striking and very fascinating one. Turning over the card, he read again the same initials and the date, "Vienna, 1875," just two years before. This, then, must be Squire Edsill's niece, the sole heir to his immense property.

"Well, 'tain't here, at any rate." Deacon Stickney rose slowly, rubbing his rheumatic leg.

Rodney Livingstone locked the old trunk, in which, however, he did not replace the picture.

"I can do that any time," he remarked, mentally, feeling the need of justification for the doubtful transaction.

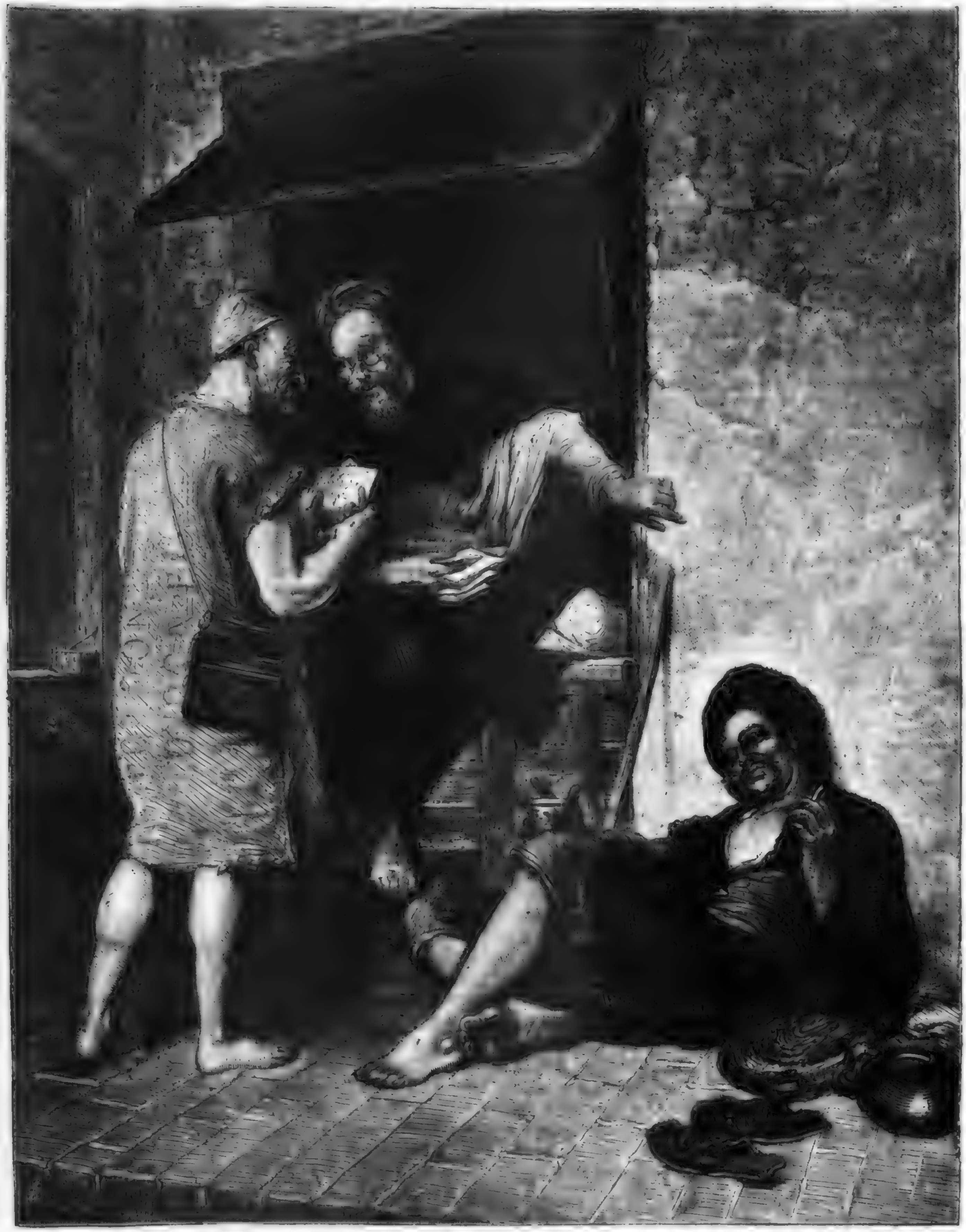
Down-stairs Miss Cornelia was busy as ever. The lawyer stopped to speak to her.

"Where is Miss Argleroy to-day?"

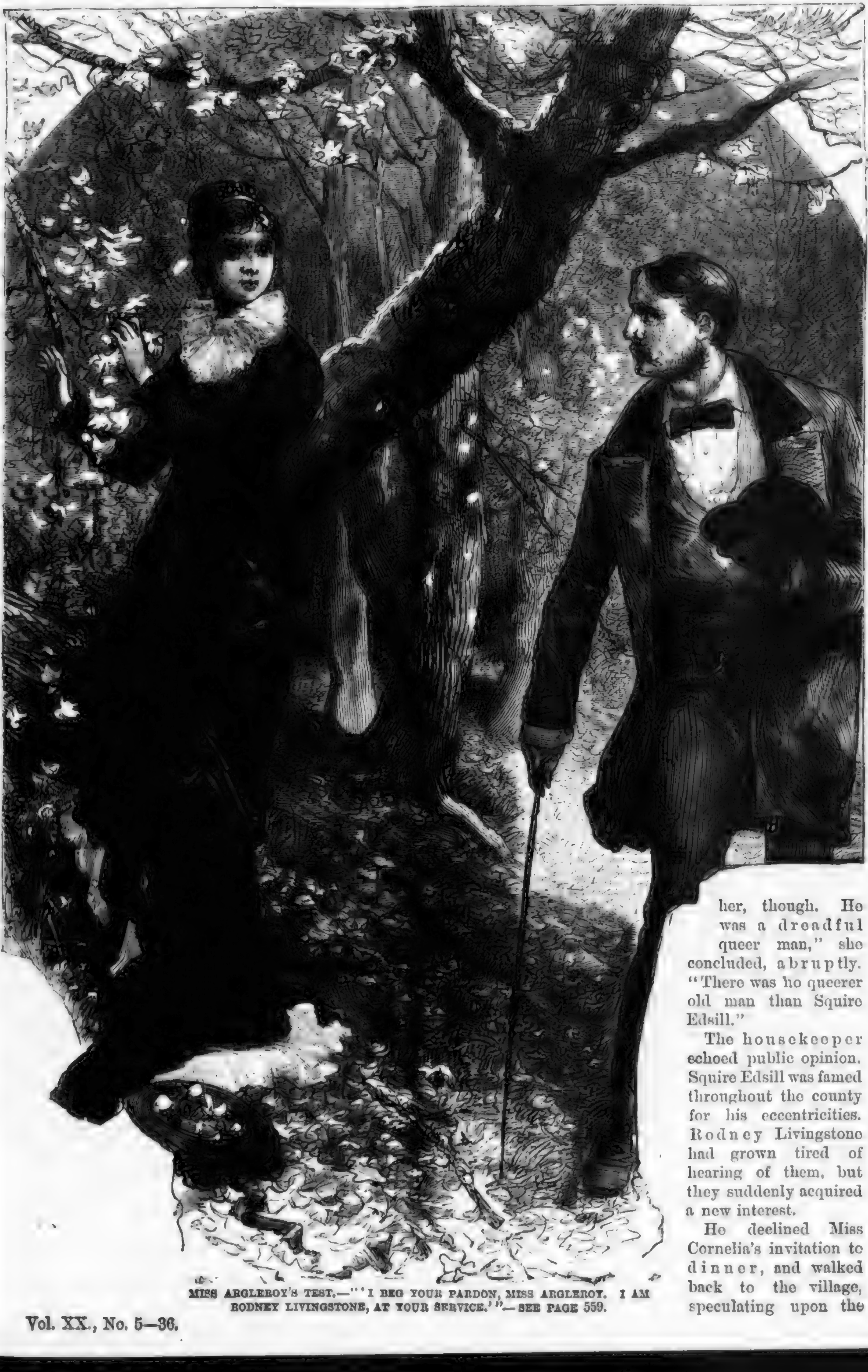
"I dunno. Outdoors somewhere. She's just wild over the woods and the roads over them mountains. I shouldn't think she'd care for 'em after all the travelin' she's done."

"Has she ever been here before?"

"Only once—years ago. She was a wild young thing, then, you'd better believe. The squire, he spent lots o' money on her, and had her edicated in a French convent down to New Orleans, where her mother died. She's been to Europe, an' Italy, an' lots o' places; I dunno for what. I don't think the squire ever cared much for



THE POSTMEN OF THE WORLD.—POST-OFFICE AT TANGIERS.—SEE PAGE 552.



MISS ARGLEROY'S TEST.—"'I BEG YOUR PARDON, MISS ARGLEROY. I AM RODNEY LIVINGSTONE, AT YOUR SERVICE.'"—SEE PAGE 559.

her, though. He was a dreadful queer man," she concluded, abruptly. "There was no queerer old man than Squire Edsill."

The housekeeper echoed public opinion. Squire Edsill was famed throughout the county for his eccentricities. Rodney Livingstone had grown tired of hearing of them, but they suddenly acquired a new interest.

He declined Miss Cornelia's invitation to dinner, and walked back to the village, speculating upon the new element introduced into his legal affairs. "Miss Argleroy," he thought. "I wonder where she got her name? Agnes never spoke of her, but very likely she never heard of her. I must write to the dear girl to-day. Positively that Miss Argleroy came near putting it out of my head."

He felt for his pencil-case and his hand touched the photograph. Drawing it out, he examined it with fresh curiosity, then placing it on a little easel which stood on his desk, he began his letter:

> "MY DEAR AGNES—I spent nearly the whole forenoon at the farmhouse making the necessary examination of papers, etc. No will has so far been found, and the good old deacon is very much exercised in consequence. It was never recorded and is probably destroyed. Though he witnessed it, he chooses not to tell its contents, and declares his intention not to interfere with the legal disposition of the property.
>
> "It seemed very strange to miss your dear face and figure from the old sitting-room, but I hope the change is doing you great good. You certainly needed it, physically, I mean, of course, for my own darling, how could it be possible for you to improve in any other way? Don't—even if you can, which I do not believe."

As he held his pen suspended for a moment, his glance rested once more upon the picture. He had almost forgotten that he wished to write to Agnes about Miss Argleroy. He re-read the last few words of his letter, and smiled a little as he resumed:

> "I can imagine how you would drop your precious little head on my breast if you heard me say those words, and I long inexpressibly to have you here in your old hiding-place. Heaven grant we may not be long separated.
>
> "Miss Argleroy, Squire Edsill's niece, has just arrived from Europe. I doubt whether you know anything of her, and I feel sure, though I have not seen her, that she is a type of woman the exact opposite of yourself—my opinion of her being easily inferred in consequence. She is already completely established in the old house, occupying, because of the fine view of the mountains, the room in which the squire died."

He wrote page after page before the letter was finished, then throwing it aside as if impatient that he could not continue it indefinitely, busied himself over some legal documents.

Miss Argleroy was late to dinner, but the repast was not a solitary one, Miss Cornelia keeping up a stream of discourse from the buttery.

"Deacon Stickney an' the lawyer, they was here nearly the hull forenoon, peekin' into everything, an' snookin' around from the suller to the garret. Rodney Livingstone, he asked a good deal about you."

"About me?"

"Why, of course; he's interested in the heir to the property."

"Have you confidence in these men—this lawyer that is to settle things?"

"Lor' yes! I'll trust 'em. Rodney Livingstone—why, Rodney Livingstone is as good as gold and as honest as the day!"

"You seem to know him well."

"Oh! I've knowed him ever since he come to the Falls—ever since he knowed Miss Agnes."

"Miss Agnes? I suppose, of course, you mean Miss Halstead?"

"Yes. 'Twouldn't be nigh so lonesome for you, Miss Ev'lyn, ef she was back in the old house, an'——"

She made a quick gesture, as striking as it was characteristic.

"I'm not lonesome—not yet. Wasn't my uncle fond of Miss Halstead?"

"Oh, fond enough in his way; he didn't never tackle to her particularly."

"Yet he sent for her to come here and live with him?"

"Yes, that was one of his freaks. Old Mr. Halstead done him a good turn once, and she was a kinder helpless little thing when her father died. But I allus mistrusted——"

She stopped short and bit her lips.

"Mistrusted what, Miss Cornelia?"

A question from Evelyn Argleroy was fatal. The personal magnetism which compelled an answer was the most powerful and inexplicable thing about her.

"Well, I didn't mean to say nothin', but I guess the old squire would have left all his property to Agnes Halstead ef she'd a suited his notions. He could have done it, and fixed it so that you could not have helped yourself, neither. He was not fond of your mother, you know, and didn't feel very comfortable about you."

Evelyn Argleroy smiled—the brilliant, dazzling smile which flashed over her face occasionally.

"What is Miss Halstead like?" she inquired.

The housekeeper waited to break an extra egg into the custard she was stirring before she answered.

"Well, she's jest about perfect, 'cordin' to my idee; and ef two people ever loved each other true in all this world, it's Rodney Livingstone and Agnes Halstead."

"They are engaged, then?"

"Not yit. Rodney, he's poor—and proud, too. He don't mean to bind her by no promise, but it amounts to the same thing."

The dinner was less interesting than the conversation; but Miss Argleroy was obliged to let it drop, some outdoor duties claiming the attention of the housekeeper.

Chapter II.

"MISS ARGLEROY!" Rodney Livingstone removed his hat as he pronounced her name, then stood silent before her.

She was lying at full length upon the grass, her arms thrown up over her head, her eyes fixed upon the tree, which threw heavy shadows about her.

She had been singing softly to herself before he had seen her, and the sound had attracted him; but he was not prepared to see this elegant woman, whose graceful figure, in its rich dress, formed a picture as beautiful as it was startling. She regarded him with less astonishment.

"Please," she said, holding out her hand as indication that she desired his assistance in rising.

He extended it instantly, involuntarily stepping back a few paces as, standing erect, she tossed back the loosened hair which had fallen over her eyes, and looked at him intently.

"How did you know my name?" she asked him.

To any other woman he might have returned a false or evasive answer; to Evelyn Argleroy he said, directly:

"Because I have seen your picture."

She made no comment upon his answer, and he was not conscious how closely he was regarding her until she spoke again.

"You might at least tell me yours, considering the disadvantage at which you have taken me."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Argleroy, and thank you for the reminder. I am Rodney Livingstone, at your service."

She had been idly pulling the leaves from the tree by which they were standing, but she threw them aside and leaned against the trunk with a new interest in her eyes.

"You are the lawyer, then, interested in my affairs?"

"I have that honor, Miss Argleroy."

He was just a little uncomfortable under her continued gaze.

"I have not yet apologized for my intrusion. I will do so now, and take my leave of you."

He bowed low, turning as he did so.

"Mr. Livingstone!"

Instantly he faced her again.

"You may be interested in one or two items of my uncle's last letter to me," she said. "He wrote to me in London three weeks ago, asking me to come here at once, and agree to stay with him until after Thanksgiving Day. It was a surprising proposition, but I agreed to it. I remembered the place—Paradise, it seemed to me in my childhood. I have had an exciting life for five years, and I was glad of some change. Now that I am here, I shall stay for the length of time he specified. Miss Cornelia told me yesterday," she went on, "of Miss Halstead. I did not even know that she was a member of my uncle's family."

She watched him closely as she spoke. His face would have betrayed him, even if she had not known that she was speaking of the woman he loved.

"Will she return and keep me company in the old house, do you think? What are her present plans?"

She asked the second question before he had time to reply to the first one.

"She is with friends in the northern part of the State. It seemed best for her to go at once after your uncle died, and she is to remain there until——"

"Until what?"

"Until I can make for her such a home as I am every day longing to take her to as my wife," he answered, with proud manliness.

"Please write to her and tell her that I want—that we both want her back again. She must keep the home that my uncle gave her until she goes to yours. She is very dear to you?"

"Dearer than my life, Miss Argleroy."

"And very lovely?"

"Very."

She smiled that rare, flashing smile, which illuminated her whole face.

"That is a lover's estimate," she said. "I will tell you my opinion when I see her."

For all answer he bowed again.

It was a curious proposition which she made, a curious interview altogether. Miss Argleroy was certainly a very strange as well as most fascinating woman. The last point was very clear.

He had felt the magnetism of the rich voice, the firm white hands, the expressive eyes and gestures, every minute while he had been with her.

She interested but perplexed him, repelled him at the same time; he could not have told how. Something of his thoughts must have shown itself in his face, for she said, suddenly:

"I believe you are speculating about me."

He was annoyed at her penetration.

"You cannot wonder at that," he said.

"No, nor can you that I have some curiosity as to what you think."

"Does that mean that you want me to tell you?"

"As you please."

He made no reply.

"I am not in the least like Miss Halstead?"

"Not in the least."

"And *she* is a lovable woman."

She laughed in a satirical and tantalizing way.

"You certainly are not a logical one, Miss Argleroy."

"A logical mind, Mr. Livingston, is the prerogative of—the legal profession. It is considered an unwomanly attribute. But I hoped you would be brave enough to answer me directly."

"Brave enough!" he repeated, as if piqued by the word. "It is a question of knowledge, not courage. If you care for an opinion formed in so short an interval, I will say that though your inference was not a logical one, it may for all that be correct."

She smiled again in an amused way, as if pleased with a frankness and audacity as great as her own.

"Send for Miss Halstead at once," she said, in the imperious style natural to her. "I have made up my mind to have her here, and I do not choose to be disappointed."

She caught up her hat and strolled away into the woods, apparently forgetting his existence.

"A very singular woman," he thought to himself; "but a very charming one for all that. I wonder what Agnes will think of her?"

Agnes Halstead returned to the old farmhouse within two weeks after Rodney's message reached her.

"I judge Miss Argleroy to be what is called 'eccentric,'" he had written her; "but one of the brightest and most interesting women I ever met. I am curious to see how you will get on together."

Their acquaintance had certainly begun harmoniously. Evelyn had welcomed her in a way which put her entirely at ease, and she was amused, not in the least disturbed, by the peculiarities which Rodney had mentioned.

"Have you had a happy life with my uncle?" Evelyn one day asked her, abruptly.

"I am very grateful for all he did for me," was the answer.

Miss Argleroy made a grimace, at which her companion laughed.

"Ah, so am I. We are bound to be that, I suppose. Ingratitude is very unbecoming, especially in a woman. There has been no will found yet?"

"No," replied Evelyn.

"And I am to be very rich."

"You surely are not sorry?"

"Sorry. No. Anything but that. I want money. Isn't it the best thing in the world? And the next best is—what I want almost as much. Have you no curiosity about me?" she concluded, abruptly.

"You have asked me no questions."

"Probably you will tell me what you choose I shall know."

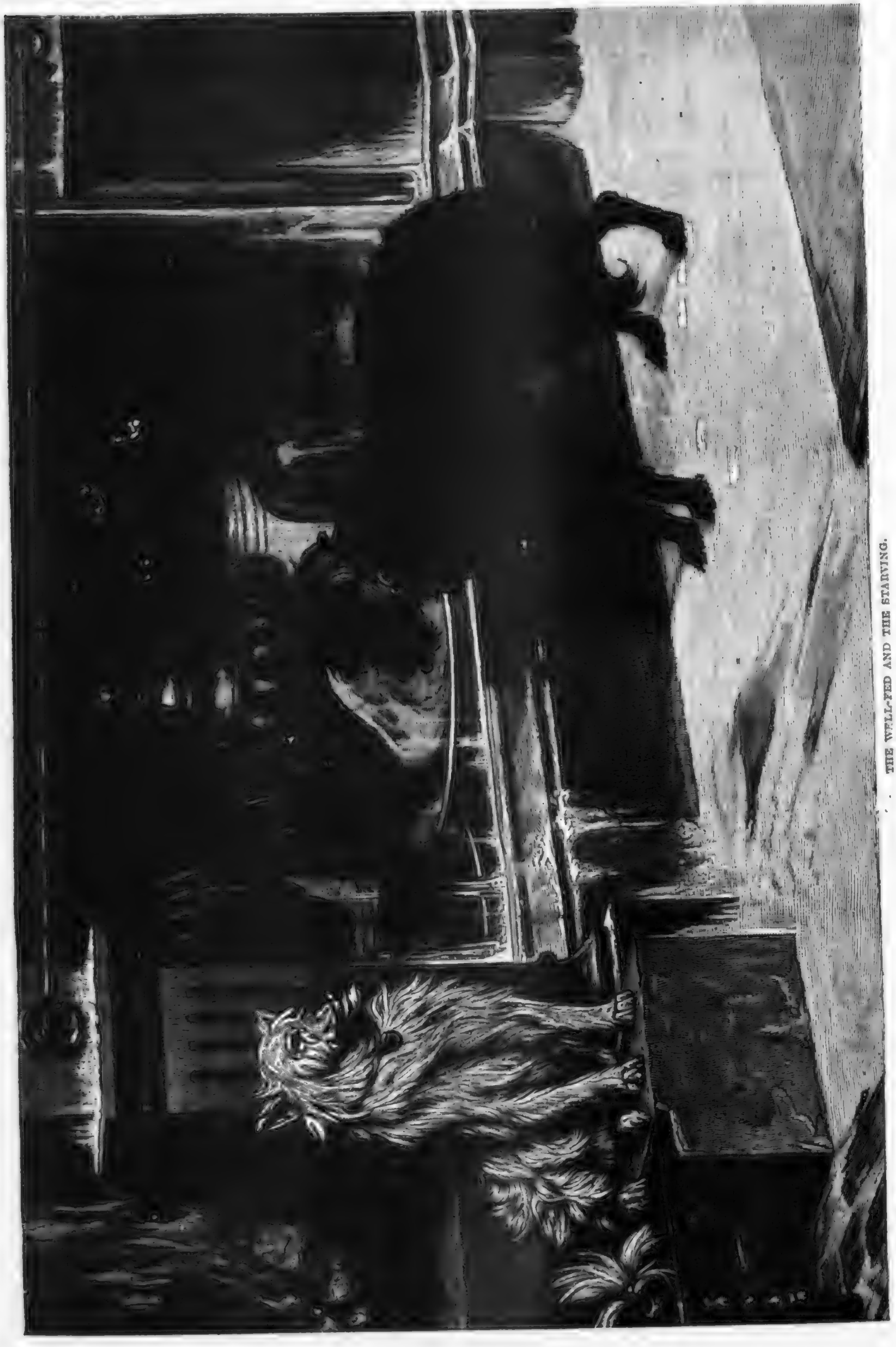
"Admirable! If society at large was only as sensible and considerate! I will tell you, then. It is my art, the profession I have chosen, the grand success I mean to make. Do you believe I can do it? Listen!"

She threw back her head and began to sing. Agnes listened with suspended breath. On and on went the glorious voice, without pause or break or tremor, through Beethoven's divine melody, the love-song of "Adelaide."

She sang as if from inspiration, her eyes flashing, her figure swaying and thrilling with a great emotion.

"So Sappho might have sung in the classic isles of her own Greece," thought the woman who watched her with an appreciation which could find no expression in words. Miss Argleroy turned as she finished to confront Rodney Livingstone, who had entered the house while the girls were together. She bowed to him haughtily.

"It is, then, always your custom to come upon people unawares," she said, in a tone which was meant to show her objection to his presence.



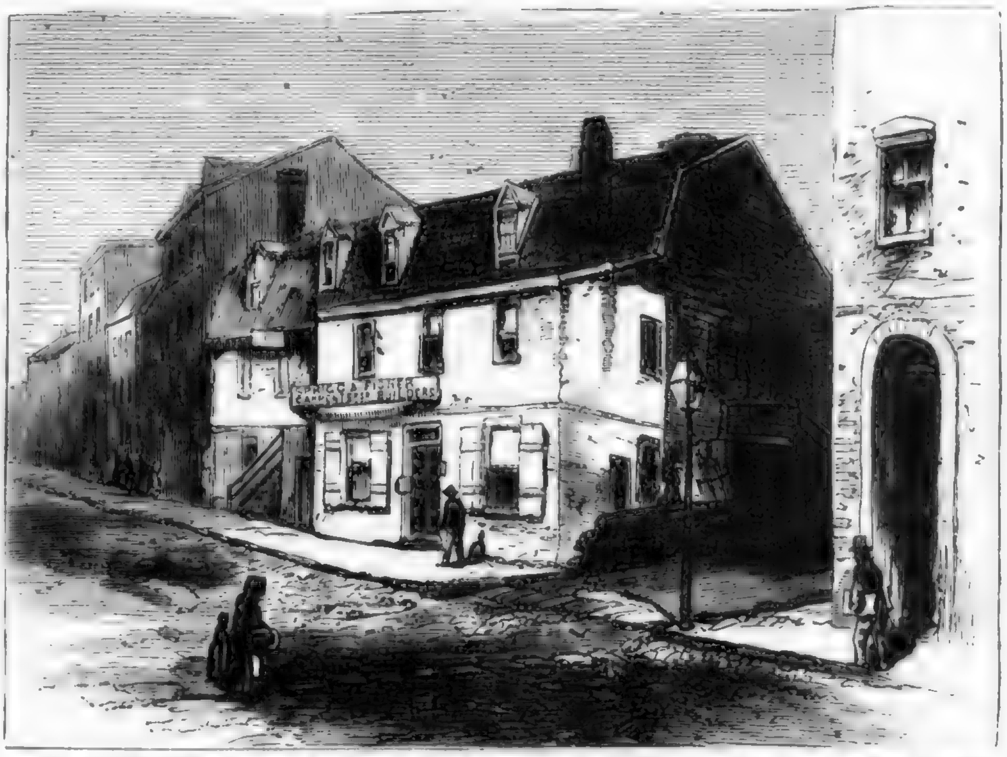
THE WELL-FED AND THE STARVING.

For the second time I find myself compelled to beg your pardon, Miss Argleroy"— his dignity was as great as hers —"but surely gods as well as men would presume to listen to——"

She made a quick gesture to check the praise which was in his eyes as well as upon his lips.

"Do you often sing like that?" he asked, as if still listening to the melody which filled the room.

"Always, when I sing at all," she answered, with a light laugh. "It has been weeks since — some little trouble here," and she lightly touched her throat. "The mountain air is already removing it. I was almost sure it would when I came."



OLD BALTIMORE INNS.— KAMINSKY'S INN, MERCER STREET, REGARDED AS ONE OF THE OLDEST BALTIMORE INNS, JUST BEFORE ITS DEMOLITION IN 1867.— SEE PAGE 568.

CHAPTER III.

SUMMER was over, and the glories of the October woods were slowly fading. In a few weeks would be reached the limit which Miss Argleroy had set for her sojourn.

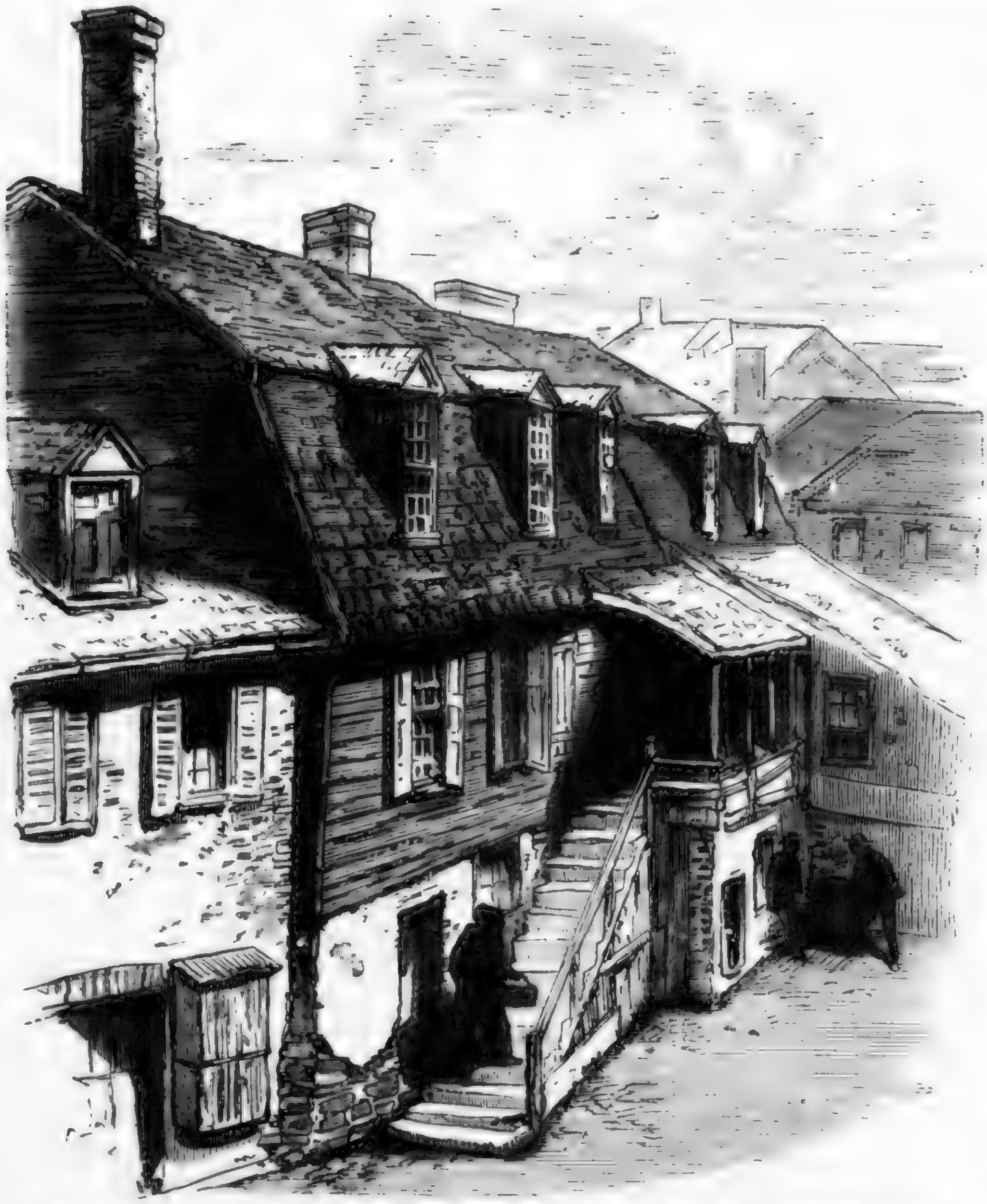
In the house itself there was no change, save that a grand piano had been placed in the parlor, a striking object in the midst of the dull, old-fashioned furniture. Miss Argleroy spent hour after hour at the instrument, not singing —she seldom sang, and when she did, there was certainly something missing from her voice — but hard at work upon difficult instrumental selections, into which she apparently threw her whole soul.

"You seem to forget the universe when you play," Rodney Livingstone had said to her.

"I forget myself," she replied, "which is more to the purpose."

If she could have done so utterly she might have been more at peace.

He was with her often. She was always conscious of his presence in the room, even when he stole in quietly and remained out of sight. Generally he was beside her at the piano.



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS, BALTIMORE, IN THE PALMY DAYS OF THE "FOUNTAIN INN."

She made no objection to his being there. For a long, long time she had found her greatest joy in his presence. For him—if it could not be said that his greatest peace lay in being with her, it was certain that he could not find it elsewhere.

And this dazzling, fascinating woman, who had held him in a spell ever since he had first seen her face, who had stirred his whole nature into rebellion and unrest—could she ever quiet or satisfy it? A thousand times no! Away from her he was himself once more. He could ask and answer the question fairly. But the sight of her face, the touch of her hand, above all, the sound of her voice—and he was the captive of a magnetism as fatal as it was inexplicable. And Agnes? To lose Agnes was to lose heaven. And yet—and yet!

"I am glad you do not sing, Evelyn," Rodney one day said to her, as they sat together at the piano.

They had been perfectly silent for a long time.

"And why?" she asked, running her fingers over the keys, but making no sound.

"It takes you too far away from me," he answered.

"That would be impossible!"

She laughed almost harshly.

"Do you remember our first talk together?" she asked him, after an interval of silence.

"Shall I ever forget it?" was his intense answer.

"Remember it to some purpose, then," she said, with a curious sharpness in her voice. "You told me several truths at that time about myself and—Agnes."

"I told you something that was *not* true," he exclaimed, earnestly. "You knew it was not, even when you forced me to admit it. 'Not a lovable woman,' you said of yourself. Heaven knows for what—I do not; and you disprove it every day of your life!"

"I wish you hated me!" Evelyn Argleroy cried out, in a tone which left no doubt of her sincerity.

"I will not hear you say so," was his passionate rejoinder; "and it is too late—too late for either of us. Who is to blame, Evelyn? How was it possible?"

She made a quick gesture to silence him; then, springing up from the piano, walked across the room to the window.

He followed her silently. She shivered as she felt his touch upon her shoulder. She threw up her hands appealingly as she turned and faced him.

"Rodney! Rodney!" she cried out.

It was the first time she had ever spoken his name.

He threw his arms about her and drew her close to his breast, holding her there while he kissed her again and again.

"This is your place, Evelyn! It is the fate which follows us!"

For a moment she lay passive, then raised her head that she might look into his eyes.

"It is only when I am with you that you care, Rodney?" she asked, some intuition of the tragic truth making her lips white as she spoke the words.

"How is it with me when I am away from you?" he replied, with a short, bitter laugh.

"You can best tell that," she said, simply; but his words misled her, as he meant they should.

"I wish to heaven you were as poor as I am," he said, fervently. "The thought of your money is a terrible one to me. Do you believe it?"

She would have believed it if she could have seen his heart. He was sacrificing his honor and his manhood; but it was torture to him, even in his self-abasement, to think that in other eyes he would stand condemned for a motive of which he was innocent.

"Love and money," she said, in a curious reflective tone, "they are the two things that——"

"What of them, Evelyn?" he asked her, as she did not go on.

"I've been afraid of them both," she said.

"Afraid of them? Why afraid?"

She did not answer, and they were silent a long time, each one engrossed with thoughts in which the other could have no share. A depressed mood had crept over Evelyn Argleroy. The brilliant flush and sparkle had died out of her face and eyes. She was very pale.

"What are you thinking of to make you look like that?" Rodney suddenly asked her.

She threw off his hands and began to pace the floor again. He watched her gloomily, distracted by a thousand conflicting thoughts.

"How long must I wait, Evelyn?" he asked, in a strange and irritated tone. "Give me your promise at least, that I may be sure of you."

Even as he spoke her mood changed again. She crossed the room to where he stood, and laid her hand on his shoulder.

He thrilled under her touch.

His anger died instantly.

"Wait till Thanksgiving Day. I will tell you then; but never, never say or think that I do not care, for I love you, Rodney Livingstone, as you never did, as you never can, love me."

She drew his head down and kissed him once, twice, with her strange, characteristic impetuosity; then, before he could hold her or speak to her, she turned from him and left the room.

"Come and dine with us on Thanksgiving Day," she said to him, abruptly, a week before that New England anniversary. "You know that was the limit set for my visit to America."

Agnes heard it and Miss Cornelia—the former utterly unsuspicious of hidden meaning in the words or deeds of any one about her. Miss Argleroy's independence and eccentricities accounted for everything which a jealous or exacting nature might have attributed to another cause, and Rodney Livingstone had been too cautious or too crafty—and certainly too much in love with Agnes in spite of his mad infatuation—for her to have any idea of the true state of things. Miss Cornelia had been less blind, but believing that a "wise head keeps a close mouth," resolutely shut hers, and stolidly waited for things to take their course.

Thanksgiving was a cloudless, brilliant day, bringing with it the first sleighing of the season, and the first sunshine for a week. A sudden whim seized Miss Argleroy. A service was to be held that day in the village church and she would attend it. Anything was welcome that promised diversion to her thoughts. She was consumed by a fever of unrest. She had avoided Rodney Livingstone since their last interview. He could in no way interpret her strange and variable moods.

She ordered the sleigh to be at the door early that morning. Miss Cornelia followed her out to the gate.

"It's the first time the sleigh's been used since the squire was brought home in it last April," she said, mournfully. "He hadn't got a half-mile off, either, when that apoplexy took him."

Miss Argleroy had heard the story less than a thousand times. It was never particularly interesting to her, and daily growing less so. Yet what an easy solution sudden death afforded for the perplexities and troubles of life, she thought, as she drove along. She was well used to the road, but the fall of snow had changed its appearance, and as she drove rapidly down the hill, the runner struck some hidden obstacle which nearly overturned the sleigh.

"Neither apoplexy nor accident will relieve me from the responsibility of my own fate," she thought, as, stooping, she picked up the cushion which had fallen from the seat beside her. On the bottom of the sleigh she saw a folded paper, which had also fallen from the seat. She opened and read it as she drove along.

A quick exclamation broke from her lips. She thrust the paper into her pocket, turned the horse's head toward home, and greatly surprised Miss Cornelia by her sudden appearance.

"You surely hain't been to church, Miss Evelyn ?"

"I've changed my mind," the young lady replied, shortly.

She ordered dinner postponed till five o'clock. The rest of the day she spent in her own room—quieter than usual, Miss Cornelia thought.

If she could only have seen her as she struggled through those long, solitary hours !

Agnes was alone when Rodney came. He was thankful for that, even while listening to catch the first rustle of Miss Argleroy's dress. He speculated dully upon the strange condition, looking at Agnes as a man might gaze on the most precious thing in life, which he has deliberately thrown away.

Miss Argleroy's manner, when she met him, would have confused a man of even finer perception than Rodney Livingstone.

"Miss Cornelia will tell you it was one of my freaks to change the dinner-hour ; so it was. I hope it has not inconvenienced you any."

She was at her best and gayest. She had never been so brilliant, so irresistible in every way.

From the moment she entered the room, Rodney Livingstone had no thought for any one on earth save the woman who had so fatally entranced him.

"Leave the table standing for a few minutes, Miss Cornelia," Miss Argleroy said, as she rose at the close of dinner. "Come with us into the parlor. As one of the witnesses to my uncle's will, I know you will be interested in the document which I found this forenoon under one of the cushions of the sleigh, probably carried with him on his last trip to town."

She produced the paper as she spoke, and handed it to Rodney Livingstone.

"I have read it myself," she said. "You may do so officially."

He obeyed her, mechanically.

> "I, Ebenezer Edsill, being of unsound body but sound mind, whatever my enemies may say to the contrary, do hereby give and bequeath to my niece, Evelyn Boyd Argleroy, my entire property, on condition that she agrees to abandon all public and professional life, and give up the musical career which she has chosen contrary to my wishes and advice. In case of her refusal to agree to this, the property is to revert to Rodney Livingstone, the son of the woman who but for infernal interference would have been my wife."

The paper dropped from his hand. He stood staring at her like a man turned to stone.

"A concise and explicit document, certainly," she said, lightly, stooping to pick it up.

"Rodney Livingstone's a lawyer, but you've astonished him, I'll be bound," Miss Cornelia remarked, with exaggerated emphasis. "Who would have been the wiser if you'd kep' it to yourself ?"

Miss Argleroy turned toward him.

"I told you once that I was afraid of love and of money both," she said ; "that they might tempt me from the life I had chosen for myself. I choose it still. I voluntarily break the condition laid upon me, and the money is thereby yours—not mine ! I leave it with my best wishes for you and Agnes. For myself there is Europe and my art."

She turned quickly to the piano and, seating herself, began to sing. It was too dark to see her face, and her voice told only what she chose to have it tell. But one who listened to her knew that she realized the worthlessness of his love as well as the glory of her art—making sacrifice and separation possible to her.

OLD BALTIMORE INNS.

By Walter Edgar McCann.

Baltimore has always been famous for its hotels, as well as for its general hospitality, and in the speeches which are made at the annual banquets of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association and on other public occasions of local self-gratulation, it would be as gross and unpardonable a violation of the proprieties to overlook this circumstance as to omit reference to the products of the Chesapeake Bay or to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the great terminal advantages of the city.

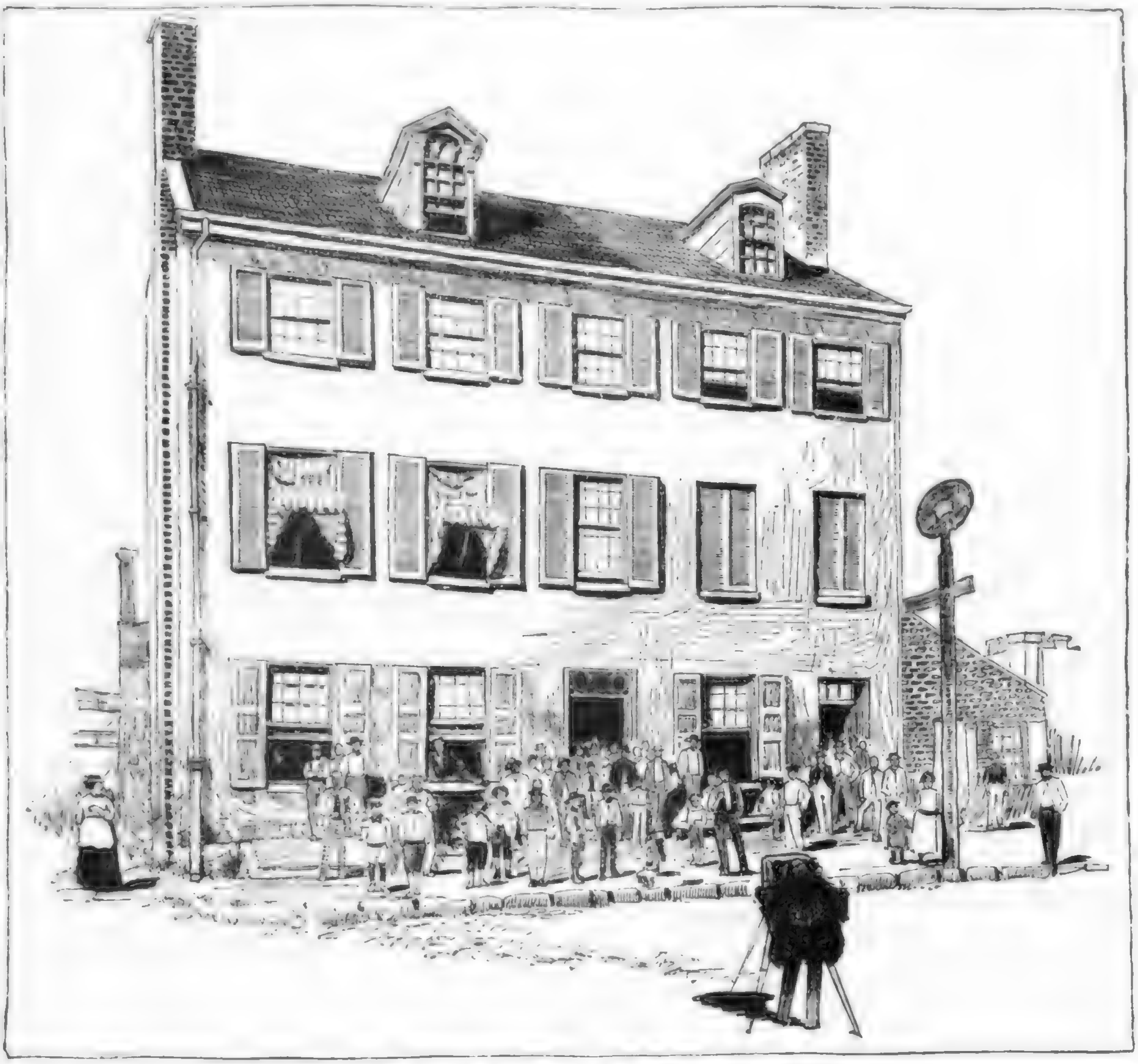
Celebrities and dignitaries have visited the Monumental City from all parts of the world, and have grown enthusiastic over the kindness of the people, and have left tributes of their appreciation. The proximity of Baltimore to Washington has made it possible for the illustrious men of the nation, from the President down, to pay frequent visits, and in the earlier history of the country the presidential advents were quite frequent. Washington, Jefferson and others often came and were handsomely entertained, and have left acknowledgments of how much they prized the demonstrations in their honor. There are not a few records of this sort in the correspondence of these exalted personages and elsewhere, and the old Baltimorean can easily put his finger on them.

Of late years, or within the last quarter of a century, the Presidents do not seem to have come over so often. Rather, indeed, do the Baltimoreans go to them ; and it has often been objected to the situation of Washington as the capital that it is too near the Monumental City. The political delegations form an almost incessant train of visitors to the White House—or did under the Republican Administration—and it cannot be denied that the matter had grown into a very serious abuse and source of annoyance. General Grant particularly complained. The time by rail between the two cities is but forty-five minutes, and it will be seen how readily this may be taken advantage of and turned into an irritating species of molestation.

But the early presidential visits, while probably not really more frequent, partook more of the character of public events. Then, as we shall presently see, traveling was an affair of moment. There was the expectation for weeks, and a certain preparation was necessary ; for, although the distance is but forty miles, it was, under the old conditions, a journey. And the coming of the head of the Government being known, the Baltimoreans made their preparations. There was always a reception-committee and an escort, and His Excellency was conducted in great state to the "Indian Queen" tavern or the splendid "Fountain Inn," and a great dinner followed and other festivities.

George Washington Parke Custis wrote in his later days to a friend : "In the days of the first Presidency, it was the habit of a choice band of Revolutionary worthies to assemble at Grant's 'Fountain Inn,' to receive and bid welcome to the first President on his journeys to and from the seat of Government at Philadelphia." And he thus describes the reception after an accident which befel General Washington on one occasion: "Meantime the shades of night were fast falling upon Baltimore, the troops had stacked their arms, and, together with groups of citizens, were looking with much anxiety for the videttes, who had gone out to gather intelligence. At length a trooper is seen at full speed approaching, waving his cap, the signal that the white chariot is near at hand. The troops fly to their arms, the line is formed, the passing salute is given, and then the whole are in full march for the 'Fountain Inn.' In those older days there were but few houses westward and extending toward the water from the 'Fountain Inn.' On an open space thereabouts was dragged the artillery that thundered from its brazen throats Baltimore's welcome to him she most delighted to honor. The scene became strikingly grand and picturesque. The blaze of the cannon lighted up the objects around, displaying a spectacle whose truest magnificence consisted in its being an affair of the heart, where a whole city, moved by a generous and noble impulse, regardless of the hour, assembled to do honor to him to whom all honor was due."

Now the President decides upon any visit he may desire to make—always to enjoy private hospitality—in a few minutes. When the moment draws near he telephones for a chair in the parlor-car, and is driven to the station and whisked away to Baltimore in three-quarters of an hour. His arrival excites no particular attention. Very few beyond the reporters take note of it, and his sojourn over, he departs, arousing as little stir as when he came.



OLD BALTIMORE INNS.—THE "HAND TAVERN."

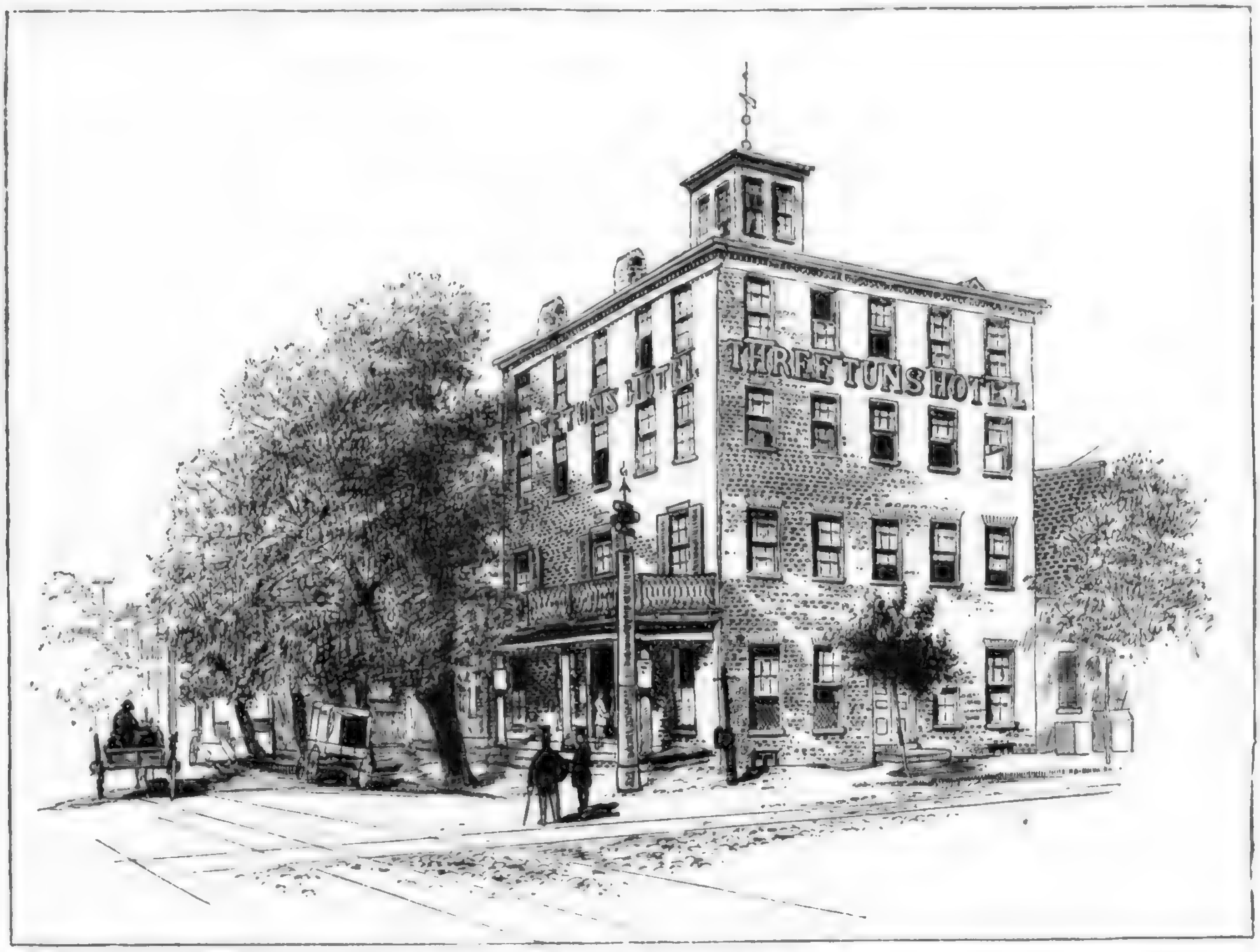
Baltimore, however, as the local orators always remind their fellow-citizens on hospitable occasions, has many advantages by which a visit to the town may be made pleasant. Not anywhere is the home-life more cozy, or are the resources of comfort more diverse. Much, too, is to be justly said of the quality and variety of the food—Maryland cooking being a sort of standard—of the cleanliness of the streets and houses, and of the genial character of the climate. The highest sanitary authorities have testified to the healthfulness of the city, and the intelligence, cultivation and refinement of the inhabitants is not less well known. The beauty of the women has long been celebrated in song, if not in story, and that this has not been exaggerated is one of the points about which the visitor invariably seeks early occasion to satisfy himself.

And handsome, brave and courteous are the men. Attestations to all this have been repeatedly given by the travelers who have alighted in the town, and many of these expressions, particularly with reference to the superiority of the hotels, such, for instance, as Charles Dickens's tribute to Barnum's, have been jealously preserved and are often quoted.

The literature of inns is always interesting, and it is a little strange, almost every topic having been dealt with, that no one has devoted a book to the subject. Timbs and others have written about them incidentally, but there is no volume, I believe, which deals with these ancient establishments—the last of which are so rapidly passing away—exclusively. Almost every memory will furnish a considerable amount of quaint reading—legend, anecdote and legitimate chronicle—of these resorts. The dramatic occurrences which have taken place in inns, some of them closely connected with political history—the love-stories, quarrels, elopements, murders and even suicides—would make a volume by themselves.

This is particularly true of English inns, and to speak of these almost at once carries the mind back to Chaucer and the "Tabard." Old tavern life, as the descriptions have come down to us, or as we may gather them from plays, biographies, private letters and diaries, is full of an odd fascination. Shakespeare has given some delightful pictures, and with the mention of his name arises the memory of the "Boar's Head," at Eastcheap, and *Mrs. Quickly*, vagrant *Jack Falstaff*, the *Prince*, *Bardolph* and the rest. No photograph could have the minute vividness and fidelity of his word-painting of these vanished scenes, and, as we read, the whole rises and breathes again as in life.

Inn life seems, however, peculiar to the English. There are many and famous French, Spanish, Flemish and other inns, and travelers, particularly Sterne, have described humorous and even exciting experiences. But the mention of the old English inns and taverns suggests something different. There is a certain domestic flavor about these hostelries, and they are associated, not with foreign travelers, but with the people themselves. Not a little of the same spirit attaches to the memory of the inns of the older cities of this country—the "White Swans," the "Beehives," the "Black Bears" and the like, of New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore.



OLD BALTIMORE INNS.—THE "THREE TUNS TAVERN."

Some of the few remaining old London inns are now receiving a word of good-natured regret from the newspapers and magazines as they rapidly disappear before the relentless advance of modern improvement. Of really ancient structures of this kind there are scarcely half-a-dozen left. As was remarked by someone writing about them recently, eight or ten years ago they were nearly all in existence, unaltered and undisturbed. Now not many can be counted—the "King's Head," the "George," and two or three others—and some of these have been turned into that most unsentimental of institutions, the modern restaurant.

Many of the London inns and taverns are famous enough from their literary associations to be almost sacred; and as there are eccentric Englishmen doing all sorts of things with their money, it is surprising that some whimsical Duke of Portland, or other oddity, has not thought to buy up such monuments and leave them, as long as they will hold together, for the contemplation and reverence of posterity. Even the sites where they once stood have a sacredness of character. But this really seems to strike Americans more than the English. Every year there are travelers from this side who visit London, and, after undertaking the proper pilgrimage to Stratford, return to the metropolis and seek out the haunts of Dr. Johnson and his brilliant cronies.

Old Johnson loved an inn. In his sturdy and emphatic way he has recorded his honest liking for these establishments as they were in his time. Boswell writes : "We dined at an excellent inn, where Johnson expatiated on the felicity of England in its taverns and inns, and triumphed over the French for not having in any perfection the tavern life. "There is no private house," said he, "in which people can enjoy themselves so well as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great a plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that everybody should be easy ; in the nature of things it cannot be : there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests ; the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him ; and no man but a very impudent dog indeed can as freely command what is in another's house as if it was his own. Whereas at a tavern there is general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome ; and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend to you with the alacrity that waiters do who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, sir ; there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn."

He then repeated with great emotion Shenstone's lines :

'Whoever has traveled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
His warmest welcome at an inn."

Tennyson has sung of the "Cock," and its head waiter, and Dickens seems to take an unceasing interest in these resorts. It will be remembered that it was at the old "White Hart" where Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller first met. Thackeray's tastes led him to a different quarter—he was essentially a club man—but even he has left a good word for the old taverns.

Remembering how former generations of Englishmen have praised the old inns and their home-like delights, it seems odd how little interest is taken in their disappearance, and particularly how little regret is expressed over the fact. The Americans themselves, who are not supposed to be sentimental about such matters, could scarcely show less feeling. Very few of the London structures remain, and scarcely anyone takes the trouble to note them as they go, or to obtain likenesses of them "in their habits as they lived," which is all the more surprising in the age of cheap photography. Such memorials, if secured and preserved, could not help being of remarkable interest to posterity.

Already the conditions of traveling life are wholly different, and in course of time must be still more so. There is now absolutely no association between the old inn modes and surroundings and those which attend existence in modern hotels. The ancient hospitality and welcome, the obsequious landlord, the patriarchal servants, the huge, substantial dinners, the bowl of punch, the immense beds and the lavender-scented sheets—where are they? There is nothing of the sort now. We have instead the multitude of "modern inconveniences" in their stead, which are certainly good enough in their way ; but no one can be said to live at a hotel, however long he may stay there. He is only "stopping," although he may pass his existence in such an institution. It is all, like everything else, modern, machine-like. The old friendly intercourse between travelers is gone. There is, at present, instead of the traveler the tourist, who descends from his swift boudoir-car, and is registered while the electric bells are ringing, and in a moment is transferred to his room by machinery. No one knows, or cares to know, anybody else. The proprietor is never seen. There is the gorgeous manager, with his jewels and broadcloth, the troops of haughty waiters, who seem to move by a concealed mechanism ; the splendid accessories and appointments, the magnificent table.

These being the present conditions, it is pleasant to escape them when occasion permits, and visit some of the old-fashioned places, about which still linger traces of the past. The plain fare, the shabby rooms, the darkness and dinginess and even the moldy smell—all this is novel, and possesses a flavor of the bygone time. There are, however, few of the old inns of this country remaining, some in the country towns and scarcely a dozen altogether in the cities.

The old Baltimore inns were once quite famous. Traces of their excellence and popularity are to be found in many directions. Noted travelers have chronicled how handsomely they were entertained at these caravansaries ; and it is interesting to come upon these records. But these antiquated and hospitable structures, like those elsewhere, are disappearing as if by magic. Indeed, after standing so long, it is wonderful how quickly and silently they go. Even those the writer remembers in their places a few years ago, and although old, still substantial and cheery, with their steep shingled roofs and quaint gable windows, and sturdy chimneys, are now, as one searches, found to have vanished or become transformed into something else. Their departure is scarcely noted in the newspapers, or a few lines tell what, if it were looked into, would make a really interesting story. The old inhabitant beholds the departure of these memorials with regret and a sigh, and if approached in a proper spirit is ready with valuable reminiscence ; but no one else seems to care, and certainly the contractor for tearing down the work does not. The people of the neighborhood look on the old buildings as an eye-sore, and are glad to see the change. And it is surprising how much a change of this sort will alter the appearance, and even the character, of the whole neighborhood. Two of the old taverns recently disappeared from Front Street, in Baltimore—the "White Horse" from the corner of Low Street, more than a hundred years old, and the "Bull's Head," opposite the theatre—and the whole place looks different.

Here and there old stage-coaches are still to be found in the city ; but it must be confessed that they are objects of derision rather than reverence. One or two of them lumber along certain of the roads yet, those which later means of transportation have not affected. But it is puzzling how people managed to ride in these curious vehicles. Every day there is one starts from the general post-office about three o'clock in the afternoon, jingling and jolting up to the yard a little while before. It is curious to see the one or two unfortunate passengers getting in, as if ashamed of the circumstances which have condemned them to this forlorn and obsolete mode of travel, and to see the neat modern mail-pouch going out. There is an incongruity in the spectacle. Where is the guard, with his horn and greatcoat, his jackboots and blunderbuss? The mailbag is tossed carelessly on the roof, and the driver, a personage in no way picturesque, mounts to his seat and sets his diligence in motion. There is another, unless it has been withdrawn very lately, that starts from the "General Wayne Inn" every morning. The locomotive, and even the horsecar have, however, elsewhere supplanted these machines.

It is pleasant still to drive out upon the roads and turnpikes, once full of the old coaches and travelers on horseback. The charm seems to be felt particularly toward sunset in the Summer evenings, the long shadows falling across the pretty hedgerows, the winding fences, and the broad and dusty way. The lowing of the unseen cattle is heard, and the whistle of the birds, as they were by the wayfarer a century ago. Behind are spread the red and glaring clouds of the decline of day. It is an hour for musing and melancholy, and the mind falls naturally into thoughts of the past, and the vanished scenes are easily called into life again.

In those days there was some character in traveling. In many ways human nature was to be studied, and to be seen under various lights and aspects. As it is now, the railway train affords little or nothing. The traveler, in truth, can scarcely be said to do his own traveling. He commits himself to the luxurious carriage, as he does his trunk to the baggage-car, and other people take charge of both, and are responsible for the transportation. As Mr. Ruskin says, he is simply shot from one point to another, like something in a pneumatic tube. He looks out of the window, but, however splendid the scenery may be, it is gone in an instant, and the succession of pictures is so swift that he is in a little while stunned and bewildered and unable to discriminate. Very different all this from the old, leisurely way.

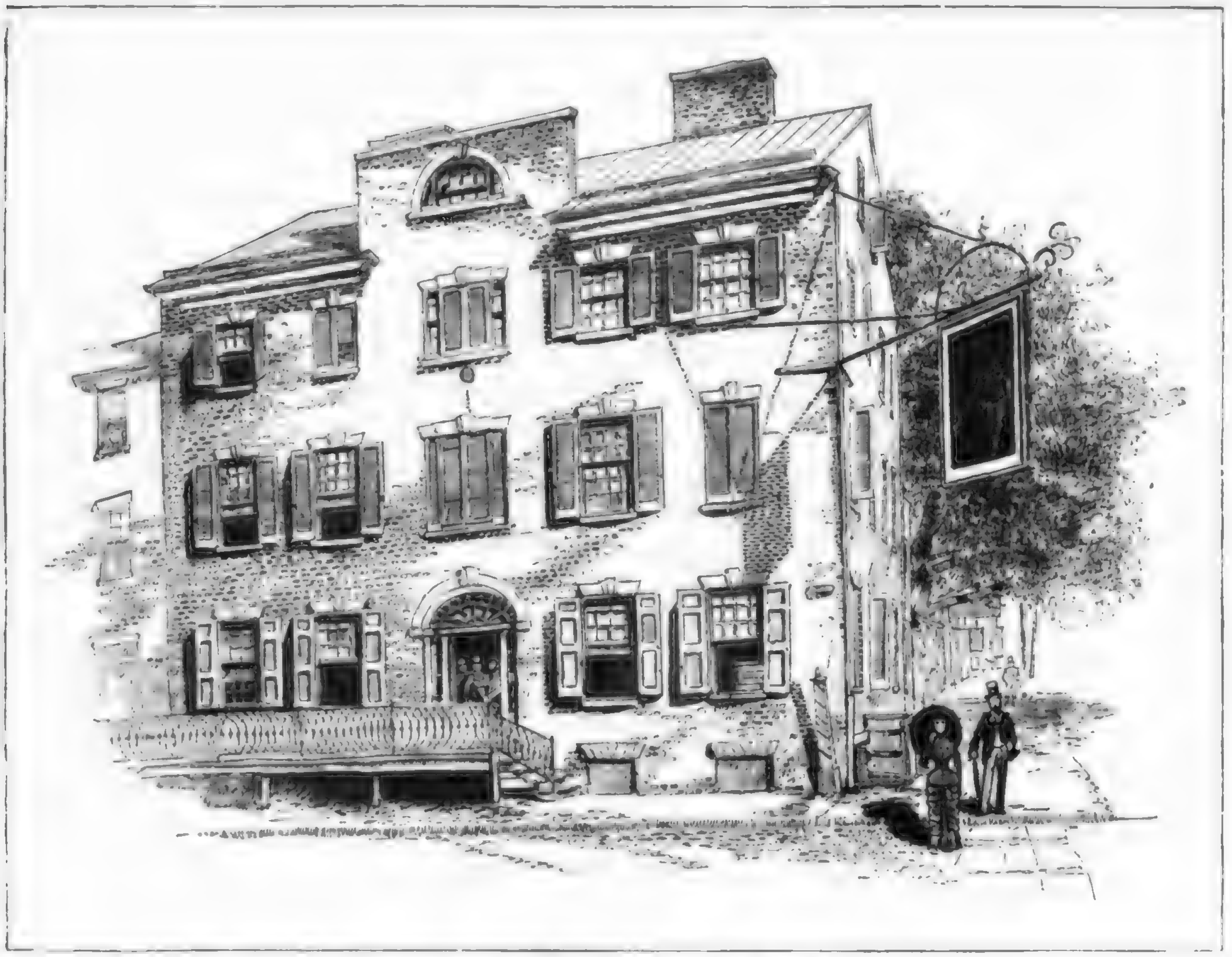
As it is pleasant to drive along the old posting and wagon roads, so it is not less interesting to visit the sites of the vanished inns and taverns. These structures can be traced even where they do not remain. They were solidly built, and not much of a tearing-down process is necessary. Generally, the foundations and walls are undisturbed, and only a few touches are required to turn the building into something new and strange. In some cases nothing more has been done than to remove the sign and alter the front a little, and so transform the old establishment into that most vulgar of modern resorts—a barroom. One of the old inns on Front Street—the "White Horse" just mentioned—the writer was unpleasantly surprised to find, on going there the other day, a beer saloon. The proprietor had made an effort to brighten it up, and the place, whose former appearance was remembered so well, could now be barely recognized. It bore a certain air of shabby spruceness. But about the whole there was something disagreeable—perhaps it was the sight of the foaming beer glass that had taken the place of the pleasant former sign.

The very earliest records of life in Baltimore show that the taverns were comfortable and in some degree famous. There are distinct traces of them, although the name tavern has degenerated. Formerly it indicated the cosiest of hospitality—the home of wits and brilliant spirits—while now it has a low sound, and suggests something disreputable. Nothing could more sharply indicate the difference of manners and customs. Then, everybody went to the tavern to smoke his pipe and quaff his liquor and discuss the news; now, the only frequenter of the places we know by the name is the sot and blackguard. The change of meaning is significant of the general contempt in which the institution itself has fallen.

In possession of the Maryland Historical Society there is a sort of map or drawing in ink of Baltimore as it appeared in 1752, the work of one of the Moale family. Every house is drawn, there being but twenty-five, and the number of inhabitants about two hundred. Still there were two taverns—one of them, "Payne's Tavern," as it was well known for a long time - very conspicuously shown in the engraving. This structure stood on the corner of Calvert and Mercer Streets. A short distance away, and on the site where the offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad are now located, stood "Rogers's Tavern." These are the earliest Baltimore inns of which we have any distinct knowledge. Who Rogers was is unknown, but Payne is said to have been a Philadelphian. Except the rude outline of his establishment indicated in the map, there is absolutely no trace or memory of it. From the situation it must have been the most important building in the town, the bulk of the travel going there, and the inhabitants seeking it as a place for news. Two inns might be thought to be enough for a place of the size of Baltimore at that time, and yet such could scarcely have been the case; for a certain Mr. Larsh, from Pennsylvania, is recorded as having erected another in the following year, building at the corner of Baltimore and Gay Streets. Five years later a Mr. Jacob Myers built still another on the opposite corner of the same streets. He seems to have been a public-spirited citizen, and his name is connected with several enterprises of local importance. His inn remained standing a long while.

The word inn is a pleasant one, full of comfortable suggestion, and it is melancholy to see it gradually losing its old respectable significance. We can fancy the bustle and excitement of arriving at one of these institutions; the stage lumbering up, creaking and jangling, and the travelers descending. Everybody is in a state of fuss and expectation. Then follows the substantial dinner and the cheerful evening by the fire, with citizens dropping in to hear the latest news or to discuss foreign and domestic politics. The cookery was, however, plain in the primitive times—a coarse abundance we should, perhaps, call it now. The inn-parlor or office, or whatever it might be termed, had a bare floor, which was freshly sprinkled with fine silver-sand every morning. Huge logs burned in the great wide fireplace, and a negro came in at intervals, when necessary, to put a fresh one on. Dogs were, of course, privileged, and were stretched lazily about the room here and there. Pewter plates were used, unless on unusual occasions, and the guest drank out of a tankard of the same metal. There was generally, however, a large punch-bowl, usually of silver, in which in Summer cool toddy was made. It is surprising how much drinking went on without apparently the least intemperance. A few travelers preferred wine, but, as a rule, every man took with his meal, or afterward during the evening, a quart of toddy, which seems a generous allowance and argues stout heads. A racking brain next morning would probably be the result now. Beer was also a favorite beverage, and the ladies took chocolate, coffee being but little used.

At the inns, or those of the superior class, important meetings of the citizens were held, municipal and even national affairs of note were discussed and settled. And here, in the evening, came everybody to learn the news from the guests coming in by the stage-coach or on horseback. Then the traveler was really an object of interest. He was a person of adventures and one who



OLD BALTIMORE INNS.—THE "GENERAL WAYNE."

brought information. His day had been one of novelty and even of excitement. He had passed, and sometimes stopped, at a variety of places, and had talked with many people, and there was in his possession all the casual intelligence of the road as he came along. He was received, not only with courtesy, but with a kind of awe. But now the traveler brings no news—the telegraph and the newspaper have preceded him. Unless he be a celebrity he is unnoted.

The "Indian Queen" was among the earliest and best known of the old Baltimore inns, and it is heard of repeatedly in old letters and diaries. But when the house was opened is unknown, nor is there a print of it to be had; but the situation is well established, at the corner of Baltimore and Hanover Streets. Here the Continental or Provincial Congress met in 1776, the purpose being to avoid possible British interference in Philadelphia, and John Adams writes: "The Congress sit in the last house at the west end of Market (later Baltimore) Street, on the south side of the street, in a long chamber with two fireplaces, two large closets and two doors. The house belongs to a quaker, who built it for a tavern." Now large warehouses occupy this locality, and the noise and bustle of traffic are continuous.

The old sign stood on a tall post at what would be at present the curbstone—an Indian maiden with a crown of feathers and a profusion of gold ornaments. The surroundings were of course thoroughly rural, for the streets were not even paved. Market, or Baltimore, Street, was not paved, indeed, it is said, until 1781, but was muddy and full of holes. An old citizen related, some years ago, that when the army passed through the town in the year just mentioned, he saw a soldier nearly drowned in a mudhole in what is now the most central and busiest section, but a sort of sidewalk was laid and the projection of the porches of the house duly regulated. In Summer evenings people sat out in front, as they do to this day; a wonderful instance of the survival of a primitive custom in spite of extraordinary changes in other respects.

The "Indian Queen" had a wide veranda or piazza in front, and in the rear, gardens, where the citizens played bowls. There was a good view to the southward, and down Market Street came the coaches and wagons from the West. Among other important assemblies which convened here, was the first meeting in Baltimore of the society of the officers of the Maryland Line, which took place July 4th, 1796.

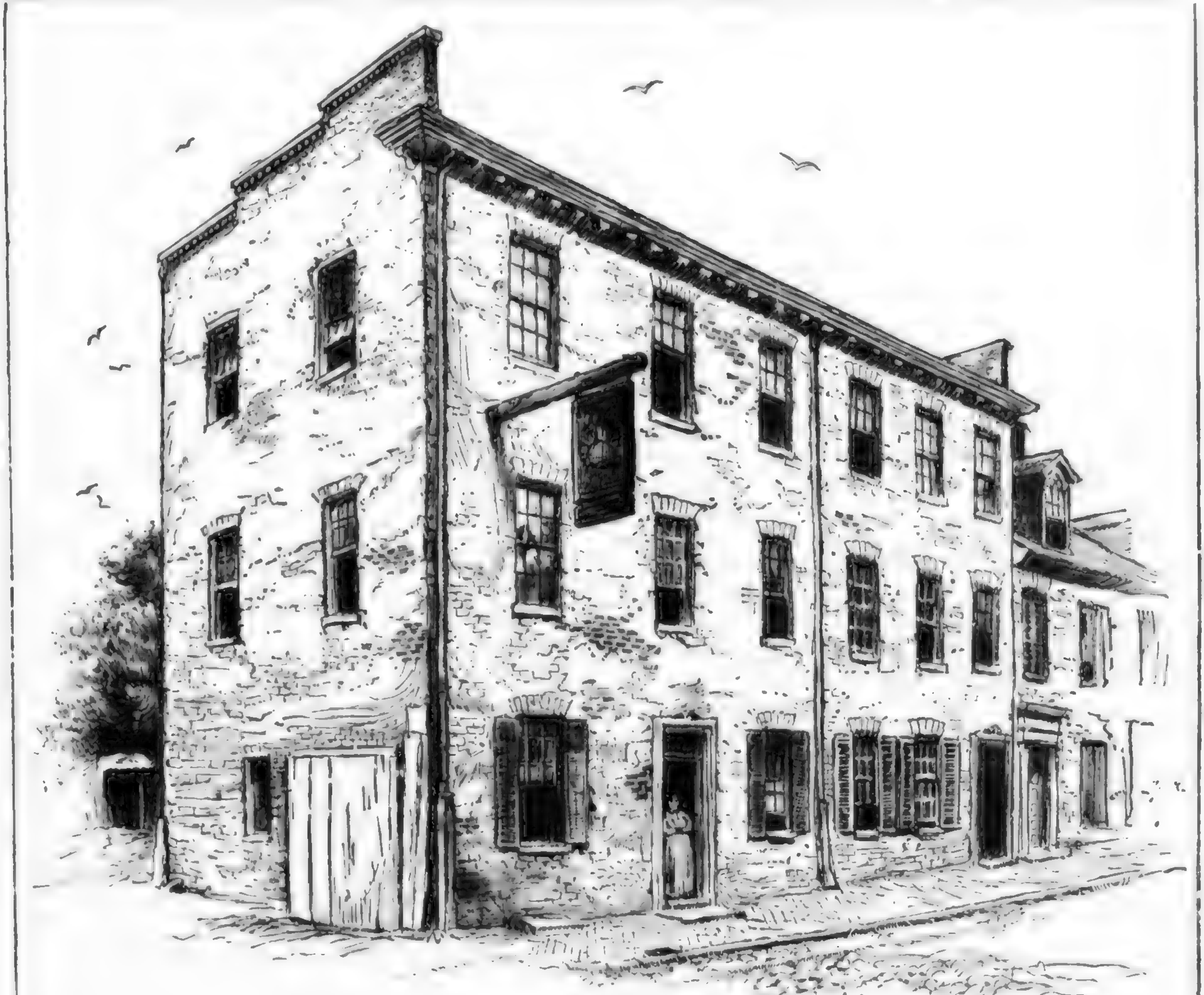
On the spot where now is reared the magnificent "Carrollton," on Light Street, at the corner of Baltimore, there stood formerly the famous "Fountain Inn," and, curiously enough, there seems to have been always, from almost the earliest history of the city, a hotel on this site. Strangers are surprised to find the entrance to the "Carrollton" on Light Street, which is a narrow, dark lane, instead of on the main thoroughfare, and the explanation is that tradition required it to be so. When the new structure was about to be erected, some of the persons interested proposed that the position of the entrance should be changed, but the elders immediately protested, on the ground that any change of the sort would divert trade. "Country families have been coming here for generations," it was said, "and they have always come up from the water and entered the house on Light Street.

if they did not find the doors in the old place, they would consider that the old 'Fountain Inn' was no more, and would seek hospitality elsewhere." Such is the story, supposed to illustrate Baltimore conservatism.

The "Fountain Inn" was erected some time during the Revolution, and it speedily won a national fame. Washington, Jefferson and others were entertained there; indeed, the first mention of it in local history is in connection with a visit of the father of his country in September, 1781, when, accompanied by a distinguished suite, he was on his way to Virginia. Here also Lafayette found hospitable quarters long afterward, in 1824; here the stage-coaches had their headquarters, the earliest line to Philadelphia having been established in 1773. Another line was started in 1782, and a few years afterward one with Washington and Alexandria.

Particularly notable were the balls at the old "Fountain Inn," in some of which Washington figured. The dancing, however, took place in a hall opposite the inn, which was part of the property, and many of the guests came in full dress on horseback. We can see the gentleman descending, in cocked hat and sword, ruffled wrists and flapped waistcoat, velvet or buckskin breeches and shining buckles, and assisting to the ground his fair companion, attired in flowing gown of flowered or plain silk, trimmed with precious lace, and on her beautiful head a coiffure of gigantic altitude.

John P. Kennedy, who died in Baltimore in 1870, at the age of seventy-five, gives the following pleasant picture of his native city at the close of the Revolutionary War: "I have a long score of pleasant recollections of the friendships, the popular renowns, the household charms, the *bonhomie*, the free confidences and the popular accomplishments of the day. My memory yet lingers with affectionate delay in the wake of past notabilities, male and female. In the train of these goodly groups came the gallants who upheld the chivalry of the age—cavaliers of the old school, full of starch and powder: most of them the iron gentlemen of the Revolution, with leather faces—old campaigners renowned for long stories; not long enough from the camp to lose their military brusquerie and dare-devil swagger-proper; roystering blades who had not long ago got out of harness and begun to affect the elegancies of civil life. Who but they! Jolly fellows, fiery and loud, with stern glance of the eye and brisk turn of the head, and swashbuckler strut of defiance, like game-cocks, all in three-cornered cocked-hats and powdered hair and cues and light-colored coats with narrow capes and marvelous long backs, with pockets on each hip and small clothes that scarcely reached the knee, with striped stockings with great buckles in their shoes, and their long steel watchchains that hung conceitedly half-way to the knee, with seals in the shape of a sounding-board to a pulpit; and they



OLD BALTIMORE INNS.—THE "RISING SUN."

walked with such a stir, striking their canes hard upon the pavement. I defy all modern coxcombry to produce anything equal to it—particularly when one of these weather-beaten gallants accosted a lady in the street with a bow that required the whole side of the pavement to make it in, with a scrape of his foot and his cane thrust with a flourish, under his left arm, till it projected behind along with his cue; and nothing could be more piquant than the lady as she reciprocated his salutation with a courtesy that seemed to carry her into the earth, with her chin bridled to her breast, and such a volume of dignity. This avenue (Market Street) was enlivened with apparitions of grave matrons and stirring damsels, moving erect in a stately transit like the wooden and pasteboard figures of a puppet-show—our present grandmothers, arrayed in gorgeous brocade and taffeta, luxuriantly displayed over hoops, with comely bodices laced around that ancient armor, the stay, disclosing most perilous waists, and with sleeves that clung to the arm as far as the elbow, where they took a graceful leave in ruffles that stood off like the feathers of a bantam. And such faces as they bore along with them! So rosy, so spirited and sharp! with the hair all drawn back over a cushion, until it lifted the eyebrows, giving an amazingly fierce and supercilious tone to the countenance, and falling in cataracts to the shoulders. Then they stepped away with such a mincing gait, in shoes of many colors, with formidable points to the toes, and high, tottering heels fancifully cut in wood; their tower-built hats, garnished with tall feathers that waved aristocratically backward at each step, as if they took pride in the slow paces of the wearer.

"It was a comfort itself to see a good housewifely matron of that merry time trudging through the town on bad weather wrapped in her great *roquelaire*, with both arms thrust into a muff, and a huge tippet wound about her neck in as many folds as the serpent of Laocoon, with her beaver hat flapped down over her ears and her feet bound in pattens that lifted her some inches above all impediments of ice and rain, clanking on the pavement with the footfall of the 'Bleeding Nun.'

"Even the seasons were on a scale of grandeur unknown to our day. There were none of your soft Italian skies and puny affectation of April in December. But Winter strutted in like a peremptory swaggerer into a barroom. And the nights seemed to be made on purpose for frolics, they were so bright and brisk; while the madcap spirits of the time, crowded in sleighs, sped like laughing phantoms through every highway. The volleys of snowballs and the horsebells jangling out told of the universal mirth that marked the career of the old-fashioned Winter."

Colonel Thomas Scharf, the local historian, in a few light, graceful touches, gives a similar graphic picture: "While the aristocratic planters of the lower counties and the polished citizens of Annapolis, who took their tone from the miniature court that formed around the royal or provincial governors, imitated, at some distance, the London fashions and manners, as if to show that if not the rose themselves, they 'lived near the rose,' and while the hardy pioneers of the backwoods adopted, partly for convenience and partly as an expression of forest freedom, many of the customs and almost the entire dress of the Indians, Baltimore as a central point, a great mart of interchange, took in most of these things a middle course, preferring solid comfort to the extremes of ostentation or of rudeness. The planter of Charles County coming in to have his draft on London or Bristol cashed, the buckskin from Frederick, with his load of dressed deer hides, might feel both at ease in the unpretentious store or under the hospitable roof of the Baltimore merchant.

"And these stores and dwellings, though almost as far removed from the planter's manorial hall as from the backwoodsman's cabin of logs, were yet very substantial and comfortable structures of their kind. Built of timber, and weatherboarded over—a construction generally superseded by brick, with the walls firmly bonded by tying with every alternate brick—with high sloping roofs of shingles or tiles, and a rope and windlass outside to hoist up bales or casks, these old stores had a solid, business-like appearance that seemed to betoken a satisfactory state of the ledgers within.

"Our ancestors thought with Ruskin that a man's working place was not a place for ornament, and their decorative architecture rarely went beyond a chequer work of black bricks among the red, and even this in sober eyes savored of foppery. But one decoration they permitted themselves on account of its practical utility, and the shop fronts blaze with signs, not merely the name of the tradesman, but the effigies and symbols of his business to speak to the unlettered eye. The importer of Irish linens announced his wares by the sign of the spinning-wheel; the dealer in fancy goods, or haberdashery, took the golden fan or golden umbrella, and the breeches-maker and glover, whose raw material came from the Western forests, set up the sign of the buck and breeches. A public-spirited watchmaker, if his shop faced the south, would sometimes put up a sun-dial, from which the passers-by, who had no train to catch at an exact second, could regulate their leisurely movements or verify their own chronometers. Names that were afterward to be famous in American history sometimes appeared on these modest fronts, and a store devoted to the sale of East India and European goods on Market Street, the second door above the Market House, bore the name of Mordecai Gist.

"Business was business in those days, and the merchant, when he had seen the last Conestoga wagon, towering high at stem and stern like a Spanish galleon, with its team of six or eight horses with jingling bells, take its melodious departure, or the last cask of tobacco hoisted out of schooner or pungy and safely stowed, betook himself to his home, safe from disquieting telegrams. His home, perhaps suburban, was but a short walk's distance, and was perhaps a square structure of two stories and a hip roof, standing back from the street or road, with a garden bright in Summer with roses, pinks, sweet-williams, larkspurs, hollyhocks and all the old-fashioned flowers. Or, if less pretentious, it was the modest "saltbox" with balcony at the side, sometimes coated on the outside with a conglomerate of mortar and coarse gravel—pebble-dashed, as they called it. In the rear stood the smoke-house where the family bacon was cured, and the great bake-oven for the loaves, pones, biscuit and other varieties of bread and cake.

"Within, the house showed the same substantiality. The ceiling we should now think low, for the great chimneys and fireplaces secured abundant ventilation. The windows were small, with small panes of greenish glass, often set in lead. The walls were either painted or white-washed, wall papers not coming into use until the close of the century. The rooms were warmed in Winter by wood fires in open fireplaces, for stoves—the Franklin and the Tenplate stove—did not come in until after the Revolution and wood was abundant and cheap. The furniture in houses of any pretense was of solid mahogany; veneering, like many other superficialities, being a comparatively modern device. Heavy straight-backed chairs, a dining-table duly polished every day with wax and cork until it shone like a mirror; a side-table or a buffet—on which stood decanters of Holland gin, Jamaica rum and Cognac, with Madeira which now would be priceless, but was then *vin ordinaire*—breathed the spirit of hospitality, and every guest or caller was expected, as a matter of course, to take a glass or two."

We come now to a homelier sort of inns—the last of the "old school," and the few remaining specimens of which are fast vanishing—those ancient hostelries to which the farmers resorted. Once they were quite numerous in Baltimore, before the days of the railroads and when the long trains of Conestoga wagons, with their flour, whisky and other products, used to pour in from the West; but now only some three or four remain.

Some day the romance of the old national road, over which there was once so much traffic, should be written. The Conestoga wagon was a vast machine, generally painted blue and with a huge white canvas top, and drawn by six or eight magnificent horses, hung with bells. There was in the old days an endless line of these to and from the West, each attended by its equipment of teamsters in their white frocks, and filled with goods of various sorts. The flour, bacon and other things were brought to Baltimore and exchanged for groceries and drygoods. At night, in the Spring and Fall, the streets in the neighborhood of the present Lexington Market were blocked up with these equipages.

The inns patronized by the wagoners were mostly located in this neighborhood and bore quaint and significant names, mostly borrowed from England. There was the "Globe," at the corner of Howard and Baltimore Streets, where the Howard House now is; the "White Swan," at the corner of Franklin and Eutaw; the "Golden Horse," at the corner of Franklin and Howard; the "Golden Lamb," the "Black Horse," and several others in the same vicinity. The signs were particularly conspicuous, and the names have to our ears a slightly grotesque sound in some instances, but possibly the idea was to fix them in the memory.

The "Hand Tavern," on Paca Street, near the market, is still standing and well preserved, and stanch farmers on market-days will always be found sitting about the office. The "Three Tuns Tavern," at the corner of Pratt and Paca Streets, has been greatly modernized. It has now a good deal of the air of the familiar hotel of the present day. Efforts have been made to modernize others, but the result is incongruous.

The most conspicuous of the farmers' inns at the present remaining is the "General Wayne," on the corner of Baltimore and Paca streets, and it is an object of much interest to strangers, chiefly from its venerable appearance and conspicuous situation on the main thoroughfare. This structure was erected by Colonel John Eager Howard soon after the close of the revolution, and looks exactly the same as it did a century ago. There has been no effort to transform it into a modern hotel. The sign still swings at the corner of the street, showing General Wayne in battle, standing by his charger and his head uncovered, a cannon ball at his feet. Some years ago this work of art was retouched—a piece of vandalism. The old yard at the "Wayne" is gone, however, or rather is now a sort of horse market. Formerly this was very extensive, and galleries ran along overlooking it, as in the old inns of Shakespeare's time. In those vast inn-yards, as is well known, dramatic performances were once given, and they are said to have suggested the present shape of our theatres.

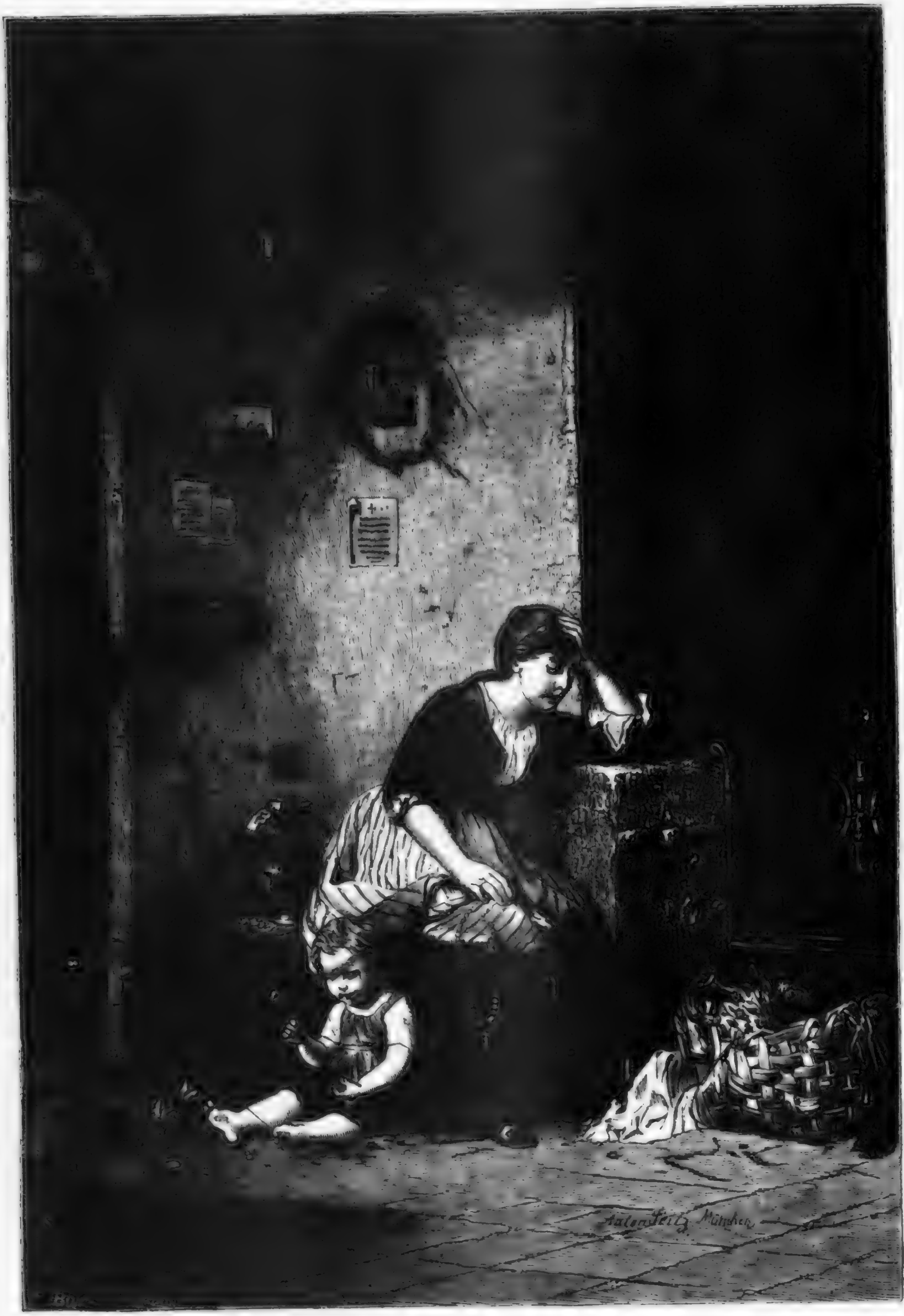
The "General Wayne" is three stories high, and there is a multitude of windows, with faded green window shutters, and along the walls in front run cracks and creases with curious wavings, and as the building has not been painted for many years, the whole has a dingy and even begrimed appearance, supporting the story of its age. A walk through the interior, up the dark staircases, along the passages and through the venerable rooms, is not without interest. The property will no doubt soon disappear, and already the surroundings make it look out of place.

The "Rising Sun" on High Street, on the contrary, has no such aspect, since the street itself is of ancient and homely appearance. The houses are mostly but two stories high, and some of them of "frame" or timber, with trees growing along the curb. There is something provocative of reflection in a saunter through this pensive, shady thoroughfare, if such it may be called, and the old inn, which stands just where the bend occurs toward Baltimore Street, cannot help arresting the observant eye. The spacious yard, with its wide stalls for the cattle, is still there, and through the doorway of the office one can make out the well-worn floor, the substantial chairs above the stove, the counter where so many sturdy arms have leaned, the fly-spotted prints on the walls, the small windows with their cracked panes, and over everything a hoar-frost of dust. There is a drowsiness of aspect about the place; yet something, too, rough and ready, like the worthy farmers who still come there.

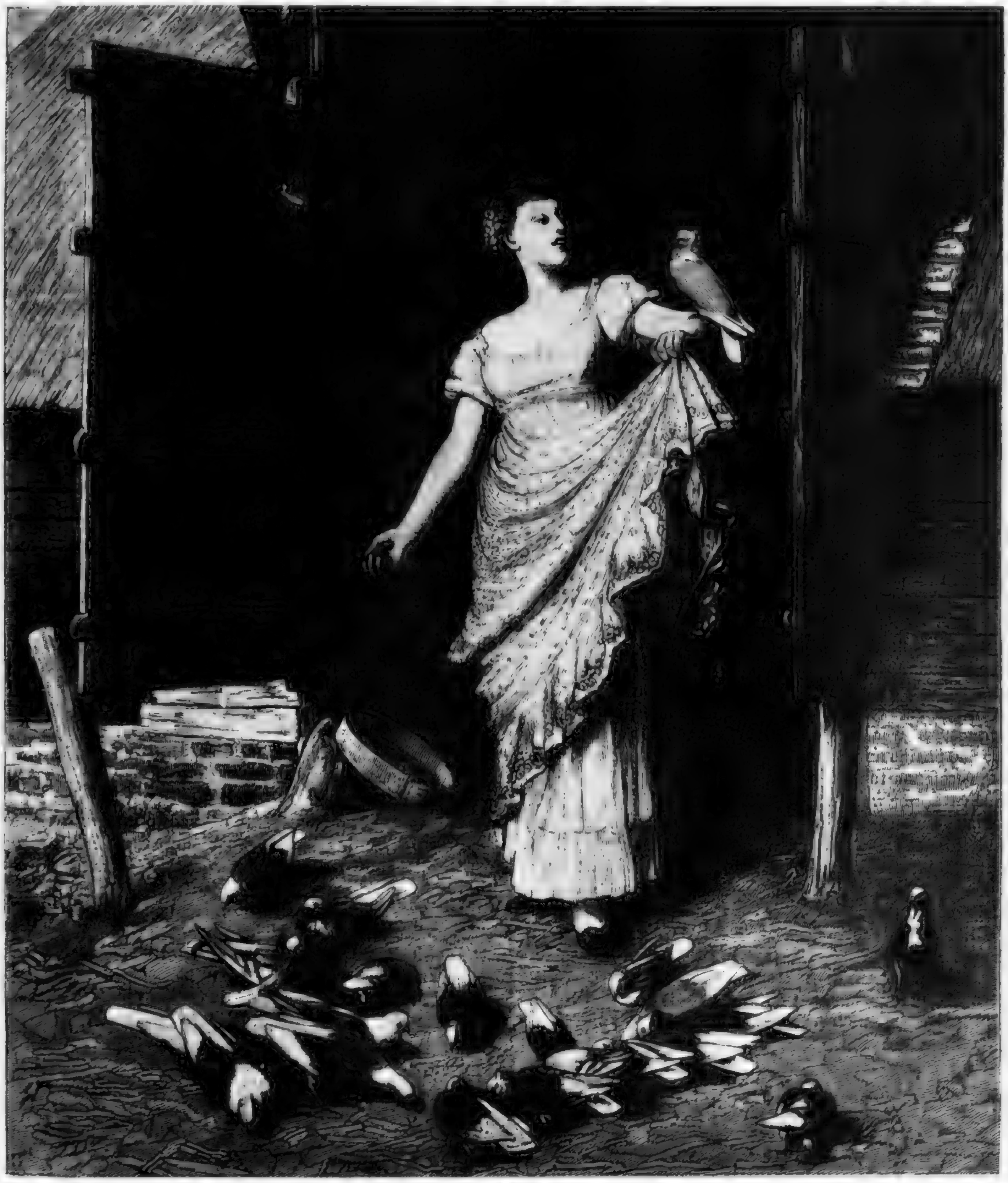
The "Bull's Head," opposite the Front Street Theatre, was an exceedingly interesting building, but the writer on going there recently found it had become a saw-mill or something of the kind. Here the actors of the stock company were fond of sitting in the afternoon after the rehearsals. Some of the very best stars have played at the "Old Front," such as Macready, Charlotte Cushman, Jenny Lind and the elder Booth. The neighborhood is very theatrical, less so, however, now than formerly, and the costumers' establishments and private boarding-houses and the like are still found on Low Street, adjoining. It is at the corner of this street and Front that what was formerly the "White Horse Inn," which was built before 1761, and is now a drinking house, still stands.

Along the country roads leading to Baltimore yet remain a few quaint hostelries and pot-houses of ancient and uncertain date, wrecks of the posting days. Here are also still a few of the old toll-houses, but soon, like the inns and taverns, they will have vanished, and their places be not even remembered.

Voltaire, in his history of Charles XII., says: "Mazeppa was a Polish nobleman, born in the Palatinate of Podolia. He was educated as a page to Jean Cassimir, at whose court he acquired some knowledge of the 'Belles Lettres.' An intrigue which he had with the wife of a Polish Palatine having been discovered, the husband had him tied naked to a wild horse, which was then let loose. The horse, which came from Ukraine, went back thither, carrying with him Mazeppa, half dead from hunger and fatigue. Some peasants took care of him; he remained with them a long time, and distinguished himself in several excursions against the Tartars. His superior information made him highly respected amongst the Cossacks; and his fame, which was daily increasing, induced the Czar to create him a Prince of the Ukraine." This is the historical fact which furnished Lord Byron with the subject of his poem with this title.



WIDOWED AND HELPLESS!



AMONG THE PIGEONS.

OF TWO EVILS.

BY

PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE WAGES OF SIN," "THE LOVE AND LOVES THAT JACK HAD," ETC.

PART III.—THE WOE OF THE BRAYNOR INHERITANCE.

CHAPTER XXI.

It was not until Tuesday of the week following the fire that the safe which belonged to Bluff & Bragg was removed from the ruins. Mr. Barcase remained in New York during the intervening time, and he and his young friend Ampstead had much pleasure together.

Mr. Barcase made the acquaintance of Mr. Bluff and Mr.

Bragg; but these gentlemen were too busy getting settled in new quarters, getting together a new library of law-books, furnishing and beautifying their new rooms in a way far superior to what the old had been, and attending to the interests of clients whose lives and fortunes—to say nothing about honor, and in too many of the cases it was best to say nothing of that—depended on their efforts, to give the lawyer from Pleanton much attention.

But Barcase didn't mind that at all. He spent the days, when Ampstead was busy with the interests of Bluff & Bragg, in many pleasant ways. He read all the newspapers; he wrote long letters home every day, getting long letters in return, and he studied into the political affairs of the city with an all-absorbing interest. He would have deeply enjoyed helping to "save his country," on this very field.

In the evenings, when John Ampstead was at leisure, these two men spent their time together. Many were the plans which the young man made for the future, and much was the good advice which the good old man gave him.

On Monday evening Mr. Bluff called at the boarding-place of Mr. Ampstead, where Mr. Barcase was spending the evening.

"We shall get the safe out in the morning," he said, "and open it at once. You will both be present, will you not?"

They said they would be, and Bluff, who was in a hurry, departed.

The next morning the two friends were at the ruins in good season. A derrick had been rigged for raising the safe from the place where it had fallen, and swinging it over the sidewalk where it could be lowered and examined. The fallen *débris* had been removed from above it; the chains and hooks connected with the derrick had been fastened to it, and the men who were to furnish the motive power were already there, gazing, with the indifference which comes from familiarity with scenes of ruin and loss, at the work they had to do. They were in no hurry, but waited the pleasure of those in authority, with a lazy patience, while they smoked very short and very dirty clay pipes.

Bluff was already there when Mr. Barcase and young Ampstead arrived, and was giving a few final directions in a nervous manner. He was very pale. It was a matter of much moment to Bluff & Bragg whether the safe had saved its contents or had not. It meant the difference between keeping the wealth they had earned during long years of hard and crafty toil, or finding themselves at the foot of the ladder of fortune, unable to pay their debts until they could earn the money to do it with. In the safe were records which were almost priceless; in the safe there were piles of bank-bills—that is *there had been*—of large denominations, some of them the property of Bluff & Bragg themselves, some of them belonging to funds held in trust for heirs and litigants. In bank-bills alone, the safety of the contents of this huge box of steel and iron—the safety or the opposite—meant a difference of almost a million dollars. There were deeds to disputed lands; there were letters which men—and women too—would have given fortunes to be allowed to burn unread; there were receipts for money paid, which the signers would have sold their very souls to have the power to demand again. There were some precious bits of evidence there, too—evidence to put the necks of some men in the hangman's noose, who ought to live—evidence to keep some men from the gallows, who richly deserved to go there. Rich and poor, high and low, good and evil, there were hundreds ready to pray—though they prayed all too seldom—regarding the condition in which Bluff & Bragg might find the contents of their safe; prayers that they might find all they had left there, unaltered and uninjured, on the one side; prayers, bitter, blasphemous and tear-choked, for the oblivion of dust and ashes, on the other. It is no wonder that Bluff was very pale.

It is no wonder that Bragg was very pale too, when he arrived, as he did, a few minutes later.

For Bluff & Bragg, *the men*, were men of the most stern integrity and unswerving honor. The money gone, since it had been their trust, they would return it, laboring until they were bent and gray to do it. The deeds burned, they would hold themselves indebted to those who had owned them, for the full value of the land. It was only those whose relations to the contents of Bluff & Bragg's safe were more than financial, who needed to worry that morning; where mere money measured a man's interest in it, Bluff & Bragg were ready to take the entire worry upon themselves. For Bluff & Bragg, *the men*, were as honest and honorable as any two men you could have found anywhere among men. As for Bluff & Bragg, *the lawyers*, they were successful! When they took a client's interests into their hands, they had a habit of *winning*—winning in spite of their own opinions; winning in spite of the law; winning in spite of evidence; in spite of judge, jury, anything—*everything!* The men, Bluff & Bragg, were anxious to see the inside of their safe. They were pale and nervous and anxious. They knew what they had to gain—or lose.

And Seth Barcase and John Ampstead were as eager and restless, and pale and nervous, as Bluff & Bragg, and they had no idea what they had to hope or to fear. There was a mysterious package which they hoped to regain—they knew no more than that; they thought no further.

A policeman came up and stood near by.

Two or three reporters for the daily newspapers were on the lookout for an item, and tried to interview those who were present, but with poor success, and returned to a broken and disjointed conversation among themselves.

"Did they find the man who was burned?" asked one.

"No; nor ever will. There wouldn't be anything left of him after all those hours of flame and furnace-heat. They looked for him near the safe, but they did not find him. They needn't have expected it."

"We are ready," said Bluff, briefly.

The men with the derrick bent to their task.

The safe, its beauty gone for ever, rose sullenly from where it had lain, its outside almost red-hot, for many hours after its fall.

The few who were standing by pressed forward; then they shrank shuddering back.

There was something beneath the heavy thing which sent the blood back to the heart, leaving the bravest cheek white—something which brought tears into the eyes.

A broken skull, half crumbled into shapelessness by the fierce heat it had undergone, a shoulder-blade, a fleshless hand, discolored lines among the ashes, themselves but ashes too, showing where trunk and limbs had lain when the horrible death came. That was all.

They sent for the coroner, or for his deputy, as the safe was swung to its resting-place upon the sidewalk.

They gathered up the scanty remains of the dead, tenderly and reverently as true men ever regard those who have passed out from among the living.

This hand had robbed Glugg; had it attempted to rob Barcase?

This shoulder had shoved shut the door of the safe, and, if there were anything saved within, it was his bravery which had done it.

These empty sockets, where the eyes had been, had love looked out from them? He had said so. Women die of starvation, sometimes, even among the almost boundless wealth of New York city. Days count fast when food is gone. Perhaps his wife was dead already; if so, she had died and made no sign. Neither Bluff nor Bragg nor Barcase nor Ampstead; no, nor any man nor woman I know or could name, know now or ever knew. Love's eyes may be looking for him even yet, and harking for the steps which went up to the fire beleaguered rooms of Bluff & Bragg, and never more came back. Only One knows.

That broken skull! Had the brain which lived within it learned the secret of the Braynor inheritance? If so, so far as this man went, the mystery and the misery were still secure.

His name? None knew of all those we have met within the world these pages bound. I cannot tell.

His past? His future? His personal traits of goodness or of evil? What can I write?

You have been at my side, as I have shown him in these pages first of all. And when he went into the burning building that morning I have told you of, he went out from among men and out from our story together, and forever.

They opened the safe. The nameless dead had won the reward no one could ever claim. Scorched and blackened in some cases, nothing which the safe had contained was destroyed. It still lacked some time of noon when Mr. Barcase had again in his hand the package which had grown to fill so large a place in his life, and had satisfied himself, by a glance at the writing, that John Braynor's hand had really written it, and that it was therefore genuine. He walked to John Ampstead's rooms. They procured a thick and heavy envelope; they sealed the document into it, using plenty of wax that all might be very secure. Then Seth Barcase addressed it, in the words in which the other envelope had been addressed.

He took out his watch.

"I ought to reach home by the first train, if possible," he said; "I have been away a very long time for me. I think by hurrying I might do the business I wish to do, and still catch the train. I have decided that it is best to have this document kept where it will be perfectly safe. I lost it once, and I might again; or, if I kept it in my own house it might be stolen, or should my house take fire and be burned down it might be destroyed. Is there no place where a parcel like this can be deposited in this city?"

John Ampstead told him there were places where one could rent a small drawer or compartment in a fire-proof and burglar-proof vault. He gave the street and number of such a place, connected in this instance with a bank, and said he would walk in that direction with him.

They passed by the hotel where Barcase had made it his home, and the lawyer paid his bill and ordered his valise sent to the depot. Then they went on to the building where it was proposed to deposit the package which John Braynor had left.

"I cannot wait long enough to go in," said John Ampstead, as he stood on the steps, "for I have a message or two to deliver for Mr. Bluff to some persons who had property in his safe, and they must be delivered before dinner. Write me soon. Let me know all the news at dear old Pleanton, whenever anything worth recounting happens there. Tell Dr. Pilleo to write me too, and good old Mrs. Johnson. I shall have a letter from father or mother twice a month, but they don't always tell me all the news. Good-by!"

And he reached up his hand and shook that of the old lawyer, the young man standing on the sidewalk and the other on the first step leading up to the bank.

Then John Ampstead walked briskly up the street.

* * * * * *

Life settled down into a humdrum sort of routine for young Ampstead. By day, he read venerable tomes on the subject of rights, and wrongs, and pleadings, practices, exceptions, etc., until his head ached, or copied documents in which "whereas" and "aforesaid" and other bits of legal lore chased each other in and out in almost endless prolixity. In the evening, he read other things, or sought recreation at the theatre or opera, or adventure in the streets.

He found recreation where he sought it.

Men who look wisely usually find what they seek.

It was almost the middle of September. John Ampstead had had no letter from Seth Barcase yet, and it was only yesterday that he had taken time to send him a tardy letter himself. He had half hoped for an answer to-day, feeling, as he did, a little homesick, but evening had come, and no letter.

John Ampstead tried to enjoy life. He had a pleasant fire in his room, though the season was still early, for the nights were sometimes cold. He had gotten himself into easy-fitting slippers and a loose dressing-gown; he had seated himself in his laziest (sometimes written *easiest*) chair, close before the fire. He had an entertaining book. He was ready to enjoy his evening fully.

There was a tap at his door.

"Come in," he said.

The person who entered with the servant was a telegraph-messenger.

"For you, sir," said the boy, handing out one of the uncouth-looking envelopes, so familiar to all of us, in which it pleases the Western Union Telegraph Company to hide the happiness or the horror of the words they carry.

John Ampstead opened and read it.

"PLEANTON, *September* —, 1880.

"MR. JOHN AMPSTEAD, New York—Letter for husband received. What does it mean? Answer., MRS. SETH BARCASE."

He looked at the slip of paper. He looked at the messenger-boy. He looked at the fire. He looked at the wall opposite him. His thoughts were chaotic. His mind seemed almost as blank as the wall—or the stolid face of the messenger-boy; he could not understand more of his feelings than he could of the contents of the slip before him. He did not know whether it was best to laugh or cry.

Answer?

What was there to answer?

"Letter for husband received." Whose letter? His? He sent him one yesterday. Did she refer to that?

"What does it mean?" It meant exactly what it had said; here, pleasant gossip about his own daily life; there, questions about the people in Pleanton; at the last, kind wishes for the lawyer and his family, and for all friends who might ask about him in the village or the country round about. Answer? What was there to answer? But he must say something. He said this:

"NEW YORK, *September* —, 1880.

"MRS. SETH BARCASE, Pleanton—Yours not understood. Send enough to make clear, at once. JOHN B. AMPSTEAD."

The boy went away with the message, and Ampstead seated himself to think. Why had not Barcase himself telegraphed? Had he done something to offend the old man, or had Mrs. Barcase suddenly gone insane? He could not reach a decision regarding any of the questions. There was nothing left for him to do except to wait.

And waiting is the hardest thing in all to do!

One hour, two, three.

He rose and paced nervously up and down his room.

Then a sudden thought struck him. He put away his slippers and drew on his boots. He hung his dressing-gown in the closet, and put on his coat. He placed his hat and cane and gloves where they would be handy. He found it impossible to rid himself of the feeling that he would soon have another telegram from Mrs. Barcase, and a definite one when it should come; and he believed, though without any of the reasons on which only, according to the philosophers, belief should be based, that definiteness meant some new sorrow and some fresh disaster.

It was almost twelve o'clock when the second telegram came. The boy who brought it began to look tired.

"There ain't ter be no answer to this un," he said, rapidly, and started to leave.

"Wait a moment," said Ampstead, kindly, "I may have a message or two to send."

The boy waited. Ampstead opened his fateful envelope.

"PLEANTON, *September* —, 1880.

"MR. JOHN B. AMPSTEAD, New York. Barcase wrote on Monday, August —. Business might detain some days. No word since. Supposed with you till received. MRS. SETH BARCASE."

So this was the meaning, the terrible meaning, of it all? So this was the disaster which had fallen? The date given was that of the day before the Tuesday on which the safe had been opened, and the lawyer had parted from him, on the bank-step, on his way home. And now it was Friday night, and on Tuesday next it would be three weeks since he bade his friend good-by. He dared scarcely hope, so long the time had been; he could barely more than fear. Seth Barcase suddenly gone from among those whom he had loved most and known best; gone without a word; gone without a sign! Seth Barcase missing!

John Ampstead wrote three telegrams and sent them by the boy. They were as follows:

NEW YORK, *September* , 1880.

"MRS. SETH BARCASE, Pleanton—I have not seen Barcase since Tuesday, August —. Then on way home. Accident or foul play feared. I begin search at once. JOHN B. AMPSTEAD."

"NEW YORK, *September* , 1880.

DR. PILLEO, Pleanton. Mrs. Barcase in trouble. Barcase missing. Take father and see her. Telegraph anything new.

"JOHN B. AMPSTEAD."

"NEW YORK, *September* , 1880.

"J. AMPSTEAD, Pleanton--Pilleo will call and explain. Begin search about Pleanton at my expense. JOHN B. AMPSTEAD."

Then he sat down to think and plan. There was little else that could be done until morning, and he could not sleep with all this doubt and mystery in the very air about him. He could only think, hoping that thought might bear good fruit for the future; he could only plan, praying that his plans might unravel the mystery of the missing man, restoring him to his friends if alive, laying him in a grave which love would find a pleasure in tending, if dead; and, if wickedness or treachery had had their evil way with him, seeing that there was vengeance meted out to each wrongdoer.

It was not a pleasant thing to think about, this empty place among the throngs of men. John Ampstead knew too well, from what he had read, of those who go out with the tide and never come back, up the dark and wicked river, to haunt the eyes of murder.

He had heard too much to be pleased with his thoughts; far too much of the Morgue, with its almost daily burden of unclaimed dead. And the unclaimed dead of more than two weeks ago! What was there left to do for one of them?

It was not pleasant thinking of the wild tales he had heard, and from the lips of servants of the law who knew of what they told, of the secrets of the sewers carrying away the victims of murder.

It was fearful to think. It was agony to try to plan! He had parted from his friend at noonday! But—*his friend was missing!*

CHAPTER XXII.

JOHN AMPSTEAD was out and engaged in his search as soon as it was fairly light.

He went to the hotel where Mr. Barcase had stopped, first of all. Did the clerk remember Mr. Barcase? He did. Had the baggage been sent to the depot as ordered? It had. Then the clerk informed him that there were a number of letters for the gentleman, and would Mr. Ampstead take the responsibility of taking them? Mr. Ampstead would and did.

He looked the envelopes over as he stood in the great hotel-office; he examined the postmarks; he examined the handwriting. Pleanton for a postmark, over and over again, once every day for a time; later, often enough for every train. The handwriting of Mrs. Barcase, over and over again, strong and firm enough for a girl at first, weaker and more tremulous than even her age would warrant, later.

The tears came into the eyes of Mr. Ampstead. He touched the letters tenderly. He could guess something of what one might have found in them, of the loyalty which had done its own unswerving duty, as the days went by, writing as she had promised she would do; of the pride which would not complain; of the excuses of business and care which love had offered itself; of the growing anxiety which could ill endure the long suspense.

Two weeks and more! A long time for a woman to wait on the silence of one who had promised her he would write to her every day while he was gone.

Only a little more than two weeks! A short silence to base complaint upon.

John Ampstead put the letters carefully away in his pocket. If anything happened—that is, if anything had happened—Mrs. Barcase should have them all again. He felt he understood them all; he felt he knew the sleepless nights she had spent over them, and the tears which had fallen upon them.

It was not time for the banks to open. It would not be time for hours. So John Ampstead hurried to his boarding-place, and went through the form of eating breakfast—a wretched form. for he felt that he could scarcely swallow a mouthful.

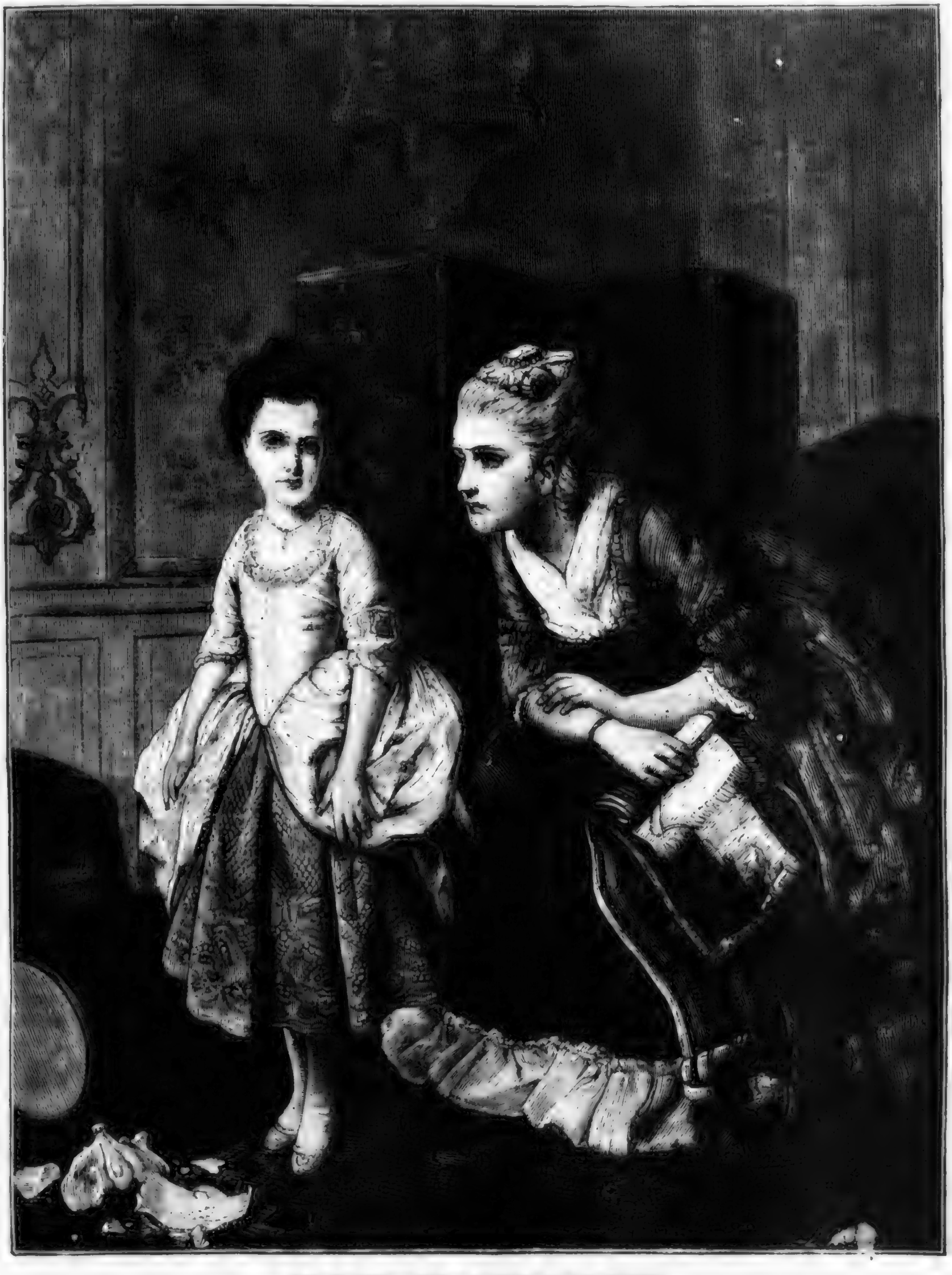
Then he went to the bank. It lacked two hours of time for it to open. No matter. He would wait. He would not—could not—be late. He, young yet, unused to the real experiences of life—he, alone and unaided, would penetrate this mystery. He had given himself that day in which to do it. Sunday should be a day of peace to the waiting wife in Pleanton, or, at least, a day of certainty. He said that; he believed it. He little knew the fact that men whose whole lives have been full of training, calculated to fit them for such tasks, follow patiently a slender clew for years, and often find nothing at the end of the road they have searched with such earnest faithfulness.

He walked up and down in front of the bank for two hours. His waiting ended then. The bank opened. He went in.

He asked for the cashier, to whom he was introduced.

"I am John Braynor Ampstead," he said.

"I am glad to know you, Mr. Ampstead," said the cashier, extending his hand.



MISS SMASHER.—FROM A PAINTING BY SCHLEZINGER.

Ampstead took the proffered hand. It seemed a strange thing to him, the touch of that palm.

In wonder he looked up at the cashier.

That individual was looking curiously at him.

John Ampstead suddenly realized how strange an errand he had come upon, and felt embarrassed. He looked, no doubt, much as he felt. But he thought of the letters he had in his pocket; of Mrs. Barcase, lonely and waiting in her home in Pleanton; of Mr. Barcase—*missing!* These thoughts nerved him for his task, an honest if a strange one.

"I—I came——" he began, and paused.

The cashier did not smile, he did not frown. He was, to all appearance, simply a well-dressed human machine, capable of doing almost anything and saying almost anything; but capable only when the regular levers were moved, and the regular keys punched. He was waiting for John Ampstead to begin the performance, and John Ampstead, like a musician who starts a song on too high a key, was getting himself together to begin over again. He finally blundered directly into the middle of the business he had on hand.

"Did a gentleman by the name of Seth Barcase call here about noon two weeks ago last Tuesday?"

I don't believe the cashier knew without making an examination of his books. I don't understand what harm there would have been in giving a prompt "Yes" or "No" to any one who inquired, if he did know. But John Ampstead had happened to punch that key which is called "Identification"—a most numerous and ofttimes ridiculous part of the machinery of the bank cashier—and the corresponding parts of the apparatus answered.

"Can you find some one who will identify you here, Mr. Ampstead?" asked the cashier.

"Identify me? Why, I have purchased drafts here a half-dozen times."

"I do not doubt it; but I do not remember you."

"Will you be satisfied with an introduction from Mr. Bluff or Mr. Bragg?" asked John Ampstead.

"Mr.—Mr.——"

"Bluff, I said. Will you be satisfied if Mr. Bluff will vouch for me?"

"*If* he will vouch for you?" with a drawling emphasis on the first word, which was little less than an insult; "I will be entirely satisfied with that."

And he turned nonchalantly away, and was immediately busy with an enormous book.

Let us be glad that there are more men with brains and sense in this, and in all other fields of human labor, than ever before in the world's history, and that the mere machines are being successfully punched out of existence.

John went away and got Bluff. Bragg offered to come too, and rather wanted John to consent to accept his offer. There was, possibly, some particular key in this particular machine that he wished to punch. Bluff & Bragg liked John Ampstead, and men who enjoyed the favor of Bluff & Bragg were very likely to prosper.

Bluff was in a hurry. He could not stop long; but he had a way of making his wishes understood so fully that one was likely to regard them in his absence. There was a breezy briskness about Bluff's introduction.

"My friend, Mr. Ampstead. Anything you can do for him will be appreciated."

Then Bluff hurried away, and the cashier said:

"I am glad to know you, Mr. Ampstead," and extended his hand. But this time John Ampstead took no notice of the hand which was offered.

"Did a gentleman by the name of Seth Barcase call here on business, two weeks ago last Tuesday?"

"He did."

"Did he rent a compartment in your vault?"

"Not exactly."

"Did he deposit any document here, or arrange for the care and protection of any document?"

"He did."

"Was the document addressed to 'John Braynor Ampstead, in trust with Seth Barcase, Esq.?'"

"It was."

"I am John Braynor Ampstead.'

"I understand that."

"Mr. Seth Barcase is missing."

"Indeed?"

"He has been missing since the day he called here."

"I regret it."

"And we are exceedingly worried about the matter."

"I should expect that. Does search reveal nothing?"

"Not yet. You see search has not yet commenced. His wife supposed Mr. Barcase was here in New York with me. He was on his way to the railroad station when I parted from him on the steps of this building, consequently I had no other thought than that he was at home."

"Remarkable! And no one has thought it best to inquire about him during all this time?"

John Ampstead's face flushed. Did the man mean to insult him? It certainly looked as though he did. But Ampstead answered, calmly enough:

"No one supposed there was any necessity. His wife believed him in New York; I believed he was at home. She wrote to him every day. I found the letters at the hotel this morning. They establish her belief."

"Certainly," responded the cashier, looking straight into Ampstead's eyes, and speaking with slow and sarcastic emphasis, "certainly." Then he added the question, quickly and sharply: "Is Mrs. Ampstead a young woman?"

I think John Ampstead would have struck the man for the insolence of his voice and manner, had it not been for the iron railing behind which he stood. A moment's reflection, however, showed him that he had nothing to gain by anger, and everything to lose, so he answered, cool and calm tones behind his cutting words:

"I regret that I am not able to give you the date of her birth. She is between fifty and sixty, I believe."

The cashier whistled softly to himself, and shook his head.

"I confess I don't understand the case at all," he said.

"Evidently not. It isn't necessary you should. The understanding of the case is not a part of your business. You are concerned in the matter only as the custodian of the package."

"Thank you for your frankness," said the cashier, with a sudden politeness that appeared dangerous. "You are correct, my concern is solely with the package of—of—— Do you know what the package contains?"

"No, I do not."

"You do not? Strange! Perhaps you could guess? Shall we say—*money?* The package of—*money?* It would be a pity to burn money. Do you think it is money?"

"No, I don't think it is, and——"

"Bonds, mortgages, stocks?"

"I think not. But what do you mean by——"

"Not money nor bonds nor mortgages nor stock? What do you guess there is in it?"

"I don't guess; I cannot guess. I haven't the slightest idea."

"Indeed? Haven't you now? It's none of my business, of course, but it would seem a pity, if it were money, or what represented money, to burn it."

"What do you mean by that?"

"About what I said. Mr. Barcase deposited a duly certified copy of the will of Mr. Braynor with the document of which we are speaking."

"Well?"

"By the terms of that will Mr. Barcase is to give you this document on two conditions."

"Certainly."

"And in the event of his prior decease the document is to be destroyed."

"I know that."

"Well, as the custodian of the document at the present time, I shall consider it my duty to burn the envelope unopened when I know that Seth Barcase is dead."

"You don't dare."

"I do dare; and I will."

"I—I——"

"Have a care. Am I to think from your manner, and from the words you seem ready to speak, that you would disregard the will of Mr. Braynor and open this envelope if it were in your possession?"

"You are to think nothing on the subject—nothing whatever. I will have that package in the possession of another custodian before night."

"No, you will not. I gave Mr. Barcase a receipt for the package, returnable to him only on the presentation of the receipt. I accepted the copy of the will as directive regarding my actions. Neither you, nor any one else except Seth Barcase, will ever get that package out of my possession. That is law, as perhaps you may know by the time you have studied with Bluff & Bragg a few months longer. Good-morning."

And the cashier busied himself with his big book again. There was nothing else for John Ampstead to do but to go.

Law? Doubtless it was law. Doubtless John Braynor had had a right to impose such conditions as he pleased, and to say that if a certain man died that should be the end of the message he had been so careful to leave behind him. Seth Barcase had written the will; Seth Barcase was a good lawyer; there was no reason for thinking that he had not done his work well. The law was probably on the side of the man who had the sealed envelope in his custody. There was only one hope, so far as John Ampstead could see, for getting the advantage of the cashier in case it was found that Seth Barcase was really dead, and that would be to insist that the documents be delivered to the heirs of Barcase for destruction, instead of being burned by the cashier. A judge, the matter carried to the courts, would be likely to look with suspicion on such a request, and why not? It would be a very suspicious proceeding indeed. And why ever make such an attempt? Only to be revenged on the cashier for his suspicion and his sarcastic meanness. Ampstead desired to see the documents the envelope contained; he desired to read them; he was hurrying with his legal studies for that very reason, and would have welcomed the advent into his daily life of some new variety of young woman—a young woman able to lead his fancy into captivity.

But never, never under any circumstances, would this young man stoop to such a dishonor as the betrayal of John Braynor's wishes would have been. Had he had that sealed envelope in his possession, as he walked from the bank toward the railroad station after his interview with the cranky cashier had filled his mind with bitter thoughts, he would simply have considered it a sacred trust.

And, with the proofs of the death of Seth Barcase in his possession, he would have destroyed it with his own hand, without hesitation and without delay.

That was the honorable and conscientious sort of young man which John Ampstead was, which promised well for the happiness of the probable young woman who was likely to be a party to a mutual leading captive of feelings and fancies, somewhere, sometime, somehow.

But he resented, all the same, the words and actions of the man on whom he had called, and wondered if it was natural disposition, fortified by the iron railing behind which he daily intrenched himself, which made him what he was; or whether it was merely a broken night, a late supper, and a glass too much of champagne.

John Ampstead looked the questions which fate had presented to him squarely in the face.

He had no doubt whatever that the package which had been a part of his inheritance—under conditions—was the most important element of his future which had ever come into his life. With the death of Barcase that would be gone. Very well, he would give that no second thought. Let it be as it was. His whole energy and thought must be given now to the finding of Barcase. He had allowed the disagreeable man at the bank to make him almost forget that he had only gone there for the purpose of learning of the movements and plans of the missing lawyer. Barcase found, be it dead or alive, there would be time enough to think of the results to him which would follow.

He went to the great railroad station. He found men who were very, very busy; but he found the most courteous and sympathetic treatment. They could tell him nothing, but they showed that they were sorry they could not. They were all, from ticket-agents down to baggagemen, gentlemen—patient, long-suffering, question-answering, passenger-bullied, watchful, cautious, genial gentlemen—true railroad men!

The ticket-agents could not say whether they had sold a ticket for Pleanton, at about twelve o'clock, two weeks ago last Tuesday. It wasn't reasonably to be supposed that they could. But they were sorry they couldn't.

The employés about the station didn't remember seeing any man in particular, two weeks ago last Tuesday, at about noon. There was a crowd there then, no doubt, for there always was, and very likely he was in the crowd. But they didn't know; they couldn't tell; they were sorry.

The books of the baggageman showed one thing which might be of help. One piece of baggage had been checked for Pleanton, some time during the day on which Seth Barcase had disappeared—that is, during the railroad day, or some time between midnight on Monday and midnight on Tuesday. The baggageman could not tell what sort of baggage it was, whether valise, or trunk, or the huge case belonging to some commercial traveler. He could not say what sort of person had checked it. He told all he knew; he could do no more; he was sorry.

It was noon by this time, but John Ampstead could not eat. His whole forenoon had been a terrible disappointment.

"It looks as though night would come before I could find him," he said, sadly.

It did look so!

He reluctantly laid the matter before the police authorities that afternoon. Such an appeal as that which he made was no new thing to them, and their sympathy was not quite so marked and expressive as Ampstead could have wished. But they understood him, at least, which was pleasant after his morning episode at the bank, and they did not hesitate to assure him that they would do all they could do. That assurance would have had less comfort for him in it if he had known how little they had really promised him.

He applied to private professional detectives. The little he could tell them was not enough for a clew, and they very frankly told him so.

"If you want one of us to work," said the gentleman in charge of the detective agency, "we shall be very glad to put one of our very best men at your disposal; but I must tell you plainly that it looks to me like a hopeless case. Two weeks and more, and search only just begun. If he is dead you will never know it. And the chances that he is still alive are very small indeed."

But John Ampstead felt that he should be easier in his mind if he had some one at work, and he said so. So when he went home to his boarding-place he had the new and peculiar sensation of having one of those mysterious men who are supposed to unravel all sorts of social and legal knots—and who do, *when they can*—at work for him.

John Ampstead took time for a hurried meal. He left word for the detective, should that gentleman happen to call, asking him to write or telegraph, and to spare no expense. He sent a note, explaining where he was going and what his reasons were, to the police authorities. Then he took a night train for Pleanton.

Not dead! Not lying under the fading grasses and late flowers of the dying summer-time, with sad faces and weeping eyes above him. Not dead! Not that!

Not wounded by some cruel foe, or maimed in some dreadful accident! Not that!

Not sick, with loving hands about his pillow! No, not that.

There was only one word to say of Seth Barcase—only one; a word more despairing than death; a word more hopeful than wounds or sickness; a word so paradoxical that those whose hearts must feel it, and brains think it, and loving lips say it, may die of broken hearts when they might know the worst, bear it, and live. One word; the word which has had most of horror since armies began to tramp up and down the earth; since snowy mountains began to hold the secrets of hardy adventurers; since ships first sailed away from port, to sail into port again no more for ever. One word; the word which has been the despair of the loving and the loyal, and the hope of the vicious and the vile, ever since apt imitation learned the lesson of Cain. And poor John Ampstead fell into a broken slumber, the noise of the flying train in his ears, saying that word over and over to himself: "*Missing.*"

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE train was late that night.

It was past dawn, the clear daybreak of a beautiful Sunday morning, when John Ampstead stepped out of the cars at Pleanton.

He spoke to the agent as he entered the waiting-room for a moment, before going on to the village.

"Good-morning. May I leave my valise here somewhere? I may not remain over night, in which case I sha'n't need it."

"Certainly. Come this way."

And he led the way toward a little room where baggage was often kept. As they entered, John Ampstead suddenly started back in astonishment.

"Whose valise is that?" he asked.

"I don't know."

"Where did it come from?"

The agent looked at the check.

"New York," he answered.

"When?"

"I don't know."

"Some time since?"

"Yes. Between two and three weeks, I think."

"You know that Seth Barcase is missing?"

The agent stooped and picked up the valise, and looked it over with sudden interest.

"Yes, I learned night before last that he wasn't in New York, as his folks supposed; and of course he isn't in Pleanton, as you supposed. I never thought of connecting this unclaimed valise with his disappearance. In fact the unclaimed piece of baggage was already an old story when I first heard that he was missing. But now that I look at it, I feel almost certain that this is the very valise which the old lawyer always carried. Don't you think so?"

"I do. I am almost certain of it."

"So am I. I never had it in my possession before, and so cannot feel sure; you see Mr. Barcase always carried his valise himself."

"Did he?—Is that so?"

"Yes. I've often mentioned it as a peculiar fact in the case of so old a man. He never checked a valise from this station, so far as I know, nor ever had one come here checked."

"That is strange. But he never traveled much, did he?"

"Well, that depends on what you mean by the question. He never had the habit of rushing down to New York every few days or weeks, though I have known him to go several times; but he frequently went up or down the road a short distance."

"And never checked his valise?"

"I think not."

"Not even in the case of his New York trips?"

"No."

"And usually carried a valise?"

"I think so?"

"Even on his short journeys?"

"Yes."

John Ampstead picked up the valise and looked at it himself. Then he set it down upon the floor again, as though reluctantly.

"I suppose we couldn't open this to make certain whether it is his or not?" he asked.

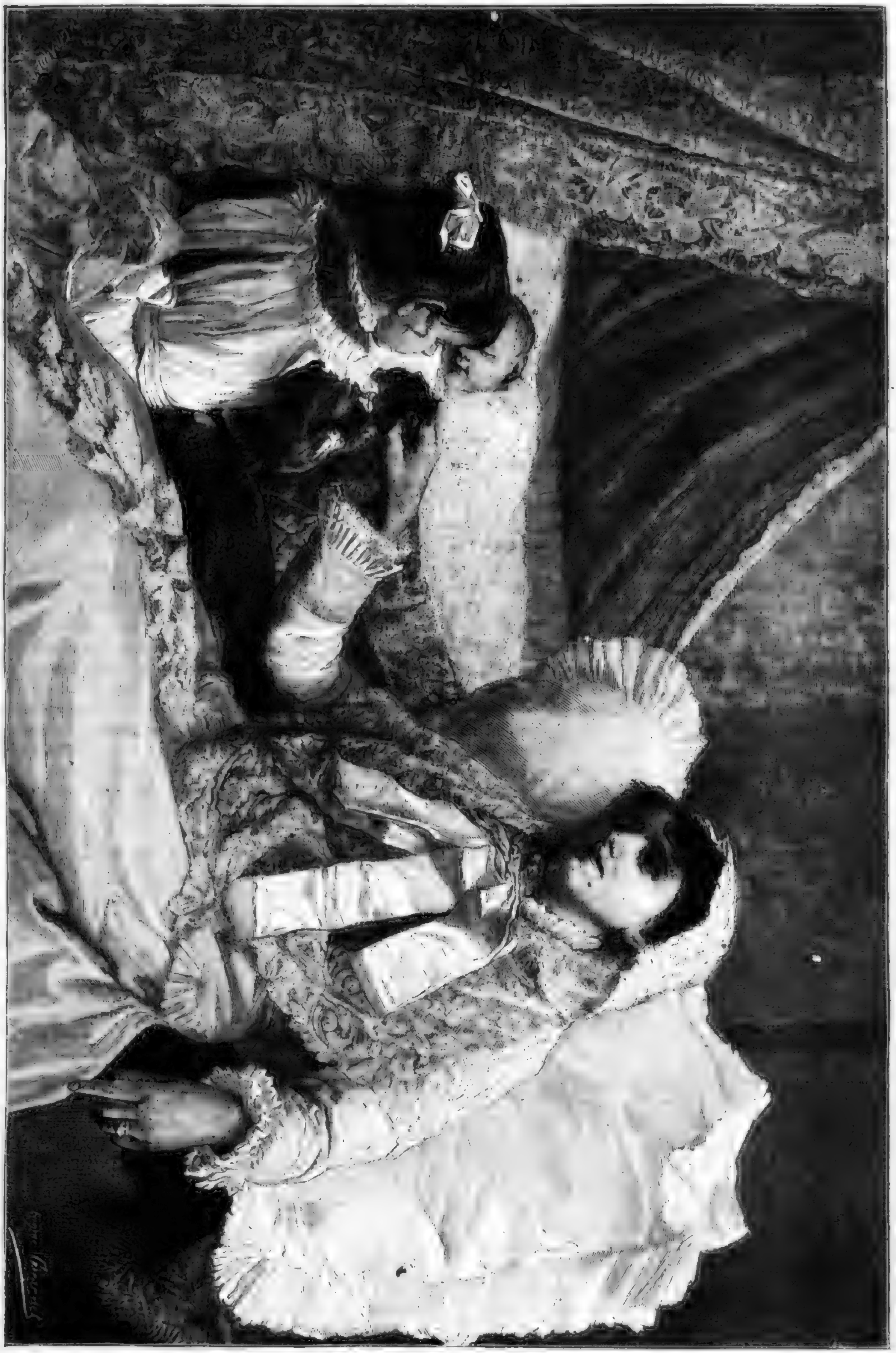
The agent shook his head.

"No, that couldn't be done," he said; "besides, it isn't necessary. Mrs. Barcase can come down here. If she identifies the baggage positively, I'll deliver it to her, taking a receipt for it in order to shield myself and the company in case of loss. If she is as sure it is his as you and I are, I will allow her to examine it. But I think we had better let it alone. Come into the office, won't you? We can talk this matter over in there. It may be that I can suggest something that will help you."

Ampstead followed the agent into the office.

"I suppose you can tell when that valise was received here?" he asked.

"Certainly," said the agent, turning to a book; "and that was just what I was about to find out. Let me see! Monday—Monday—no, Tuesday; it will be three weeks next Tuesday."



A LITTLE BROTHER.—FROM THE PAINTING BY EUGENE GIRARDET.

"I think that settles the matter," said Ampstead, "as it was on that day I last saw Mr. Barcase. Up to this time there hadn't been any certain trace of him beyond my parting with him in front of a certain building in New York. Now I think I have something definite to go upon. No one but the owner could check this valise, I suppose?"

"Probably not. Of course any one who had obtained possession of it, even by fraud, could check it. But it is not reasonable to think that that happened."

"And no one could check it without a ticket?"

"Certainly not."

John Ampstead thanked the agent, and, leaving his own valise, took his way to the village.

He had two unpleasant things to think of in connection with the trouble which had come to Mrs. Barcase and himself and their friends. The fact that a certified copy of the will, under which he held the document which John Braynor had left, had been deposited with the document itself, looked as though the lawyer had begun to think of death; the fact that he had given the care of his valise to the baggageman of the railroad company, instead of keeping it himself, looked like a confession of some sudden physical illness or weakness. Of course the latter fact, if it were a fact at all that he had checked his valise, might be explained by means of reference to some sudden whim or fancy. Aud the former fact might mean no more than that the lawyer had made up his mind to be the custodian of the document for the future, only in name, and felt it a duty to take all possible precautions, and provide for all possible contingencies.

Nevertheless, they were two very unpleasant things of which John Ampstead had to think as he walked up toward the house of Mr. Seth Barcase that bright and pleasant Sunday morning.

He found Dr. Pilleo and the older Mr. Ampstead sitting on the front steps of the Barcase house, too genuinely troubled to think that they might appear undignified.

A few questions and answers put him in possession of the whole situation. Mrs. Barcase was very ill, nervous prostration being the name which the young physician whom Dr. Pilleo had insisted on calling in in consultation gave her disease. Dr. Pilleo did not hesitate to say that the disease had taken a nervous form, but that it was entirely due to sorrow and worry. The letter from John Ampstead *to* Seth Barcase, when the wife of the latter had supposed that he was with the former in New York, had been a terrible shock. Then had come the telegrams. And on Saturday it had developed that Mr. Barcase had numerous outstanding debts, long past due, and that the creditors, who had waited with patience until now, were inclined to think that they could wait no longer.

"Of course Mr. Barcase is dead," said Dr. Pilleo, "though his wife will not listen to such a suggestion, and the sooner we can have the proofs of that fact in presentable shape the better for all concerned. I am deeply sorry for his wife. I sorrow for the tried and true old friends. But that does not alter facts. Mr. Barcase would not have remained away and silent for so long if he were alive; and he has not come home, and he has given no sign. Accident or sickness is an untenable theory; Mr. Barcase must have had papers on his person which contained his name and address, and if he had suffered some attack which took away the power of speech or consciousness, or even reason itself, his family would have been promptly notified. There are two things left to consider: First, accident of such a character as to destroy his identity, his papers, and (of course) his life. No such accident has taken place. There has not been an accident of any sort whatever between here and New York. Second, we have to think of Mr. Barcase as a murdered man. It is the only thing which is reasonable, or, to my mind, considering all the circumstances, even possible. Therefore he is murdered; therefore he is dead. Am I not right?"

"I confess I fear it," said John Ampstead, "though I cannot quite see what the motive would be. Who had he for an enemy?"

"It's hard to canvass motives here and now. We may each have vague suspicions, which we wouldn't mention to our dearest friend, when the crime under consideration is so terrible a one as murder. It isn't motive; it isn't theory; it is *fact—fact* with which we must deal. I have no doubt that Seth Barcase is dead. And I say that we owe it to ourselves to bend every energy toward proving it."

John Ampstead thought of the sealed envelope, of the bank cashier, of the will which John Braynor had signed. It was a terrible blow to him, believing as he did in the great importance of the secret document, to think that it had gone from his power for ever.

"In the hands of God;" the thought of it came to him like a gracious promise from across the desolation of the dark grave. "In the hands of God;" that was what John Braynor had said when the great gates at the further end of the dark valley were slowly swung ajar for him to pass through. "In the hands of God." It should be to him a tower of strength, a buckler and a shield, a guard to keep him when in danger and sorrow and temptation. Not a promise to reward arm-folded indolence and drooping-eyed resignation, but an incentive to work and toil. Not a pledge that the way should be straight and short and easy, but an inspiration to be strong of will and unswervingly resolute. Like a revelation from the Great One, in whose hands John Braynor had left the keeping of his secret, came the faith to John Ampstead's heart that he should yet know the secret which had been intended for him.

"I believe Seth Barcase lives," he said, firmly, "and I will not give it up. I shall search myself, and I shall pay others to search, only for the living man. I will leave it to others to look for his body, if they will. But I do not believe he is dead; I will not believe he is dead; I will never admit any proof short of absolute certainty."

Dr. Pilleo shook his head gravely.

"You are young," he said, gravely but kindly, "but not so young but that experience has already taught you that death is real and certain. You loved John Braynor; he is gone. You cling to my friendship; but I am going the silent way, despite your love or that of any other, one of these days. Father, mother, brothers and sisters, you love them all, but they are all mortal. You loved Seth Barcase, your true and wise friend always, but why should you be so earnest in denying evidence which should convince?"

"I do not know. I cannot tell you. But something in my soul says that my wish is the truth."

"And because of your foolish feeling you will exert all your efforts in the wrong direction, will you? When it is your duty to hunt for the dead man, and for those who have murdered him, you will waste your inheritance in sending detectives searching far and near for a man who no longer lives; following other men over half the world, chasing shadows across the sea, doing anything and everything but what you ought to do, will you?"

"I am sorry to differ with you, Dr. Pilleo—very sorry. But I know that our strong friendship will not suffer because of any honest difference of opinion. You must allow me the liberty of thinking as my own faculties make necessary, and of acting as I think best. I freely admit, even now, that I may be mistaken, and that my feelings may be illusory. But I believe the future will show that I am right. When I find, to my own satisfaction that I am not, I will promptly say so. When I am convinced that I cannot find Seth Barcase alive, I will spend the money which you have mentioned—the money which John Braynor gave me—to find when and where and why he died."

"And, in the meantime, his family will be ruined. The house and property will be gone. His wife will be in her grave. You—you, John Ampstead, will be largely responsible for all that; because, but for you and your opinion, the true theory would have been accepted and acted upon, and the want and misery which the lack of money entails would have been avoided."

"So far as money is concerned, I will attend to that. I will pay off the indebtedness upon the Barcase property; I will supply the needs of Mrs. Barcase; I—I——"

"Well, what?"

"I will do anything, rather than give up my belief; I will expend any amount, rather than admit that Seth Barcase is dead."

"I believe you; you look capable of doing just that thing. I fancy you offering some one a pension on condition that the dead go unburied. I am ashamed of you, positively ashamed of you."

"But, doctor, you are unjust. I have as much right to my opinion as you to yours."

"Not at all. Not when your opinion is a barrier in the way of justice. His family don't need charity, they only need what is right and just. If Seth Barcase himself could speak to us from the heaven to which I am sure he has gone, he would agree with me that it is the duty of all his friends to seek to prove his death."

"But why? Explain yourself. I do not quite understand."

"Don't you? I supposed you knew. I will tell you. There is an insurance on the life of Seth Barcase, large enough to pay all debts and leave his widow a handsome fortune. Do you not agree with me that it is a shame to let her suffer from the importunities of creditors when the companies are holding her own back from her in this way?"

"I still think that Seth Barcase lives, and I know that no one would be more reluctant than yourself at the thought of taking from an insurance company that which they should not justly pay. Of course, this being true, if the man is dead it is important to prove it. How much is his insurance?"

"Twenty-five thousand dollars.'

"And the indebtedness?"

"About ten thousand dollars?"

"Is that all, or only that which is secured by mortgage?"

"That is all."

"And what are the annual premiums on his policy?"

"I don't know exactly. I think he has had it since he was about thirty. Probably not far from five hundred and seventy-five dollars."

John Ampstead bowed his head for a few moments in thought. Then he said, with determination:

"I will hold to my determination and my belief, and at the same time I will see that justice is done. I will pay Mrs. Barcase twenty-five thousand dollars in cash for the policies of insurance on her husband's life."

"You will?—How?"

"I will raise that amount by mortgages on the property I received from Mr. Braynor."

"But that is at least a quarter of the value of the real estate he left you, isn't it?"

"I think so. But what if it is? I ought to be able to raise that amount on it, had I not?"

"Certainly you had. But what about the interest on the amount you pay Mrs. Barcase?"

"There will be none. I shall buy the full ownership of the policies."

"And the future premiums?"

"I will attend to that myself.'

The tears came into Dr. Pilleo's eyes. He came to where John Ampstead stood, and clasped his hand warmly.

"Pardon the sharp and cruel things I have said," he pleaded, "and remember only the care and anxiety for Mrs. Barcase which prompted my words. You are doing generously—nobly. You are taking much expense upon yourself which strict justice would not warrant. I honor you with all my heart."

"Thank you. I have always meant to deserve your good opinion, and I always intend to in the future. But remember that you cannot praise me in this matter without being inconsistent; from your standpoint my action is a mere matter of business, for if Seth Barcase is really dead his policies of life insurance are worth twenty-five thousand dollars."

"But he may not be dead."

"So I think. So I feel sure. And I shall bend all my energies to finding the living Seth Barcase. Not dead—only missing—is the theory I shall never give up."

Mrs. Barcase was informed of the proposition which John Ampstead had made, and of the belief to which he held. Strength came to her because of his strong, brave words. She felt that her husband was not dead. She felt a new certainty, when she knew that the man who had last seen him agreed with her.

She was not enough of a business woman to have faced boldly the onslaught of the creditors. She was not enough of a business woman to see that the proposition which Mr. John Ampstead had made was a more than business one, that it was generous in the extreme.

John Ampstead insisted that no one should tell her more than her own calculations made evident. Neither Dr. Pilleo nor Mr. Ampstead felt like casting a straw in the way of the noble deed which John had at heart, and no one else knew of the matter until it had been fully arranged.

There were several telegrams sent back and forth between Bluff & Bragg, of New York, and John Ampstead, at Pleanton, on Monday; and, on Tuesday, there was placed to the credit of Mrs. Seth Barcase, in the little bank in Pleanton, the sum of fifteen thousand four hundred and twenty-two dollars and fifteen cents; the entire indebtedness of Mr. Seth Barcase, amounting to nine thousand five hundred and seventy-seven dollars and eighty-five cents, had been previously paid; the three policies of insurance, tontine policies in New York companies, for the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars in all, premiums due on December 14th, 19th and 31st, respectively, were legally transferred from Mrs. Seth Barcase to Mr. John Braynor Ampstead; and a mortgage on certain real estate, in Pleanton and elsewhere, had been given by Ampstead to secure Bluff & Bragg for twenty-five thousand dollars of borrowed money.

That done, John Ampstead felt that he must not remain longer inactive in Pleanton. He must return to New York, and put a detective at work following the clew which he had found at the station in Pleanton. He decided to take the night train, Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Barcase was able to sit up again, by this time. The terrible sorrow and suspense were wearing upon her, and she was growing thinner and much older-looking each day. But she leaned upon the hopeful spirit of John Ampstead, rather than upon the despondent souls of the older Ampstead and Dr. Pilleo; John Ampstead had put away from her future all financial difficulties, whatever might happen—or have happened—and she felt that she dared hold up her head again, and hope.

Ampstead had been so sure that the valise at the station was the property of Barcase—he had felt such certainty in his own mind that his theory was true—that he had waited until all other matters were arranged before mentioning the fact that there was an unclaimed valise there at all. Now, however, sitting in the little parlor in Barcase's house, on Tuesday evening, with Mrs. Barcase in an easy-chair just across the table from him, and with Dr. Pilleo near him, he determined to mention the matter, rather as explaining his purposes in connection with the search made for Mr. Barcase than for any other reason.

"I shall have the conductor and all the trainmen who were on the train from New York to Pleanton, three weeks ago, hunted up and thoroughly questioned, as soon as I reach New York," he said.

"Yes," said Dr. Pilleo, "that will be well."

"And I shall put a detective on to search thoroughly at every station, at every stopping-place, wherever any one could possibly have left the train between New York and here."

"You mean you will if you get any information from the railroad employés who were on the train?"

'I shall, anyway. I have neglected saying that there is a valise at the station here, an unclaimed valise, which came here the day when Mr. Barcase disappeared, and which the station-agent and myself feel sure belongs to him."

"That is important if true," said the doctor; "I suppose you could identify his valise, Mrs. Barcase?"

"Certainly," replied that lady.

"I was about to propose that you take us in your carriage, doctor, and that we all go down to the depot," said John Ampstead.

The doctor agreed. Mrs. Barcase was soon ready. They drove out of the village, and across the narrow plain beyond, and to the station. The station-agent stood on the platform, and greeted them pleasantly as they came up.

"We came to examine that valise," said John Ampstead.

"You're too late."

"Too late?"

"Yes, and we were evidently mistaken."

"What do you mean?"

"That the owner called for it."

"With the check?"

"With the check."

"When?"

"Last evening, I believe, just before the time for the night train for New York. I was selling tickets at the ticket-window; the boy was attending to the baggage; the man who presented the check came when there was quite a number of persons standing about. He paid very liberally for storage, and gave the boy a half-dollar for himself."

"Exactly. And can the boy describe him?"

"Not to my satisfaction. I doubt if he would know him again if he were to meet him face to face."

"Where did the man go?"

"He took the train for New York."

"And so," said John Ampstead, bitterly, "this is the end, is it?"

"It seems so."

"Would you have given the man the valise?"

"I scarcely know. Everything was perfectly regular. He told the boy just what he wanted, just when it came and how long it had been here, and picked it out himself without any hesitation, which was marked enough to attract the boy's attention."

"But you would have been able to describe the man?"

"Certainly I should, after our talk on Sunday morning. Prior to that time I might have been as thoughtless as the boy has been. Of course he knew nothing of our conversation."

"And you would have let me know at once?"

"I should. I should have sent a messenger to you who would have got you here before the train. But I didn't know until a half-hour ago that the valise was gone."

"I would give a great deal to be sure," said John Ampstead, slowly; "a very great deal. But I believe that valise belonged to Seth Barcase."

"So do I," said the station-agent.

A cloud drifted along the horizon, and the wind from that way struck sharp and cool, sign of the waning year. And around John Ampstead's heart there was a deeper, sharper chill; and he said over in his soul those saddest words which men, or angels, or God Himself, can ever say: "Too LATE!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

DR. PILLEO took Mrs. Barcase home. John Ampstead waited for the train. He reached New York without accident or incident worth relating. On Wednesday he had another interview with the police authorities, who had done nothing in his behalf, thus far, and who promised to continue their interest in the case. On Wednesday, too, he had an interview with his private detective, and directed him to seek out and question the men who had charge of the train on the ever-memorable Tuesday of three weeks before, and then to see what he could find between the city and Pleanton.

"Report at once when you find out anything, Mr. Peeker," said John.

Peeker said he would.

"And let me see you when you've thoroughly looked this ground over, whether you find anything or not."

Peeker assured him that he would call within a fortnight.

If faith is one of the pre-requisites of success, Peeker's mission promised to be a dismal failure.

John Ampstead had a long conversation with Bluff & Bragg on the subject, on Wednesday afternoon. They were his true friends and his earnest well wishers; but they gave him less satisfaction than he had hoped to find there. The fact is, that they had not been successful criminal lawyers all their lives without getting an idea of the sort of human nature habitually manifested by one-half of mankind, which was likely to go a long way toward convincing them that if Seth Barcase had gotten into the hands of some members of that unspeakably vicious half of the world, it wasn't likely he had found

"SANTA LUCIA."—DRAWN BY G. L. SEYMOUR.

his way out again. It was hard to say just what they thought to so enthusiastic a young fellow as John Ampstead was; but they were too honest to give much encouragement where they felt that any at all was out of place. Besides, detective work was quite out of their line. "First catch your man," was the opening line of the receipt which they used when they wanted a human being thoroughly well done.

John Ampstead visited the various newspaper-offices on Wednesday, too. He arranged for advertisements in each, and, in accordance with his wish, the evening papers of that day contained the following:

> "PERSONAL.—Mr. Seth Barcase intended to leave New York for his home in Pleanton, three weeks ago yesterday. No one is known to have seen him since noon of that day. His family and friends are convinced that he is still alive, and desire information of him. Any statements regarding him, which prove on examination to be trustworthy and reliable, will be liberally paid for. Address J. A., care of Bluff & Bragg, City."

> "PERSONAL.—S. B.: Come home. No trouble from creditors or others."

> "$100 REWARD.—Did Seth Barcase leave New York city three weeks ago yesterday? The man who can answer this question, *and prove his answer*, can have above-named reward. Call at office of Bluff & Bragg, and ask for J. A."

These advertisements were scattered through the papers pretty well, so that any one looking for something of the sort would be likely to see one or more of them, and John Ampstead felt that they covered the ground pretty thoroughly. He rather objected to putting in anything like the second one, for he felt that there was something implied in it which was unjust in the extreme; but Bluff & Bragg, two excellent gentlemen, who knew average human nature much better than they did Seth Barcase, had suggested it, and, for the sake of completeness, it had gone in.

John Ampstead went home to supper on Wednesday evening feeling quite well satisfied with himself. He had done a good day's work. His faith in finding Seth Barcase, alive and well, was still strong. He had said that he was foolish to have supposed, last week, that one day was enough for the task; he had decided that one month might be necessary.

Which was an eminently wise and nerve-saving decision!

Having done a good day's work, eaten a good supper, and decided that the future would be all right, and given it a month to get right in, there was no visible reason why John Ampstead shouldn't get out his large and roomy slippers, creep into his dressing-gown, bury himself in the depths of his easy-chair, and study human nature from the pages of Wilkie Collins. But he did none of these things. He turned away resolutely from "The Woman in White," saying something under his breath, with a sigh, about the "coming young woman." He did not fail to remember that one of the conditions of John Braynor's will involved a young woman.

"The coming young woman," he called her.

Yes, John Ampstead, she *is* coming!

Ampstead believed that Seth Barcase was sure to "turn up, safe and sound as a dollar," as Peeker had expressed it, but what Pilleo had said he had taken deeply to heart. Barcase must die some time; he must be a lawyer before then, praying that Providence would further fully provide. So he had resolved on evening study; resolved to take advantage of the legal study he had taken during his college course; resolved to prepare as rapidly as possible, and to be admitted to the Bar at the earliest possible moment, all of which was highly praiseworthy, and all of which was likely to involve a great deal of night work and much self-sacrifice.

John Ampstead went down to the office of Bluff & Bragg. He was the only one connected with the establishment who had anything to do there that evening. It was lonesome, silent, grim; but John lighted the gas, gathered the books he meant to use, and seated himself for his evening's work.

He had read half an hour, perhaps, certainly not longer, when there came a tap at the door. He answered the summons. A tall, lean, faded-out and colorless sort of man stood there.

"Come in, sir," said John, looking curiously at the stranger.

The gentleman accepted the invitation, and, having been offered a seat near the table, he took it.

He looked about him doubtfully. Perhaps fine carpets and pictures and statuary and luxurious furniture were not exactly what he had expected to find in the office of the men who had to deal every day with the most hardened and degraded and depraved of persons.

"I believe, I thought—that is—is this the office of Bluff & Bragg?"

"It is; what can I do for you?"

The man laid down a copy of one of the evening papers on the desk in front of Ampstead. A heavy line had been drawn, with a blue pencil, around the offer of "$100 REWARD."

"I want to see J. A.," said the man.

"I am J. A."

"You?"

"Yes, John Ampstead, at your service."

"I am an assistant physician at the ——— Hospital," said the man, "and your advertisement attracted me as soon as I saw it. I felt that it was possible that I could give you some information. When was Mr. Barcase first missing?"

John Ampstead pointed toward the advertisement.

"Three weeks ago yesterday. I parted from him at about noon on that day. He intended taking a train out of the city in a short time."

The man rose to his feet.

"That disposes of the matter," he said, quietly, "as the gentleman I had in mind first came to my notice on Wednesday, three weeks ago to-day, and at about this time of night."

"In what way?—Where?"

The man leaned upon the back of the chair from which he had risen.

"At the ——— Hospital. He was brought there, injured in the head; the back of his skull had been crushed in. He had been found in the street, in a suburban part of the city, senseless and apparently dying. No one could tell how he had received his injuries; there was some reason for thinking that he had been struck with some heavy weapon, some reason for believing that he had fallen and struck his head upon the stones at the edge of the sidewalk, and some for thinking that he had been run over by a heavily-loaded wagon. No decision was ever reached. He never regained consciousness. He died two days later."

"And why did you think it best to see me about him?"

"Simply because he is the only man who has been in our hospital, for months past, whose identity is in doubt. We usually find out the names and residences, at least, of those who are brought to us from accidents or assaults in the streets. But he was never traced out. And when a man has been dead for three weeks, in a city like this, it is not likely that his identity ever will be known."

"Had he nothing by which he could be identified?"

"Nothing. There was no pocket-book, no knife, not a handkerchief, even."

"Can you describe him, and his clothing?"

The man did so. There were many men to whom the description would have applied. There were many men who dressed as the deceased dressed. Take an old man, hale and hearty and vigorous despite his years ; dress dress him in easy-fitting garments of decent black, not too fashionable in cut ; supply him with good, substantial undergarments and linen ; let him shave his face clean ; and then—broken and blood-stained, with the seal of approaching death already upon him—the description might be said to cover Barcase as it might have covered many another.

There were some hesitations in the physician's narrative ; there were some discrepancies in his description. But, taken as a whole, the picture was a vivid one—the work of a man who, had he not been a physician might have found fame and fortune in an artist's life—and it was a picture which was very like the memory of Seth Barcase, a picture which was terribly like the missing man. True, the shades and shadows in the artist's work were not just where the friend of Seth Barcase would have put them if he had been the maker of the word-picture, but it was wonderfully real—wonderfully real.

"Your description is much like the missing man," said John Ampstead, honestly, "and I am deeply interested in what you have said. I suppose the body of the deceased can be exhumed, even at this late day, and an attempt made to determine whether he and Seth Barcase were really one ?"

"No, sir ; I regret having to say that that cannot be done," replied the physician. He seemed greatly embarrassed, and his eyes failed to meet John Ampstead's glance for the first time in their interview.

"Why not ?" asked Ampstead.

"Well, you see, he was entirely unknown, and——"

"Yes, I see that. And what else ?"

"And his body was unclaimed."

"Yes."

"And so—so it went—there is little doubt of that—it went to the dissecting-table." Ampstead drew a long breath. He was inexpressibly pained.

"And his clothing ?"

"Some of the clothing is preserved. I presume a member of his own family would be able to identify it if it was Mr. Barcase who died there."

"And it will be preserved ?"

"If you wish it, it will be preserved indefinitely."

"I do wish it. Mrs. Barcase is not well, and ought not to undertake the journey to New York at present. Besides that, we have another clew, dating from the Tuesday when Mr. Barcase was last seen by any one certain of his identity, instead of from the following day, as yours does. We are following that clew; we hope our labor will result in finding Seth Barcase alive ; if we fail —I shall not forget what you have told me."

"Very well. Good-evening."

"Good-evening."

The physician withdrew, and John Ampstead took up his books with a sigh, still determined to push his preparation forward by means of an evening's work that very night.

But the physician, going down-stairs from the office of Bluff & Bragg, met another man coming up. The other man had it in mind to interrupt the night labor of Mr. John Ampstead.

So, John had scarcely turned his back to the closed door, and commenced to run his eyes along the lines of legal wisdom, when there came another tap at the door—a quick and imperative tap, as though the one outside meant to have his own way in all things possible. And he didn't wait for an answer to his summons ; he followed up his knock by opening the door and coming in.

(*To be continued.*)

A WEARY THING.

THE dreary wind bends down the maple leaves,
  And sweeps the rain-drops from them as it goes;
The gentle night floats o'er the harvest sheaves,
  And bathes in sleep the lily and the rose;
Low on the hillside lines of quiet lie,
  Through the broad meadow comes the breath of flowers;
While the pale star-light, falling from the sky,
  Steals through the shadows to the forest bowers.

Beneath the shelter of the creeper's leaves
  (The old, old creeper that has blossomed well,
Creeping up slowly to the cottage eaves,
  Where early dews and sunshine soonest fell),
Young Amy sits, with wistful, earnest eyes,
  Gazing across the meadows, through the lane,
Down to the valley where the village lies,
  For one she loves, who cometh not again.

She hears the flutter of the night-bird's wings,
  She hears the rustle through the tall grass creep,
The murmur of the brook—a thousand things,
  That make the pulses of her being leap.
From off her parted lips there falls no sound,
  The welcome lingers on them as of yore;
But ah! the darkness draweth closer round,
  And deeper seems the silence than before.

For long, long weeks has Amy watched at night
  For him who waked the first blush on her cheek,
For him, who cast the glow of love's young light
  Across her pathway, once so bare and bleak;
He taught her simple heart, unlearned and poor,
  (Save in the language of its daily prayer),
How rich it was, how great its happy lore,
  Its love's intensity, its strength and care.

And she, with wonder in her downcast eyes,
  Listened unto the music of his words
In dangerous silence, while in still surprise
  Her young heart fluttered like a forest bird's,
Until she loved him, and with simple pride
  She bound anew the tresses of her hair,
Where gold and sunlight wavered side by side
  That she might come before him still more fair.

She wandered with him through the green old woods,
  Within whose covers twilight slept and dreamed,
Where restless shadows danced in waving floods,
  In quiet dells where sunshine never gleamed.
But when the red leaves fluttered down the air,
  Golden and brown, with many a scarlet stain,
He left her with the promise sweet and fair,
  That with the Spring flowers he would come again.

And still she stays beneath the creeper's leaves
  When the last sunbeams to the twilight yield,
Watching the shadows creeping o'er the sheaves
  Of yellow wheat out in the harvest field;
Gazing across the meadow by the spring,
  Down to the valley with its peaceful homes,
Saying: "Alas! it is a weary thing
  To watch for one who never, never comes!"

A MODERN MIRACLE.

BY CATHIE JEWETT.

SANSIE came singing down the stairs and poked her head in at the parlor-door. I say poked advisedly, for it was exactly what she did; but, seeing me in tears and Harold in distress, she would have stolen quietly away, only I caught sight of her vanishing crimps and called her back.

"Tears and tempest!" she cried, in her clear, sweet voice. "I thought people always married first and quarreled afterward. Are not you two rather reversing the natural order of events ?"

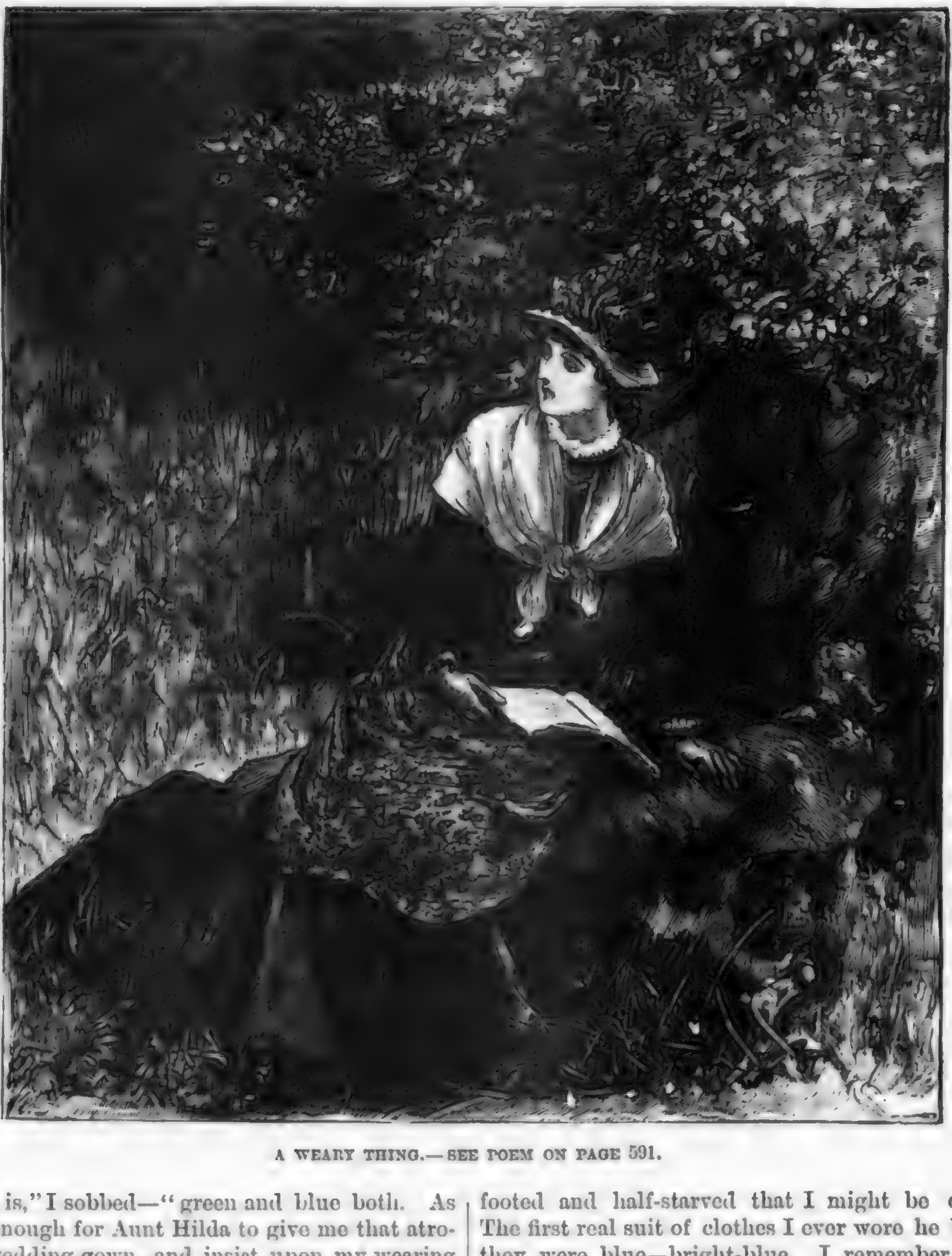
"We are not quarreling," I explained. "I am only trying to persuade Harold not to be guilty of an act at once idiotic and suicidal."

A dull red flush spread slowly over Harold's handsome face, yet he spoke pleasantly enough:

"You have got to big words, Hilda, and that proves that you are nearly vanquished. As it is quite impossible for me to make a brute of myself, I do not see but you will have to submit to the inevitable, my dear."

"A blue inevitable!" cried I. "No, sir. I never will!"

"I thought it was green," said Sansie, in painful bewilderment. "You certainly told me it was green."

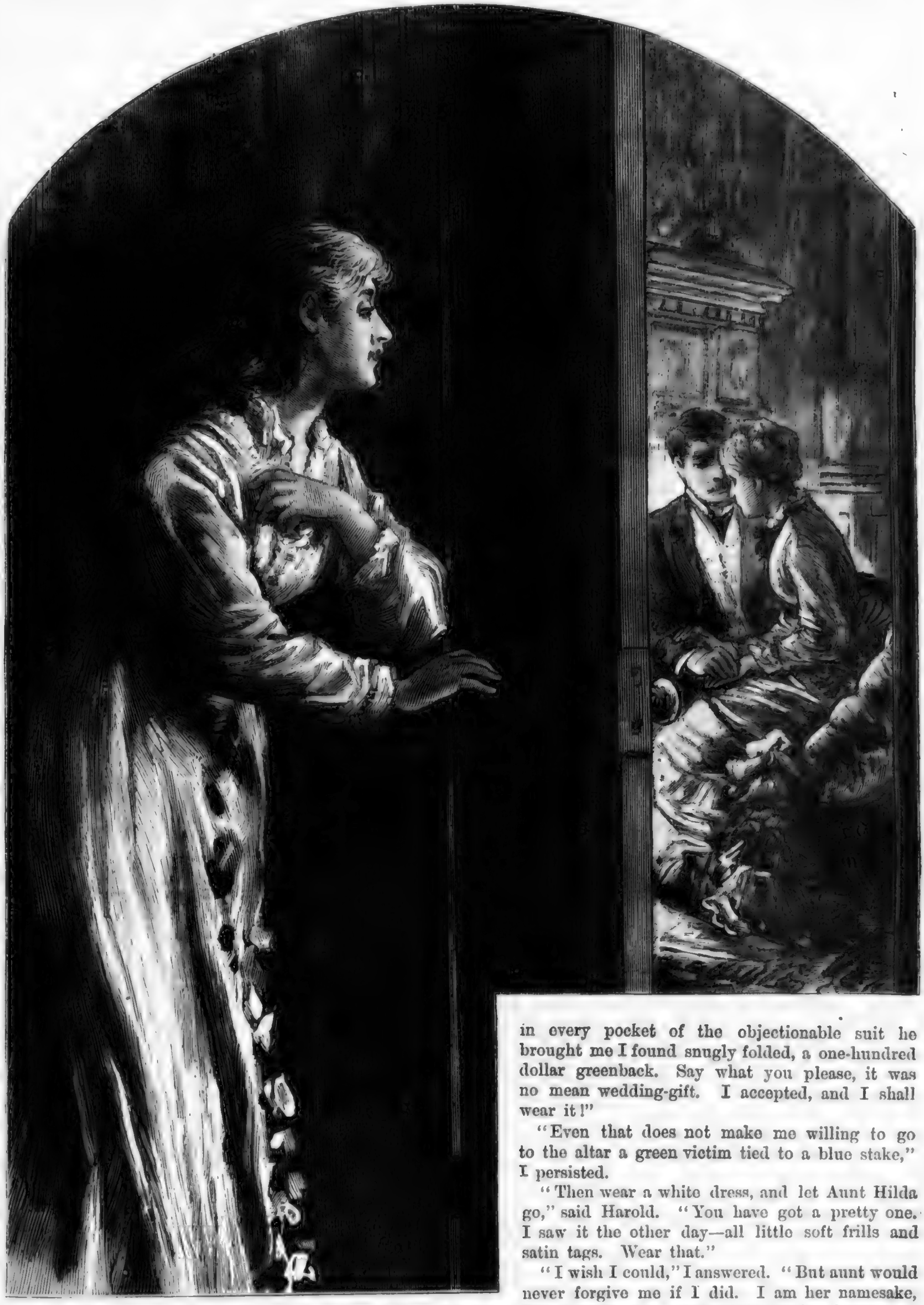


A WEARY THING.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 591.

"And so it is," I sobbed—"green and blue both. As if it was not enough for Aunt Hilda to give me that atrocious green wedding-gown, and insist upon my wearing it, Harold's brother must needs go and send him a blue suit, and make the same unreasonable request. It will never do for me to offend Aunt Hilda. It would be forty thousand dollars in some other person's pocket for me to refuse to wear that horrible dress; but because I am obliged to wear green, that is no reason for Harold to get himself up in blue—bright, blazing, unmitigated blue! We should be the laughing-stock of the whole town; we should be known to all posterity as the unblendables. I cannot! I will not! and I shall not! make any such spectacle of myself. Harold must wear black, as a gentleman should. Black will give tone to the emerald splendor of the occasion, and it will please me."

Without a sign of yielding, Harold answered:

"I wish that I might please you in this, Hilda; but you do not understand what George is and has always been to me. When I had neither father, mother, nor home, he fed, clothed, fought for me all those long, miserable years while we were alone. He went barefooted and half-starved that I might be comfortable. The first real suit of clothes I ever wore he bought me; they were blue—bright-blue. I remember to this day how fine I thought them. We were together—he, pinched and cold and ragged; I, strutting by his side, round and rosy, with my hands in my pockets. When Uncle Seth found us—then our troubles were all over. Five years ago he went West to fight the battle of life alone, with little money and few friends, simply because he fancied that here he stood in the way of my advancement. He has come three thousand miles to see me married, and



A MODERN MIRACLE.—"NOISELESSLY I AROSE, SILENTLY I CREPT TOWARD THE DOOR, STANDING JUST A TINY CRACK AJAR. THAT OTHER ROOM WAS QUITE DARK, SAVE A CHEERFUL OPEN FIRE, WHICH CRACKLED IN THE HEARTH. JUST IN FRONT OF IT SAT SANSIE AND HAROLD."

in every pocket of the objectionable suit he brought me I found snugly folded, a one-hundred dollar greenback. Say what you please, it was no mean wedding-gift. I accepted, and I shall wear it!"

"Even that does not make me willing to go to the altar a green victim tied to a blue stake," I persisted.

"Then wear a white dress, and let Aunt Hilda go," said Harold. "You have got a pretty one. I saw it the other day—all little soft frills and satin tags. Wear that."

"I wish I could," I answered. "But aunt would never forgive me if I did. I am her namesake, and if nothing happens I shall be her heiress. I cannot afford to offend her."

"And I," said Harold, "cannot afford to offend

George; so, as I said before, we shall have to submit to the inevitable and make the best of it. You know it is really of no vital consequence what we wear at that time, and we can dress to suit ourselves for ever after."

"You can dress to suit yourself now," I cried. "Here is Sansie—she has a white dress and a yielding disposition; that seems to be what you desire. Perhaps you can make a bargain with her. I marry no man whose brother's wishes are more to him than mine."

"Hilda! stop! think!"

Sansie's voice startled me. I dared not look at Harold. Turning, with stately dignity, I sailed out of the room.

Fairly outside the door, I rushed up the stairs in a hot, tempestuous whirl of passion.

Somehow, in some way, I cannot at all explain it—no one ever does know just how such things happen; I suppose I was careless—I know my eyes were tear-blinded—and at the very top of the long flight of stairs I slipped.

There was a quick, wrenching effort to recover myself, a half-dozen distinct, stunning blows, and then I lay helpless in Harold's arms. Dimly I saw his dear face bend above me; faintly I heard his voice, and then through thick darkness and a sound as of mighty rushing waters, I drifted away out into that dim border land that separates the known and the unknown.

For days and weeks I lay there, only half-conscious of suffering, helpless, indifferent, unreasoning.

Then one glorious Spring morning I awoke. The sunlight was flooding the earth; the birds were singing, mate calling to mate with rollicking glee; my room was cool and fresh and sweet with the scent of flowers.

Beside my bed sat Sansie, and Harold and Aunt Hilda.

I called to them feebly; it was as if I had just returned after a long journey, and by my helplessness and pain I knew that I had entered into a land where they neither marry nor are given in marriage.

It was long before Harold would acquiesce in this decision; he would have made me his wife in my first conscious hour, but I would not accept the sacrifice.

He was young and strong, and I would not burden him with the living death of my own blighted existence.

I had no mother to comfort me at that awful time, and I would fain have borne the burden of the doctor's hopeless verdict alone, but Sansie laid aside all her bright plans for the future, folded them up, as it were, with the pretty dress she was to have worn as my bridesmaid, and took her place beside my bed.

"I shall stay with you for the present," said she, "I am hoping to spend my life among sick people; you will be excellent practice for me, dear."

"I shall never leave you, Hilda," whispered Harold. "If you will not be my wife, you shall be my first thought, my sacred care, my only love, always."

When I was able to bear it, Harold's brother George came to see me.

He was like Harold, only older and graver looking.

My heart went out to him when he kissed me and called me "Little sister."

He seemed in no haste to return to his far Western home.

"I have a partner," said he, "in whom I have perfect confidence; and Harold needs me now."

So it came about that I saw much of him, for Harold could only be with me in the evening, and I insisted that Sansie should not quite neglect her medical studies.

In those days how beautiful Sansie seemed to me! She was large and fair and wonderfully strong for a woman; all the physical comfort of my life seemed vested in those white, soft hands of hers.

One day, some four months after my accident, George came into my room with a stranger. For a wonder I was quite alone, for Sansie had gone out a few moments.

George introduced the strange gentleman as Dr. Dalrymple.

"A very old friend of mine, and a wonderfully clever doctor, I assure you, Miss Hilda," he said. "I am anxious for his opinion of your case, and so I brought him around to get acquainted."

After that evil days came upon me. Dr. Dalrymple seemed intent upon testing the extent of my powers of endurance. Day by day he wrought upon me horrible and nameless tortures, and afterward left me to the restless slumbers born of morphine and exhaustion.

At last Harold and Sansie, moved by my entreaties, rebelled furiously against my further suffering.

Then the doctor came to me alone.

"Miss Hilda," said he, "your friends say that I must not give you any further pain. Do you think, child, that it has been a pleasure to me to see you suffer? Far—far from it. But I have worked with an end in view—an end I have never dared mention. You have been told over and over again that your case is a hopeless one. I may be an enthusiast; I confess to a desire to triumph where others have failed, and I confess also that my treatment is an experiment; but I believe that, with God's help and your co-operation, I can cure you. Years ago, at the risk of his own life, George Perrott saved mine. From that day to this I have loved him like a brother. At his request—I may say at his entreaty—I came to you. I will stay or go away, as you decide."

"Do you mean," I sobbed, "that I may be well again, stand upon my feet, go and come as I please?"

"I hope and I believe," he answered, "that even that is not impossible, if you will be patient, hopeful, and, above all, obedient."

"I will be like a child," I cried; "I will be like wax in your hands. You cannot hurt me now. No suffering or torture shall ever make me complain; but do not tell the others. You and I will work together. If we are successful they can share our joy. If we fail, they need never know."

After that I complained no more of Dr. Dalrymple's treatment. All through the long and weary Winter the terrible struggle went on.

By Spring I knew that my cure was a possibility, but the long battle had left me wofully worn and wasted.

Then Dr. Dalrymple was obliged to leave. At my request he gave no hint of the wonderful work so well begun, the beautiful, blessed truth, that into my long-helpless limbs life and strength were slowly stealing. That was our secret, and he left it for me to tell.

When he went away he gave Sansie many minute directions as to bandages and lotions.

"You will make a famous doctor one of these days," said he to her; "and when you are a good deal older, and not nearly so pretty, I will take you into partnership."

"That is a good offer, doctor," said Sansie, "and twenty years from now I will be sure to remind you of it," and so with a laugh they parted.

After that I used to think a great deal about them—the wise, skillful doctor and my beautiful Sansie.

He seemed just the man to make her happy, with his ample means, his sound principles, and his kind heart.

Then, too, what a treasure she would be to him, with her youth, her health, her strong vitality and boundless enthusiasm.

Day by day the possibility of living apart from my friend grew upon me.

I had hopes which she did not share, dreams which were fast becoming realities, of which she had no knowledge.

Dr. Dalrymple wrote to me often, and I think that Sansie used to feel hurt because I never showed her his letters.

One morning when I was quite alone I tested my new strength. For one half-moment I stood, unsupported, and then, with a passionate cry of glad thanksgiving, I sank back upon my bed.

Every day after that I used to send Sansie away on some pretext or another, and before long I found myself able to walk, very feebly, it is true, and only a few steps at a time, but every motion brought to me joy and thankfulness unspeakable.

One evening I awoke from a light slumber, the lamp was burning dimly, and from the adjoining room I heard the low murmur of voices.

I cannot tell what strange freak prompted, what whimsical fancy led me to try, at that time, my new and unsuspected powers.

Noiselessly I arose, silently I crept toward the door, standing just a tiny crack ajar.

That other room was quite dark, save a cheerful open fire, which crackled and sparkled on the hearth. Just in front of it sat two people, Sansie and Harold.

How beautiful she was! So large and fair, with the red glow of the firelight falling all about her.

For a moment there was silence, then Sansie spoke:

"I love you, yes," said she, with a dreamy smile. "I have been ambitious, perhaps, and so I am now, but I have no desire that does not turn toward you. I know no higher ambition than to be your wife, and yet I cannot marry you while Hilda lives. She is fading away like a blighted flower, and I will not embitter her last days with a joy she cannot share."

"So be it," answered Harold. "I will wait patiently, even though the waiting be long."

Then he kissed her, over and over, on the red, sweet lips that kissed again.

I crept back to my bed, praying never again to leave it; glad that my secret might go with me to that grave where Sansie and Harold were waiting to lay me, and which seemed to my tortured heart a blessed resting-place.

All that long, dark night of sorrow I spent in an agony of prayer, and at length, from the bitter travail of perfect human weakness, was born a more than mortal strength.

Then I could say in all honesty, "God bless Harold," and afterward, "God bless Sansie."

In the morning I called her to me, and drew her sweet face down to my own, worn and white and marred with pain.

"Sansie, dear," I said, "I know your secret. Death is long in coming to me. I do not want you to wait for your happiness until watching and time and care have spoiled the sweet, fresh beauty of your face. I should be happier far to see your joy and to share it."

The girl burst into a passion of tears, but did not speak.

"You will be his wife very soon," I entreated.

"It shall be as he says," she answered, at last, and then went quickly out of the room.

By-and-by George came in.

"I have been talking with Sansie," said he. "Is it true that you wish her to be married?"

"Quite true," I answered. "I desire it above all things; do not dissuade her, I beg you."

While I was speaking Harold came into the room. He dropped upon his knees beside me.

"Hilda! Hilda!" he sobbed, "it seems wicked, this joy that mocks your sorrow. You cannot bear it."

And then he kissed me, not once, but many, many times. For a moment there came into my heart a little fear for Sansie.

He had kissed her; that I knew, for I had seen him; had his heart gone out to her as it did to me?

Then the thought came to me, "He is kissing me as we kiss our dead," and I turned from him.

"Sansie Perrott," I said, with a brave smile, "it is a better name than Hilda Perrott, and I am glad that a better woman than I shall bear it in my stead."

There came long days after that, when I saw but little of Sansie, so absorbed was she in ruffles and tucks and feminine follies.

"I want this wedding over," said I, autocratically, and, fearing the effect of prolonged excitement, Sansie made no objection when an early day was named.

She would not bring her sewing and sit with me, but from the adjoining room I could hear the busy "snip, snip" of her scissors, and every now and then she would break into quick snatches of song.

She was evidently as happy as she dared to be, and I was more so than I would have believed possible.

Aunt Hilda was delighted. She liked Sansie, and made her a good many really valuable presents.

She came over one morning, bringing two bundles—a large and small one.

"You had better give Sansie that green silk of yours," said she. "I have found three or four yards of new that will do to fix the waist and sleeves, so it will make over nicely for her. I have brought you a pretty wrapper that will be of real service," unfolding as she spoke a dress of comfortable make and rich material, but of most objectionable color—in short, it was green.

I was very glad to give the unfortunate silk to Sansie, and should have done so before but for the fear of Aunt Hilda's displeasure.

I scarcely saw Harold until the eventful evening arrived.

I could not much blame him; and yet the thought that he avoided me was bitterly painful.

George came every day, gravely pitiful, tenderly kind. His very presence seemed a help and comfort.

That evening Sansie came to me in the early twilight—came in all the white splendor of her bridal loveliness. She was very sweet and gracious, but more than usually silent.

She made sure that my bed was placed just where I could look through the open door into the next room, where the strange, sweet ceremony was to take place. Little she knew how once before I had looked into that very room. Little she dreamed what I had seen and what I had heard!

So we sat alone together, hand clasped in hand, yet with a great, sad secret separating us. The room beyond was lighted up brilliantly.

We saw the minister come in with Aunt Hilda, and by-and-by one or two other particular friends.

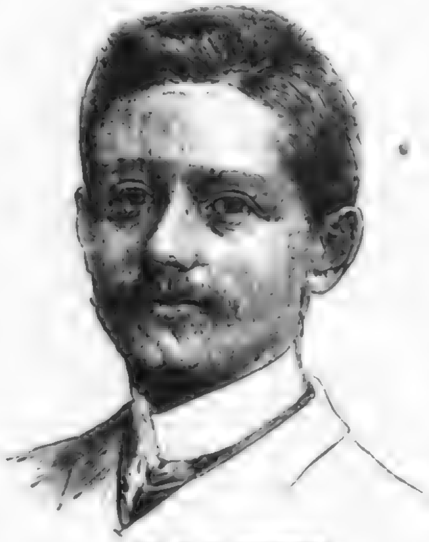
They all seated themselves rather solemnly, and I heard Aunt Hilda sniff. Aunt Hilda always sniffed at weddings.

Then another door opened, and George and Harold came into our room.

George was dressed quite faultlessly in black; but Harold, in honor of the day, wore the old despised blue suit.

It was becoming, surely; and as he took me in his arms for the last time, quite regardless of Sansie, all the pain and sorrow and loss of my life came over me like a great and overwhelming flood.

So, when they all passed into the next room together, I turned my face to the wall and wept silently.



MR. H. H. JOHNSTON.

Slowly, sweetly, in all their grand simplicity, fell upon my listening ears the solemn words of the beautiful marriage-service :

"I, George, take thee, Samanthia."

I opened my dazed eyes.

In the centre of the room stood Sansie, all glorious in white frills and little satin tags, and beside her stood George Perrott, taller and handsomer than ever in his happiness and pride. Ah, there was no treachery to me in this marriage, no unfaithfulness in Sansie's love.

The room was lighter now than it had been when I made my strange mistake, and truly the brothers were much alike.

How wonderful it seemed to think of Harold once again all my own, Harold standing just behind the bridal pair, alone, and with sorrowful, downcast eyes.

The minister raised his hands, and as the sacred words of the benediction fell from his lips, every head was bowed, and every eye closed.

I threw aside the coverings from my feet, not so useless as every one dreamed, and arose gently.

A NATIVE DAM.

Slowly, painfully, but quite unsupported, I crossed the room and stood beside Harold.

"Amen!" There came a scream from Aunt Hilda, a shrill cry of delight from Sansie, who turned her back upon her husband, in most unwifely fashion.

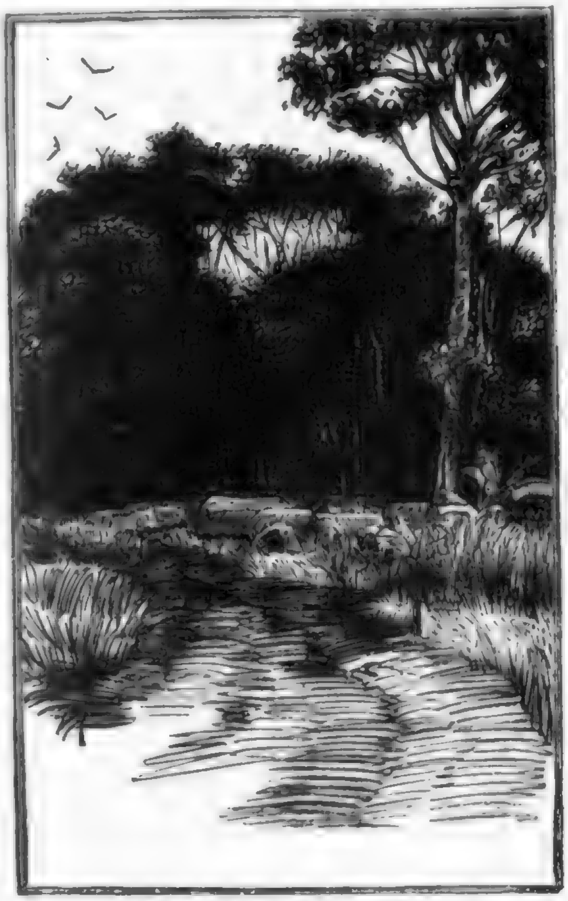
Then Harold's supporting arms were around me, and after one whispered word from me, we two stepped forward.

"I, Harold, take thee, Hilda," and at the words, all the pain and hopeless passion of the past fell from me like a garment, and we twain stepped into the marvelous radiance of that fair land where two walk together in perfect love and trust.

Afterward, amid tears and laughter I had to explain it all.

"God bless Dr. Dalrymple!" cried Harold, enthusiastically, and "Amen!" said George.

"Yes, bless his heart!" amended Sansie; "but he was a gay deceiver, and Hilda was another, to think"—shaking a menacing finger at me—"for one moment to think that I would be guilty of kissing any man but George; it is good enough for you, Mrs. Perrott, quite good enough for you, that you were obliged to put up with a green-and-blue-wedding, after all."



MY SETTLEMENT AT TAVEITA.

I looked at my wrapper, I looked at Harold, all in bonny blue.

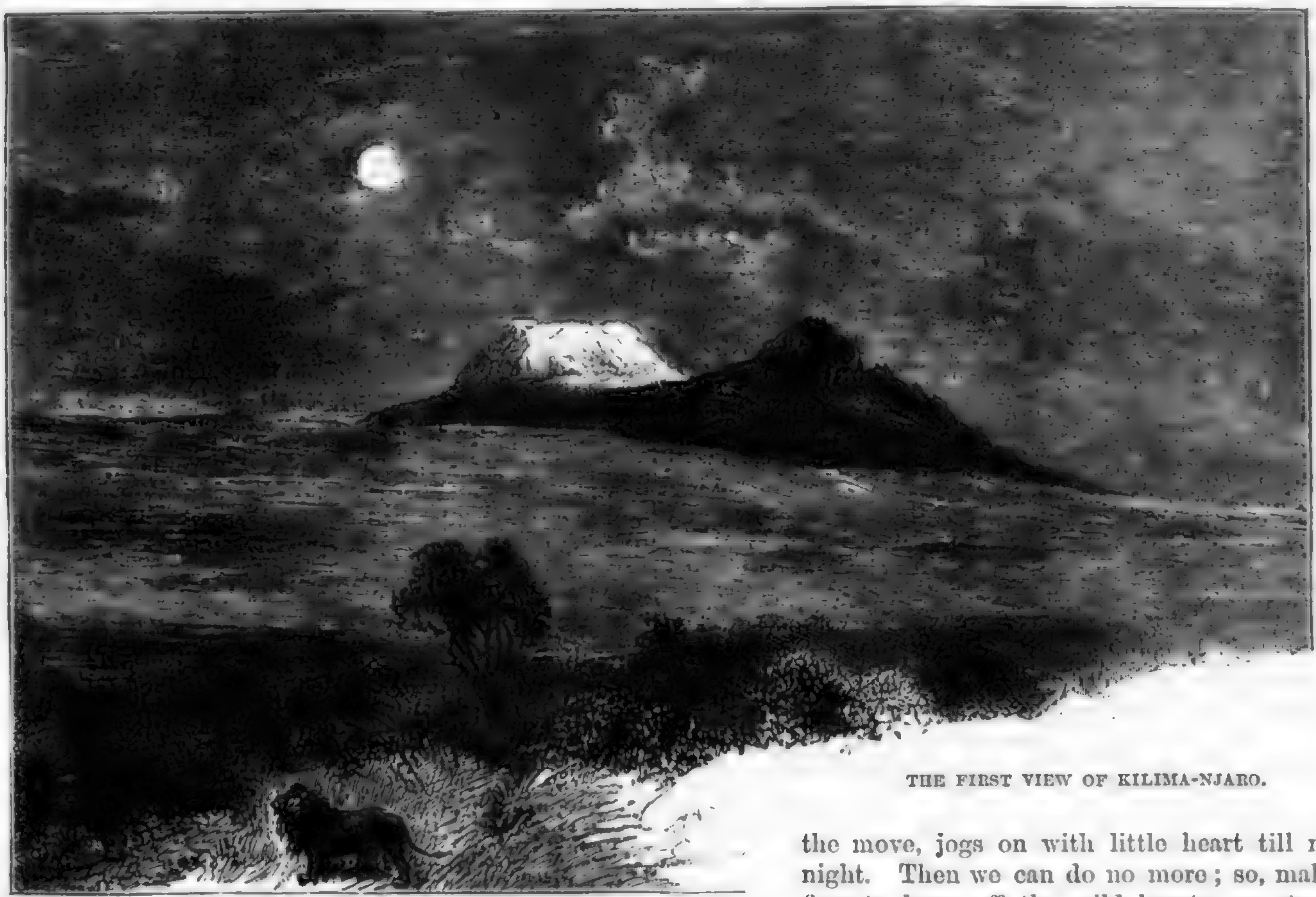
"Dear me!" I cried; "I never thought."

"Never thought!" repeated Sansie; "look at her well, a bride who never thought of her dress. Surely, to-night our eyes have seen a Modern Miracle."

A JOURNEY TO MOUNT KILIMA-NJARO.

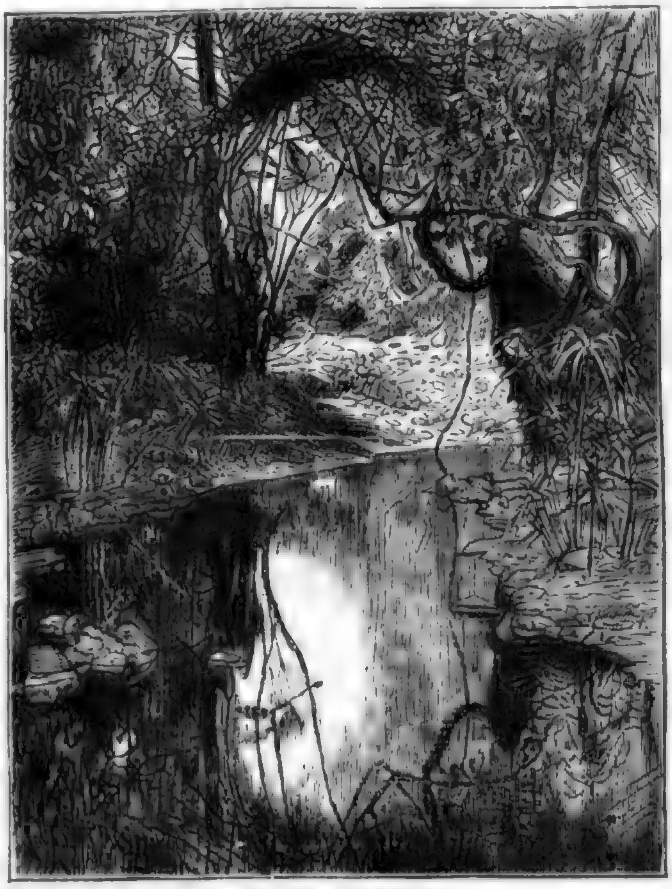
By H. H. Johnston, F.R.G.S.

The caravan has been toiling on across the hot plains of Lanjora through the sultry afternoon, and now toward evening stops to lay down its many burdens amid the dusty tufts of scorched grass round the base of a great mimosa-tree. Only one hour must we rest, for water lies two days behind us and one long day's journey in front, and we intend but to stretch our tired legs on the lumpy soil until the obscurity prevailing after sunset is dis-



THE FIRST VIEW OF KILIMA-NJARO.

pelled by the uprising of the full moon. Then beneath her cooler rays we shall journey on toward our goal for half the night, and so be spared a longer walk through the heat of to-morrow's sun. To-day has been sultry, and, though the rainy season is over, the western sky is a mass of lurid clouds, which in one part of the horizon are particularly dark and concentrated. *I* know what causes this, and what object these cloud-masses are jealously concealing, like the courtiers and officials who surround the person of some Eastern emperor; and I, who have journeyed many weary miles to see the greatest snow-capped mountain of Central Africa, impatiently long for some giant broom to clear the sky of those heavy mists and vapors which now hide him from my gaze.



THE MKUYUNI STREAM.

Slowly a globe of yellow-white rises in the east and mounts into the clouds, from whence a softened light descends and shows the track across the plain winding away like a crooked snake toward the west. With many an impatient sigh and grunt the weary men take up their burdens, and I, no less tired, but compelled to show my porters an encouraging example, stagger on to my blistered feet and limp along in front of the caravan, which, once more on the move, jogs on with little heart till midnight. Then we can do no more; so, making fires to keep off the wild beasts, we stop to rest till dawn. With the falling temperature of the small hours, a brisk wind arises from the heated plain and sweeps the clouds from off the sky, all except the mass that obstinately clings to Kilima-njaro. Feverish and over-tired, I cannot sleep, and sit and watch the heavens, waiting for the dawn. A hundred men are snoring around me, and the night is anything but silent, for the hyenas are laughing hideously in the gloom outside our circle of expiring embers. At five o'clock I wake my servant Virapan (a Tamul boy, who has accompanied me from Aden), and whilst he is making my matutinal coffee I drop into a doze, from which, at dawn, he rouses me, and points to the horizon, where, in the northwest, a strange sight is to be seen. "Laputa!" I exclaim; and as Virapan, though he has read "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Arabian Nights" in his native tongue, has never heard of "Gulliver's Travels," I proceed to enlighten him as to the famous suspended island of Swift's imagining, and explain my exclamation by pointing to the now visible Kilima-njaro, which, with its two peaks of Kibô and Kimawenzi and the parent mass of mountain, rises high above a level line of cloud, and thus, completely severed in appearance from the earth beneath, resembles so strangely the magnetic Island of Laputa.

Weird is Kilima-njaro in the early flush of dawn, with its snowy crater faintly pink against a sky of deep blue-gray, wherein the pale and faded moon is sinking, and the stars are just discernible; but as the stronger light of perfect day prevails, and the clouds which conceal the base of the mountain disappear, its appearance is disappointing. Owing to an atmospheric illusion Kilima-njaro, which is in reality about forty miles distant, appears to rise from the plain just beyond those distant clumps of trees, and its greater peak of snow, so distinctly crater-like in form, together with the lesser and more jagged Kimawenzi, are as hard and commonplace in look as the cheap Italian water-color drawings of Vesuvius, charged with "body-color," and devoid of aerial effect.

The country here swarms with game, especially in the neighborhood of Lake Jipé. Herds of hartebeest (*Alcelaphus tora*), gnu, eland and buffalo defile before us, while the giddy zebras risk their lives by galloping up to inspect the passing caravan. The air is full of soaring vultures, a sure sign of abundant game, and further, as a corollary to the presence of the large herbivora, we soon detect in the soft soil the footprints of hyenas and lions. Just as we approach a green mass of bushy trees, to my amazement and surprise, a large black-maned lion crosses the path not thirty yards off, and what is stranger still, appears to take no notice of our coming. I only have a bird-gun with me, and my servant is unarmed, so I stop still to watch his movements until the foremost man of the caravan comes up, when, taking his Snider from him, I fire it somewhat precipitately at the lion, and, whether from excitement or incorrect aim, miss. The lion, who was crawling through the long grass, turns round, gazes at me, and trots off; while simultaneously a magnificent sable antelope, who had been grazing in close proximity, and whom the lion was evidently stalking, bounds with terrific leaps through the tangled bush, and I am left alone on the scene contemplating my lost chances somewhat blankly. The fact is, in African travel it is not easy to combine the accomplishment of twenty miles, walked every day on foot, with exploits of the chase.

When the rest of the caravan has come up with me I look at my watch, and find with joy that it is close upon midday, the hour for rest and food, so I gladly give the tired men the order to halt, and whilst my meal is preparing I explore our present surroundings.

For some two days since leaving the mountains of Taïta we have been crossing a waterless tract with poor herbage of dusty brown or yellow, white and gray withered trees, and real verdure has been denied us; but now on reaching this point where the lion greeted us a change of an agreeable character comes over the scene. Tall umbrageous trees cast a welcome shade over the short herbage, which is closely cropped like a lawn by the many herds of antelopes. The bushes are vividly green, and some of them bear tufts of bright-colored flowers. Many birds frequenting the bosky trees attest the proximity of water—we are, indeed, close to a little affluent of Lake Jipé—and the feeling that we we are now without threatened thirst adds to the pleasure of our repose, and promises for the future less arduous journeyings. Here, indeed, we are within the influence of Mount Kilima-njaro and the area of perpetual moisture surrounding its cloud-capped snow peaks.

Having rested, and satisfied our imperious appetites, we decide to push on further so as to reach the town of Taveita by to-morrow morning, so we walk on through scenery of increasing verdure, and swarming with animal life, till near sunset, when we build a "boma," or circular fence of thorny boughs, and sleep securely within, without fearing the possible attacks of Masai or other prelatory tribes.

The next morning, with the snow peak of Kibô fully in view against a sky of intense blue, we arrive at the precincts of Taveita, and are gladdened by the sight of banana plantations standing out in glistening green against the background of stately forest. For some mile or two before entering the great rendezvous of East-Central Africa trade the track winds through superb avenues of lofty umbrageous trees, and after many days of journeying in a sun-scorched wilderness the tired eyes of the traveler are here refreshed by the soft green of the exuberant vegetation, while he no longer tramps along a stony road under a blazing sun, but follows a soft, leaf-covered path plunged in absolute shade. In the near precincts of this forest settlement every path cut through the dense and impenetrable bush is blocked by a massive barricade of tree-trunks, with a narrow, delta-like slit in the centre, through which the men have to crawl and drag their burdens. There is no one to challenge us in this gateway, because the "passport" regulations of Taveita have been greatly relaxed of late years; but a few decades back this elaborate hindrance to free transit was the only protection the wretched Taveitans had against the merciless assaults of the Masai robber bands. By erecting these wooden obstructions across the only feasible approaches to their forest stronghold they checked the impetuous onslaught of the brigands, and were able, moreover, to kill many of the bewildered Masai with their guns before these people could creep round or destroy the barrier. As the Masai never throw their spears, but always use them and all their other arms in hand-to-hand conflicts, they are naturally at a disadvantage when opposed to an enemy who has intrenched himself behind a slight fortification, and can use his firearms to advantage. More will be said about this when I come to treat particularly of the native races of Kilima-njaro; at present, having squeezed through the narrow doorway, we are standing in Taveita, whilst the guns of the caravan are announcing to its inhabitants, with many a sonorous boom re-echoing through the forest alleys, that strangers are arriving with peaceable and friendly intentions, and a wish to trade. As I am in the act of crossing a narrow rivulet, by means of the slippery stem of a banana that has been thrown across it, I catch sight of the first natives, who are now on their way to inspect our caravan, and when I look up, and they see my white face and strange costume, a glad shout of surprise goes up from their wide mouths, and they push forward to seize and shake me by the hand.

Such an unusual and demonstrative welcome gives me a pleasant impression of Taveita to commence with, and this, I am glad to say, is strengthened as time goes on. Its inhabitants are, however, not only remarkable for their *bonhomie* and kindly disposition, but present other notable characteristics which are not long in impressing themselves on my observation. Firstly, their hair is generally worn in long strings, where the wool is stiffened with fat and red clay into a number of rats' tails. There are generally one or two incisors knocked out in the upper jaw, the lobes of the ear are enormously distended with wooden cylinders or rings, and lastly, the Wa-taveita, like most of the natives of Inner Eastern Africa (and unlike those of the West), are totally ignorant of what we call decency. I would like to express this more delicately by saying that they were innocent of all clothing, but this would not be the case, as many of the inhabitants wore cloth, or skins, round their shoulders, either for adornment or when the weather was chilly with breezes blowing off the snow-capped mountain.

I feel at home with the Wa-taveita from the first, for they are thoroughly conversant with Swahili, the coast language—the French of Eastern Africa—and as I also know this tongue, we have at once a medium of ready communication. So the natives who have come to meet our caravan, and trot along by my side to direct me to the accustomed camping-place, chatter as we go, and not only ask for, but impart, information. One of the first questions is, "What is your name, white man?" "Johnston." "Jansan?" they shriek, laughingly. "Why, you must be Tamsan's (Thomson's) brother." (Mr. Joseph Thomson, on his way to Masai-land, had passed through Taveita, leaving a very pleasant impression behind him. As by an odd coincidence we were both white, and our names, in the natives' pronunciation, only differed in the initial consonant, the evident inference was that, to use the natives' phrase, "we were of one mother.") It would be of so little use trying to disabuse them of this happy and likely idea, that I accepted tacitly the suggested relationship, and it is soon noised about Taveita that Bwana Tamsan's brother is come, and many of Thomson's old friends flock to greet me.

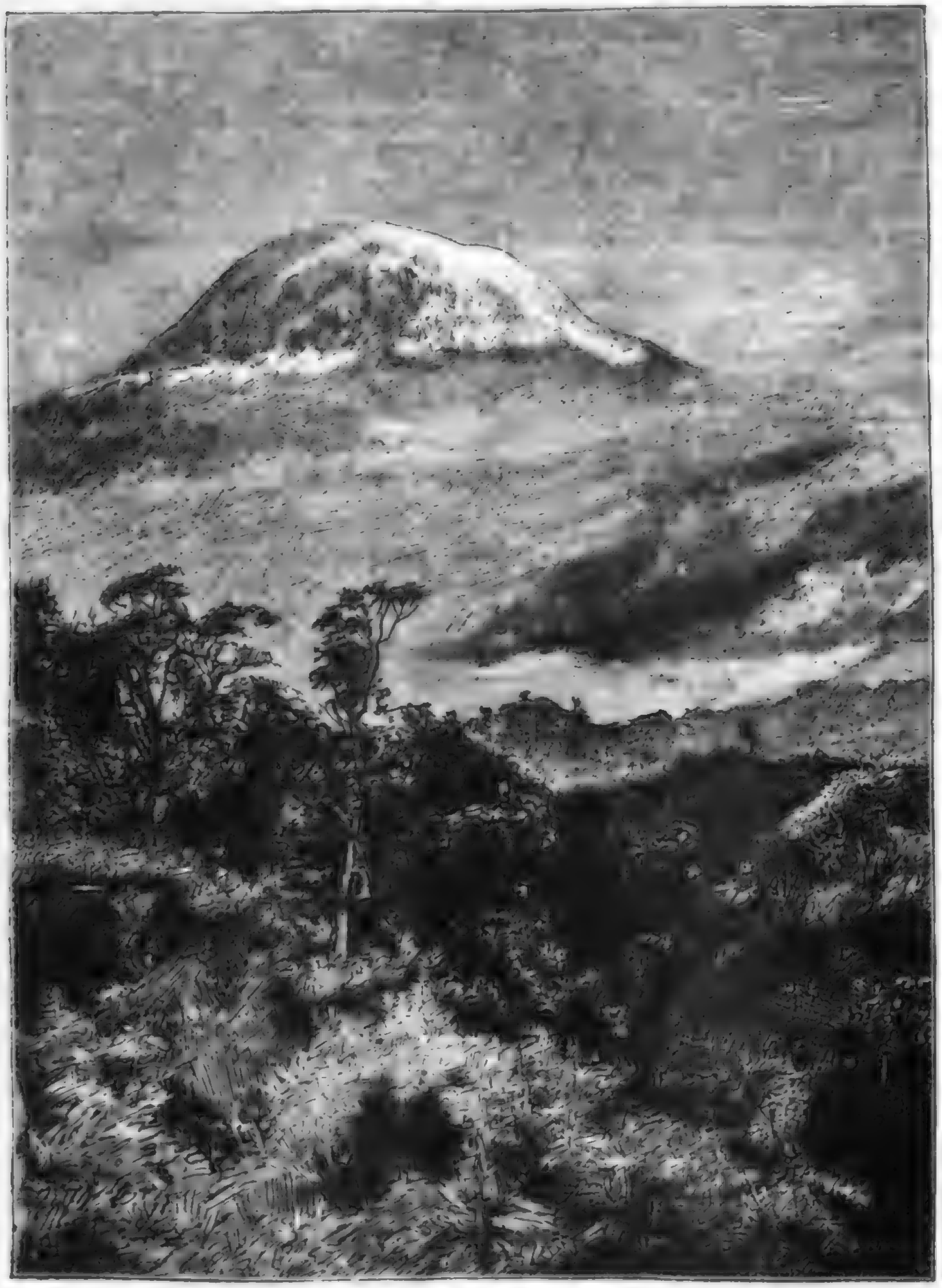
Our camp is established in one corner of a vast clearing, nearly square in shape, whereon certain Swahili traders, *en route* to Masailand, have built a temporary and straggling village of palm-thatched huts to accommodate their wives and concubines during their absence in the wilds. As soon as my tent is up, and my goods are properly stored and placed under the supervision of a trusted man, a food allowance is measured out to the hungry porters of the caravan. That is to say, a bale of cloth is unpacked, and each man receives three ells (or "hands," as they are here called) of white American sheeting, which is to purchase him sufficient food for three days. After the distribution of cloth the men disperse for the rest of the day to forage in the Taveita market, and I am free to attend to my own affairs and to receive my new acquaintances.

This little colony of quiet agriculturists, known as Taveita, is unlike the neighboring states in being a Republic, or Commonwealth, administered rather than ruled by an oligarchy of four or five important men known as the "Wa-zee," or Elders. There are really two entirely distinct races inhabiting Taveita—the Wa-kwavi, a tribe of settled Masai who have turned from lawless robbers into honest, thrifty tillers of the soil, and the Wa-taveita proper, a people of Bantu stock, allied in origin to the Wa-kamba further north and the Wa-chaga of Kilima-njaro. The Wa-taveita predominate over the Wa-kwavi in numbers, and the Elders are mostly of the former stock. These functionaries have come to greet me with little gifts and offerings such as they deem most acceptable to me, and, of course, expect an equivalent present on my part.

About half-past seven A.M. on the morrow we resume our journey toward Kilima-njaro. I am going to establish myself at the court of Mandara, chief of Moshi, a state on the southern flank of the mountain. Mandara is almost the only man in this country known by report to Europeans on the coast. He has sent letters to, and exchanged presents with, Sir John Kirk, and has seen, perhaps, each of the four or five Europeans who have ever approached Kilima-njaro. The way to his country lies first west, then northwest, of Taveita, and the distance to be traversed is some twenty-seven miles.

After leaving our camp we first have to cross the River Lumi.

Leaving the river, we walk for about two miles through very magnificent forest, where Raphia palms reach a great development; next we emerge abruptly on an unattractive wilderness of low thorny shrubs and coarse grass. The land rises gently before us toward the huge mass of Kilima-njaro, which is at present screened with lowering clouds. In the middle distance are broken chains of jagged hills, interspersed with isolated hillocks and mounds of conical shape, suggesting the idea that when the great discharge of eruptive matter from the two huge volcanoes of Kibô and Kiamwenzi was temporarily or permanently checked, the sick earth broke out all over the irritated surface with minor pustules and pimples through which the disturbing matter was discharged, the present aspect of the mountain and its vicinity being the result of the scars and hardened scabs of these now healed-up earthboils. We walk for some ten miles over an unattractive country devoid of water, and little better than desert. The hills are sparsely overgrown with sad, gray-looking trees, almost leafless or else sprinkled with scanty foliage of an olive-green. But as we have crossed a ridge stretching out into the plain, and our path, from sloping upward, descends a little on the other side, this fantastic vegetation, befitting the precincts of some horrid mediæval monster's lair, modifies its repulsive character, and becomes intermixed with shrubs and grass of vivid green, while to our joy we descry, some half a mile ahead, a belt of dense purple-green foliage, which in these African wildernesses always denotes the presence of water. In fact, a few minutes' walk takes us from the dull white glare of the hazy noontide in the open, shadeless waste into a cool, delicious bower of deep green shade, where at first, so great is the contrast, we blink our eyes and can see no details. Then I make out a clear limpid stream slipping over small stones, or forming still, quiet, mirror-like pools between gray walls of smooth, massive tree-trunks, which resemble stone in their color and polish. Often the severity of these broad wooden bulwarks will be tempered with rich masses of foliage depending from the smaller boughs above, and breaking up with graceful and fanciful detail the somewhat formal outline of the vista. The tree-trunks that border the stream are many of them singularly broad in girth. In one or two cases they are grappled with by parasitic figs that wind themselves round their stout victim like vegetable boa-constrictors, or, as in the example illustrated, like some huge, long-bodied lizard. In the shade of this green tunnel, where the little river—which the Swahili traders call the Mto wa Habari, or "River of News"—bores its way through the forest belt, we cast down our burdens and prepare to rest and eat our midday meal. The men go off to the other side of the stream, and are lost to sight in the woodland; I only know of their presence by the occasional murmur of voices coming from their camp, and by the blue curling smoke of their cooking-fires, which ascends in gentle puffs through the network of leafy boughs. My portable table and campchair have been unfastened, and the former is set up on a level patch of sward by the waterside, and is quickly covered with a snowy cloth from the canteen, while my servant further lays it with the enameled iron plates and knife and fork and napkin for my solitary meal. To pass the time and forget my impatient hunger whilst the repast is being prepared, I sit down on my campstool and make the rough sketch of the stream which is presented opposite; but my artistic labors are gladly laid aside at the announcement that lunch is



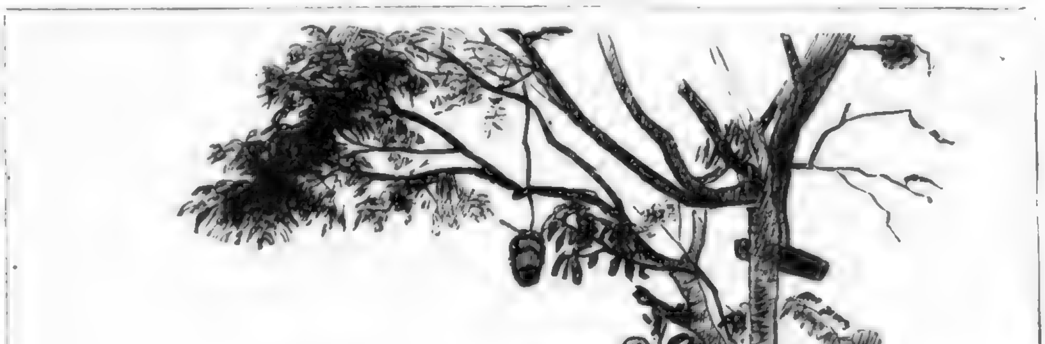
KIBÔ IN THE EARLY MORNING.

ready, and I sit down with keen satisfaction to my tempting table, which has been further brightened by a little bouquet of wild-flowers, gathered and arranged by Virapan. What do you think I eat? Well, now, I will just take the trouble to describe this one meal, so that you may better realize how I ordinarily fare in Africa while on the road. Here is a plate of fowl soup to begin with, nicely flavored with onions, thickened with a little maize flour and rice. Two thin slices of toast lie beside it, made from some loaves my cook baked while we rested at Taveita. After the soup is finished comes a little good curry made from the soup meat, and flavored with cocoanut milk (for we have carried a sack of cocoanuts from the coast. Then, when the curry is eaten, a fresh plate is brought me, and a dear old battered calabash about half full of delicious honey, which tastes like the smell of mimosa-blossoms; and after eating some of this spread on a slice of Taveitan bread (which deserves its recipe in brackets: two pounds of maize flour, half a cup of palm wine, a quarter of an ostrich egg, a pinch of salt, and a spoonful of butter), I wind up my lunch with a cup of fragrant tea, and sit over an old book, while my men, with all possible speed, pack up the *impedimenta* once more, and start again on the road toward Moshi. The afternoon is sultry, and we feel so meritorious in having accomplished our ten miles before lunch, that there is a general disposition to take things easily; besides which, our path takes us through much more pleasing country than in the morning. We cross a biggish stream (which rises near the summit of Kilimanjaro, and is called the Kiloma River), then a smaller one, and at last, near our preordained camping-place for the night—a charming "almost-island" (this term sounds more expressive than peninsula), nearly surrounded by the little Mkuyuni River. Lions roar at us all night from across the water, but we sleep securely. Soon after dawn I am aroused from a labyrinth of dreams, and have to dress hurriedly while my tent is pulled down and packed up, and my coffee is being prepared. By seven we are on the road once more, following in the spoor of the lions who visited us last night. Their footmarks continue along the path for several miles before they are lost in the bush. In Africa, wild animals avail themselves of the natives' paths as convenient highways along which to pass, whether seeking water or foraging for food.

I toil along the ascending path, and after an hour's stiff pull, catch a glimpse of an enchanting land. Hitherto our track has led through thick bush, with every view of the surrounding country shut out. Now we have entered a clearing, near to cultivation, and nothing impedes our view. Northward the vast mass of the mountain stretches upward into the heavens, its twin peaks shrouded in heavy cumulus clouds, and below the clouds, the billowy swell of hill upon hill and ridge succeeding ridge is a deep sullen blue under the heavy shadow of lowering cumuli. Then come a few lines of dark purple-green forest, still in shade, and, in the middle distance, where the sunlight breaks upon the scene, the gentle, rounded hills gleam out against the sombre background with their groves of emerald-green bananas marking the commencement of the cultivated zone. Nearer to us succeed deep ravines, with thread-like cascades, clumps of tidy forest —just a few tall trees left growing out of religious veneration—smooth, sunny downs, whereon flocks of goats are grazing, patches of freshly tilled soil, cultivated fields, hedge-lined lanes, and lastly, the red denuded hill, the

No-man's land, the Pisgah, on which we are standing to gaze on this Promised Land, toward which for thirteen days we have been toiling through the wilderness. There is, however, no preordained restriction to my entering it, nor is my lieutenant qualified to play the part of Joshua, so I, who have been pausing here to let all my followers come up with me and regain their breath, once more take up my staff and march into Mandara's country.

Some soldiers, decorated with white and black monkey-skins, and armed with tremendous broad-bladed spears, come forward to greet us, and indicate a cleared space of ground whereon we may encamp. Mandara does not make his appearance until the tent is up and everything in order. When I hear that he has arrived I go forth a little way to meet him, and see standing in front of a semicircle of warriors a man of tall commanding figure clothed in a garment looking like a long and very dirty nightgown. I see at once by his face that it is Mandara, as his mien is so singularly king-like, and differs so strikingly from the mean physiognomies around. His face is oval and full, with somewhat aquiline nose, wide mouth, perfect teeth, and thin lips, a firm, well-modeled chin, prominent cheek-bones, and *one* eye of wonderful fire and brilliance, the other optic being steeped in darkness. His eyebrows are contracted in half-amused wonderment, and he regards me in rather a quizzical manner. However, I favorably impress him during our first interview. The letters from Sir John Kirk to the chief are duly read and presented, and I then retire to rest in my camp. We are here about 3,500 feet in altitude, relatively at the foot of the mountain, but yet with splendid views over the plains, which lie 1,500 feet below. All around are signs of agriculture of a high order, and though the people are naked, one can see they are anything but savages. There is nowhere a congeries of houses that can be called a town, but the whole country, where it is cultivated, is equally inhabited. Wherever the ground is not in cultivation it is covered with brilliantly colored wild-flowers — balsams, hibiscus, dissotis, green and white ground-orchids, scarlet aloes, and numberless species whose names I know not, and from all these the bees are taking toll. The mild-eyed kine driven from the pastures suggest supplies of milk; the throng of bees about the blossoms imply that honey is also to be had. On the branches of all the big trees hereabouts are hung oblong cases—boxes —made of bark, in which these half-domesticated bees construct their hives and store their honey. These "honey-boxes," called by the natives "Mizinga," which word is also applied to cannons on the coast, are familiar objects in East Africa, and may generally be met within the vicinity of villages.



TREES WITH HONEY-BOXES.

On the first day after our arrival Mandara sends me guides to point out the site of land on which I am to settle and build my first station. It lies about two miles to the northeast of the chief's residence on the brow of a fine hill nearly 5,000 feet high, but of course not much elevated above the surrounding country.

The morning after our arrival at Kitimbiriu (as our hill-site is called) I have so much to do that there is no time to contemplate the beauties of the scenery. There are ninety men of Mombasa, who have carried my goods hither, to be discharged and sent back to the coast. There are all the necessary preparations to be made for commencing our settlement, and each of the men remaining with me must have his work told off to him. This one is to set to and clear the ground for a kitchen-garden, that one must drive our milch cow and her calf, our goats and sheep to the green pastures, and follow them as they browse, and bring them home at sunset. Another takes the fowls under his care (all these live creatures have been bought immediately after our arrival, and so each of the thirty men who remain with me must have his appointed task. The cooks set to work to organize a kitchen, the builders seek for poles in the forest to make the framework of our dwellings, the roadmakers ply their spades and pickaxes to clear an easy road, and so the busy hum of work rises like a cheerful refrain throughout the hours of daylight. When the red disk of the sun dips below the blue horizon of the plain I ring a bell, and the men with gleeful shouts acknowledge the signal for a suspension of labors and return the implements to the tent before they troop off to their cooking-fires.

But after a day or two, when things are going smoothly, when all palavers with Mandara and his subjects are at an end, when the seeds have been planted in my gardens, and I can trust the immediate superintendence of my men to my lieutenant, when I have set my two collectors at work pressing plants and collecting insects, I am able to spend a few hours of the day in invigorating, health-giving rambles round the neighborhood of my settlement.

Our primal houses are roughly made in a very few days.

Happy time this is! Everything is fresh to me. The cares of journeying, the weary tramps of twenty miles a day, are over. I can be sure of water and food, and know at stated hours in the day a tempting meal will be awaiting me. So, with a light heart, I set out to explore the beauties of my African Switzerland. First, of course, I crave for a good view of the giant dome of Kibô, the highest summit of the mass, the "Kilima-njaro" ("Mountain of the Snow Fiend"), as the coast people call it, the "Home of God" (Engaji Engai) as it is more reverently termed by the Masai of the plains. This, the highest peak in Africa (18,800 feet high) is not always on view. For weeks together he will be swathed in clothes. But should you be an early riser you will scarcely fail to catch a glimpse of him just at sunrise, when before the cold breath of morning the unfolding clouds part and scatter and disclose his splendid crown of virgin snow irradiated with the pink morning sunshine. Thus it was that within a few days of my arrival I had my first good stare at and began my first detailed sketch of Kilima-njaro.

The jealous clouds, however, grant me but a poor half-hour in which to sketch the features of their monarch, and I am compelled to defer the completion of my work to other opportunities.

Throughout the four months of my residence on Kitimbiriu the beauties of the scenery never palled and never grew monotonous. With such varied atmospheric agencies the effects around us changed like the designs of a kaleidoscope, and rarely came two alike. Sometimes, perhaps at early dawn, everything would be vailed in blank mist, save only the summit of Kibô, and this would gleam out above the clouds, like some supernatural vision, rosy in the effulgence of the coming dawn. Or, it may be, in the noontide every trace of vapor will have vanished, and the velvet forest lies glowing in gold-green light and dusky purple shadows, every detail strongly marked, while the precipices, jutting rocks and shining *nérés* of Kibô are discernible with startling clearness, though the peak lies distant nearly fifteen miles. In the afternoon, perhaps, the sky is hung with dense curtains of purple gray cloud, and the plain below lies in monotonous blue shadow; only away to the west, behind the pyramid of Méru, the heavens exhibit one clear cloudless belt, which the descending sun turns to refulgent gold, and against this relief, as on some antique illumination or decorative design, the peak of Méru and the jagged hill-tops at its base stand out in a simple tone of indigo.

So passed my first few weeks in Kilima-njaro; in planting, building, scheming; sketching landscapes, and skinning birds. No troubles as yet overcast my horizon, and if, afterward, I was harassed with anxious fears and worried with intolerable suspense, the memory of those darker days is overborne by the vivid impression I retain of this first and brightest period of my sojourn in Kilima-njaro, which I find noticed in my diary as "The happiest time I ever spent in Africa."

For nearly four months, however, I chafed under a sense of impotence. I had come to Kilima-njaro expressly to visit and collect the fauna and flora living at high altitudes near the snow line; but owing to the obstacles arising from the hostility and suspicion of the natives I was continually repelled in my various attempts to ascend the mountain and make my habitation in the upper region above the inhabited zone. At one time I was detained a semi-prisoner by Mandara; at another, when I had regained his good graces, and endeavored to ascend with his guides, Mandara's enemies, the Wa-Kibôso, came in force and turned me back. If I sent my followers to collect they fared even worse than I did, being too timorous and apprehensive to do any work, and falling constantly into ambushes, where they nearly fell victims to the wiles of the savages.

At last deliverance came. My convoy, which I had dispatched to Zanzibar soon after my arrival, returned with reinforcements, but not until we had anxiously awaited their coming for many weeks. I then took leave of Mandara and our charming settlement in Moshi, and changed my headquarters to Taveita, thinking thus to proclaim my neutrality in the quarrels of the rival tribes of Kilima-njaro, for Taveita is a peaceful republic, on good terms with all the neighboring states. Without loss of time I sent messengers to the Chief of Marang'u, informing him that I wished to pass through his country as a friend and ascend Kilima-njaro to the snow, promising to pay liberally any guides who might volunteer. My embassy was well received, and returned to Taveita with a fine fat sheep as an offering of the "Sultan's." I went to Marang'u (a state lying on the southeast flank of Kilima-njaro), gave its sovereign handsome presents and magnificent promises to slake his exorbitant greediness, procured three guides, and at length, nearly worn out with worry and hard work—for remember, gentle and sympathetic reader, that all the burden and responsibility of the Expedition lay on my shoulders undivided—I had the satisfaction of starting for the third or fourth time to reach the snow, not any longer apprehensive of native hostility, for besides the protection now accorded me by my whilom foes, I had what was more valuable—a little force of forty well-armed, resolute men.

Imagine that we have spent all one afternoon climbing through the well-cultivated, inhabited zone, and have at length reached the heathy wilderness at an altitude of 6,500 feet, where, beside a lovely fern-choked brook, we encamp for the night. As soon as morning breaks we strike the tents, swallow a hasty breakfast, and recommence our climb, and soon enter the dense virgin forest, which within the limits of 7,000 and 10,000 feet, clothes all the southern face of Kalima-njaro. The woodland scenery here is very pretty and English-like, though fine timber is rare, the trees being short and twisted, and choked with dense undergrowth. The wild flowers are beautiful.

Our path is very wet with the moisture that drips from the forest, and often obstructed with huge tree-trunks that lie across it. It is one of a series of tracks which converge from the different little kingdoms on the mountain up to a height of about 9,000 feet odd, where they join a path running nearly due east and west from Shira. We fear no man, and pass blithely along the ascending path, talking and laughing gayly, in pleasant contrast to the silent tread and cautious whispers which marked our previous excursions into the wilds of the Alpine region. The ascent is so gradual, that after walking from dawn till half-past eleven we find ourselves at an elevation little exceeding 7,000 feet. By three o'clock a height of 9,000 feet has been reached, and here we proceed to camp for the night. On the way we have passed for some distance through a region clear of forest, and merely covered with open grass. At our camping-place, however, we enter the woodland again, and here, fortunately, we find a little stream of water. Indeed, on the road between the mountain and Marang'u water is everywhere abundant. I catch a small chameleon and several beetles in this place. The next day we leave this camp at eight o'clock and journey eastward for about two hours, searching for a good sight whereon to make my settlement, which must be close to water, and not too high up, so that my shivering followers may not suffer unreasonably from cold. I soon fix on an admirable spot—a grassy knoll rising above the river of Kilema, which takes its source near the base of Kimawenzi. The altitude of this site is nearly 10,000 feet. It is about four miles in a direct line from Kimawenzi, and about seven from Kibô. Directly my choice is made, so that no time may be lost, the men set to work at once cutting down the giant Ericas (heaths), and using their trunks for building-poles and their dry heather for thatch, while the coarse grass that here covers the ground is reaped, and also employed for roofing the huts and making snug beds on the ground. With such rapidity do the men work, that before nightfall on the day of our arrival some fifteen cozy huts have been largely completed and a rough kind of kitchen has been made for my behoof.

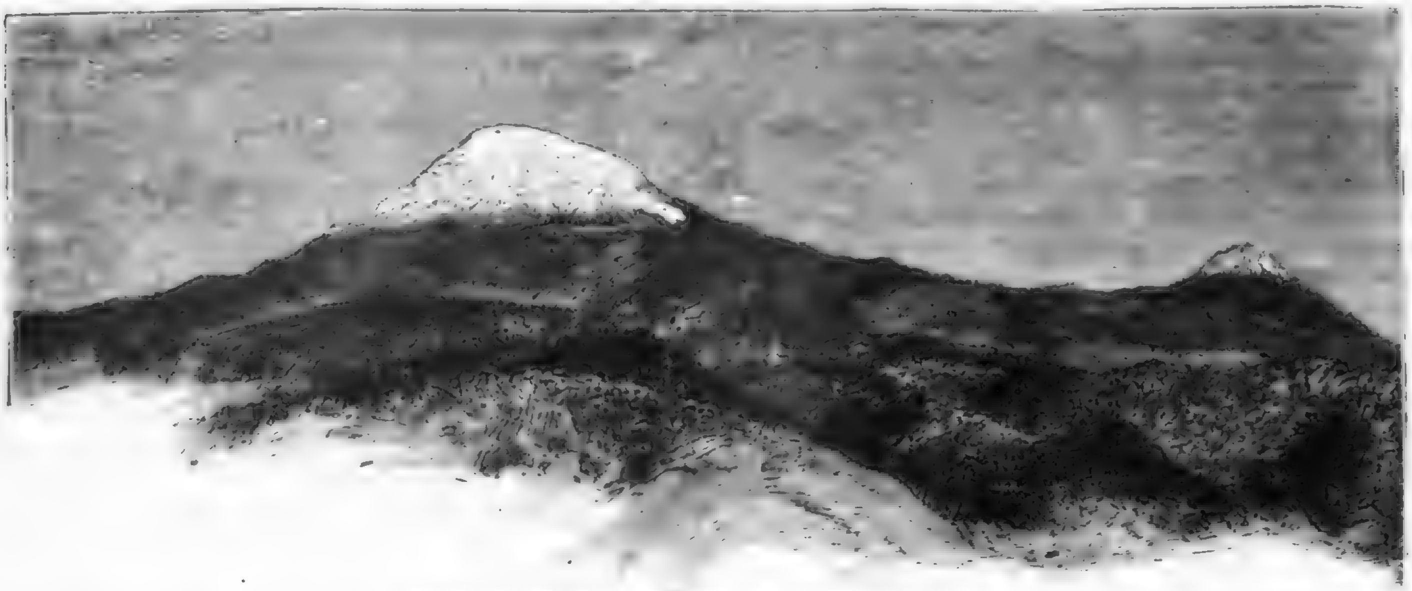
The day succeeding our arrival bands of natives—our whilom foes—arrive from Kibôso, bringing provisions for sale, both good in quality and cheap in price, so that all anxiety about provisioning my party is at an end. I cannot but admire the enterprise which these people showed in carrying their wares some eight or nine miles to trade with one whom but a few days before they had considered a dangerous magician. I soon got on excellent terms with these Wa-Kibôso, whom in past days I had looked upon as my bitterest foes, and who had been in turns amazed and mystified by my fireworks and my theodolite.

Unfortunately, a bruise which my kneecap has sustained forces me to confine my rambles for the first few days after my arrival to the immediate vicinity of my new settlement, though I have plenty to do in collecting specimens of the very interesting flora and fauna which surround us. The first lengthy excursion I make is to the base of Kimawenzi, the lesser of the two peaks. The terrible hurricane of wind, however, that rages round this jagged series of lava spurs prevents me from continuing the ascent, though I doubt whether it be possible for any one to reach the summit owing to the want of foothold.

My chief idea, naturally, is to attempt the ascent of the great peak of Kibô, which marks not only the apex of the Kilima-njaro mountain-mass, but is also the highest of all known African mountains, reaching, as far as I can calculate, to 18,800 feet above the sea level. To make a successful ascent it will be necessary, owing to the time occupied on the journey, to pass a night at some point half way. Accordingly, I cannot go alone, but must induce a few followers to accompany me to carry my necessary *impedimenta.* My Indian servant, Virapan, of course volunteers, but I have to leave him behind, as he is not only disabled with severe ulcers on the legs, but I am afraid to quit the settlement without putting some responsible person in charge. So I select three of my followers who look agile and strong, and providing each man with a warm blanket, and loading them with my own coverings, with food, and with implements for collecting and observing, I wait until the morning mists have somewhat cleared, and then turn my face to that quarter of the sky where the heavy concentration of cloud masses indicates the presence of the great Kibô. Starting at nine, I walk upward, with few stops until about 1:30. At first we cross grassy undulating hillocks, the road being fairly easy. Then we enter a heathy tract, scorched and burnt with recent bush fires, but higher up, where the blaze has not reached, the vegetation is fairly abundant and green. Small pink irises stud the ground in numbers; an occasional gladiolus of a vivid crimson gleams out brightly from the tufted grass. About 12,600 feet we strike a pretty little stream, flowing S.S.W., and lower down carving its way through a tremendous ravine, the sides of which are clothed with thick vegetation, and gayly lit up with the brilliant red leaf-shoots of the Protea (*P. abyssinica*) shrub.

As we ascend on the further side of the stream-valley, we come to some strange boulders, or smooth masses of rock, about which the ground becomes pappy and boggy with water; in fact, three or four warm springs of a temperature of 91 degs. Fahr. here issue from the ground. Mounting high above the rivulet, the scenery becomes much harsher; vegetation shows itself in dwarfed patches as we pass the altitude of 13,000 feet, and the ground is covered with boulders, more or less big, apparently lying in utter confusion and without any definite direction. These slabs of rock are singularly shaped, and marked like huge tortoises, being divided by lines and seams into a tessellated surface. They are not very difficult to climb over, and even seem to act as irregular stone steps upward. In their interstices heaths of the size of large shrubs grow with a certain luxuriance, and bright yellow *Euryops* flowers stud the occasional patches of bare earth; while every now and then my eye alights with pleasure on lovely clusters of pink everlasting flowers, growing, where they do grow, so thickly that they present a blushing sheet of rosy bloom.

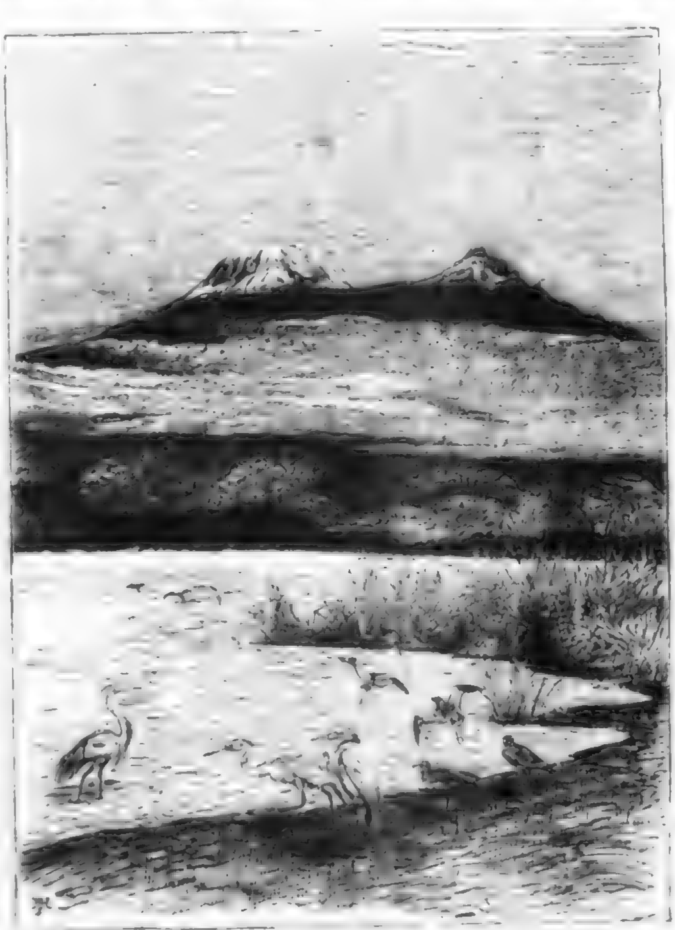
About 13,700 feet I see the last resident bird, a kind of stonechat apparently. After this, with the exception of the great-billed ravens, which are continually waving and circling round our heads, as if we are likely to become carrion sooner or later, there are no other living creatures in sight, though we continually encounter the footprints of buffalo and antelope. On reaching a height a little above 14,000 feet, I stop again to boil the thermometer and refresh myself with a little lunch. Throughout this ascent, which is easy, I suffer absolutely nothing from want of breath or mountain sickness, although my three Zanzibaris lay behind panting and exhausted, and complain much of their lungs and head. Moreover, roaring gusts of wind breaking the silence of the mountain makes them look round with ashy countenances, convinced that the Spirit Kilima-njaro, in fact Njaro himself, the frost demon, is upon them, coming *in propria persona* to chastise our presumption. I often dread that their panic will overcome them, and that they will turn and flee, casting away my collecting things, instruments, and provisions. About this time, too, we occasionally hear distant rumblings of thunder echoing among unseen cliffs and valleys; and though these weird sounds may only be referable to that cause, still I confess that to a



KILIMA-NJARO, SHOWING BOTH ITS SNOW-CAPPED PEAKS.

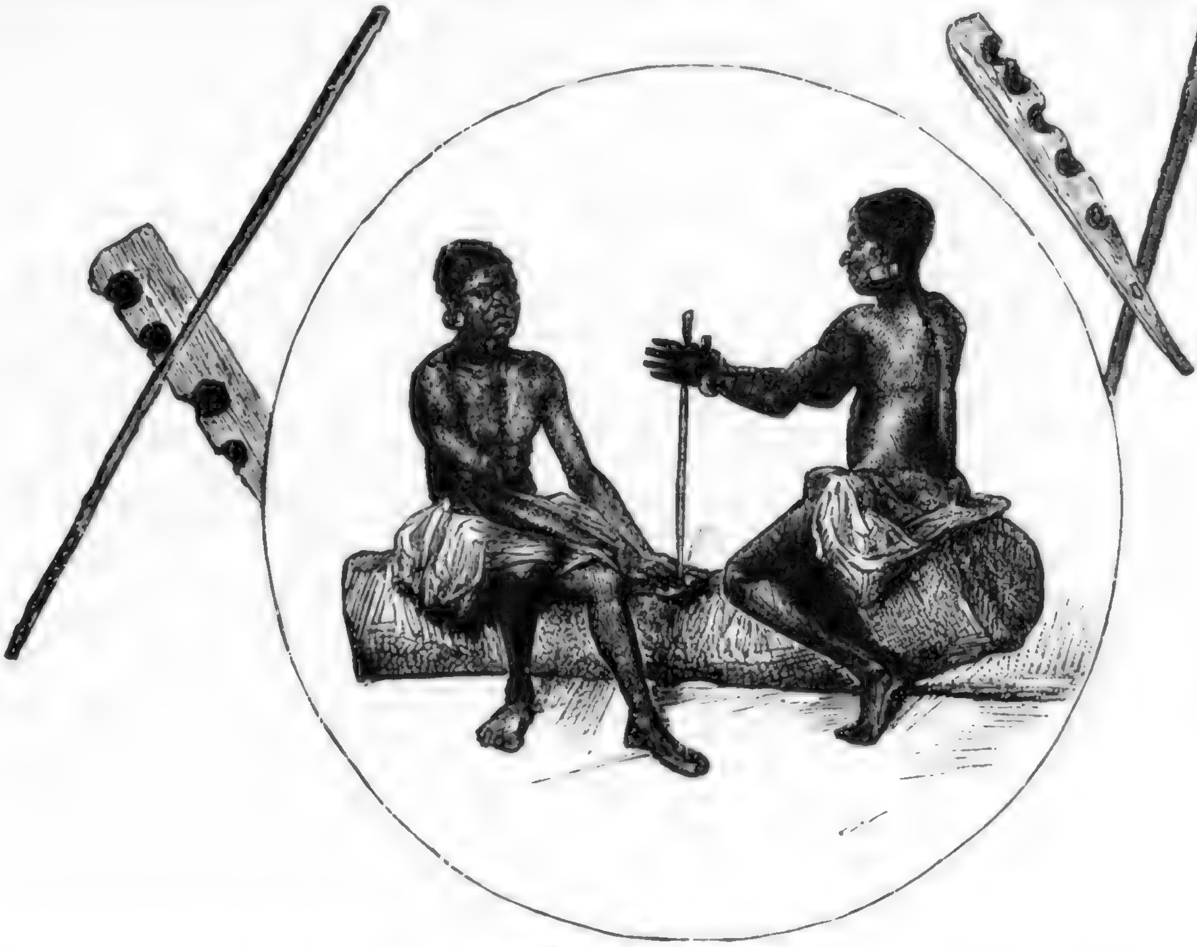
negro's imagination they do resemble somewhat the rising murmurs of an angry spirit. However, I resolve not to try their powers of endurance much longer; so, with due directions for making fires and constructing a rough shelter for the night, I hasten to continue my ascent while the weather will permit.

Mounting up a few hundred feet higher than the last stopping-place, and rounding an unsuspected ravine, I arrive close to the base of a small peak which has been a continual and useful point to aim at during the whole journey from my station. I am now at an elevation of 15,150 feet, and on the central connecting ridge of Kilima-njaro, and can see a little on both sides, though the misty state of the atmosphere prevents my getting any good view of the country. This ridge, which from below looks so simple and straight, is in reality dotted with several small monticules and cut up into many minor ridges, the general direction of them being, on the southern side from northeast to southwest. To the eastward I can see the greater part of Kimawenzi rising grandly with its jagged peaks and smooth glissages of golden sand. Westward I still look vainly in the piled up clouds, for the monarch of the chain yet remains obstinately hidden, and I am at a loss how best to approach his crown of virgin snow. At length—and it is so sudden and so fleeting that I have no time to fully take in the majesty of the snowy dome of Kibô—the clouds part, and I look on a blaze of snow so blinding white under the brief flicker of sunlight that I can see little detail. Since sunrise this morning I have caught no glimpse of Kibô, and now it is suddenly presented to me with unusual and startling nearness. I begin to notice that the outline of the eastern face of the summit is much less convex or rounded than it has appeared from a point lower down, and more under the peak, and that now its square craterous form becomes more evident, as when seen from a distance in the plains below. But before I can get out my sketch-book and sharpen my chalk pencil the clouds have once more hidden everything—indeed, have inclosed me in a kind of London fog, very depressing in character, for the decrease in light is rather alarming to one who feels himself alone and cut off at a point nearly as high as the summit of Mont Blanc. However, knowing now the direction of my goal, I rise from the clammy stones, and, clutching up my sketch-book with benumbed hands, begin once more to ascend westward.



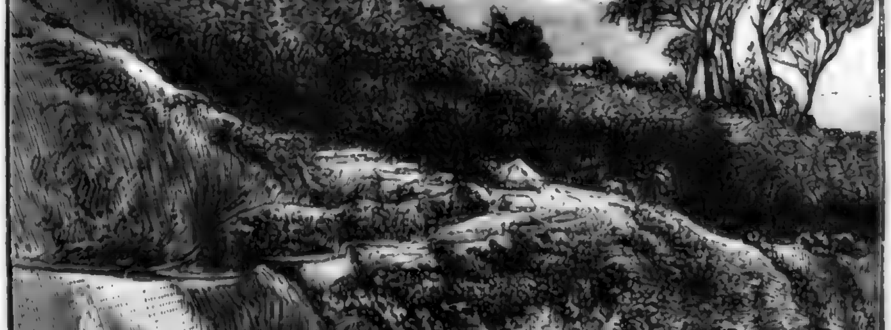
KILIMA-NJARO SEEN FROM LAKE JIPÉ.

Though reflection tells me it would be better to return to my followers, and recommence the climb next day, I still struggle on with stupid persistency, and, at length, after a rather steeper ascent than usual up the now smoother and sharper ridge, I suddenly encounter snow flying at my very feet, and nearly plunge headlong into a great rift filled with snow that here seemed to cut across the ridge to interrupt it. The dense mist clears a little in a partial manner, and I then see to my left the black rock sloping gently to an awful gulf of snow, so vast and deep that its limits are concealed by fog. Above me a line of snow is just discernible, and altogether the prospect is such a bleak and gloomy one, with its all-surrounding curtain of sombre cloud and its uninhabited wastes of snow



TAVEITA MEN MAKING FIRE.

and rock, that my heart sinks within me at my loneliness. But just as I am imagining myself the sole living being at this elevation, and the only spectator of this vast solitude, a something sweeps over me, driving a wave of cold, misty air against my face, and making my heart thump with a sudden inexplicable terror. There is nothing supernatural, however, in the visitation. Only a huge black-and-white raven, which, emerging from the mist, alights on a ledge of rock in front of me, and contemplates my appearance with evident surprise. I could easily slay this creature so boldly regarding me, but the idea of doing so never enters my head. It almost seems the embodiment of the mountain spirit, whom to fire on would be sacrilege punishable by being hurled down the abyss of snow and rock which yawns on one side of the ridge along which I climb. So I leave the raven still perched quietly on the stone until the mist screens him from my backward look, and meantime go plodding along upward, till at length, utterly exhausted and numbed with cold, I throw myself on the snow-bespattered ground, and feel that I shall never regain the force to quit this horrid solitude of stones and snow. However, a few minutes' immobility and a sip from my flask somewhat restore my courage, and feeling convinced of the impossibility of ascending any higher on this occasion, I proceed to boil my thermometer, to ascertain the altitude. The mercury rises to 183.8, an observation which, when computed, gives an altitude of 16,315 feet. This is the highest point (within a little more than 2,000 feet of the summit) which I ever attain on Kilimanjaro. Fearing to be benighted in these alpine solitudes, I now resolve to hasten back as quickly as possible to my improvised shelter, for the clouds are thickening, and thin showers of sleety snow are falling. A high wind arises and whips



KITIMBIRIN, OUR FIRST SETTLEMENT ON KILIMA-NJARO.

my face with the icy rain, and makes it difficult to keep my footing. At length I reach the boulders and the sand, then descending with greater ease, enter once more, at about an altitude of 15,000 feet, the region of vegetation. Keeping in view the small hillock I have already mentioned as such a useful landmark, I ultimately find my way back to the spot where I have left my men. What is my agonized surprise to discover, on searching the sheltered hollow, that it is deserted and abandoned. I hesitate but little. Sooner than remain here without blankets, food or fire, I will endeavor to regain my station, even though I have to wander all night on the lonely flanks of the mountain; so, starting off in the waning daylight, I hurry over the now easy descent at a pace which soon quickens into an irregular run. I cross the stream at the well-remembered ford, and, cheered by the sight of old landmarks, and warmed by the violent exercise, I march on straight in the direction of my little village. The mists disperse, the moon shines out brightly, I can clearly distinguish familiar hill-tops, and, on reaching once more the banks of my own river, I then have an unfailing guide to follow until the glimmering watch-fires of my settlement glance out from its bushy stockade, and the loud voices of men break the still and frosty air. As I step in through the palisade, and appear before my almost terror-stricken men, I see I am at first taken for my own ghost, and not till I have spoken a few sentences in a very real and energetic tone to the three culprits who have deserted me is the impression removed. It transpires that my three followers had remained for about an hour in the place I had left them, and then, seeing I did not return, had been seized with an irresistible panic, had caught up their loads, and had returned helter-skelter to the station. Fortunately they have not lost the collections; so, after a short rebuke, I am disposed to condone their fault, the more so as I feel too thankful to return to warmth and shelter, and familiar faces, to pass unnecessary time in unprofitable scolding.

I remain some little while longer in this elevated settlement, and, although I am much hindered by the bad and tempestuous weather, I make excursions in all directions for the purpose of collecting. In one of these trips I once more reach the snow, but owing to the length of time involved in a climb to the snow line (for the slope of the mountain is very gradual), I am never able to accomplish the entire ascent of either peak, going and returning in one day; and as I find it impossible to induce my shivering followers to accompany me into the mists and hailstorms, and cannot unaided carry instruments and food, I have reluctantly to resign my long-meditated feat, and leave the actual summit of Kilima-njaro still virgin.

I prepare to evacuate my highest station on Kilima-njaro, at the end of October, and following a new route through an unexplored country, return to Taveita and the coast.

Leaving our alpine settlement, with its grassy slopes and forests of arboreal heaths, we take the path running eastward round the upper slopes of the mountain. For a day and a half we wander through the dense forests that clothe the southern flank of Kimawenzi, with no guide but the compass, and no track but the paths just trodden before us by wandering herds of elephants. At length we emerge on the cultivated country, and, at a height of 6,000 feet, descend into the district of Bombo. The savage inhabitants of this unvisited district at first greet us with hostile war-cries, and, taking our quiet progress for an organized invasion, advance to assault us with their feeble spears and flights of arrows. However, seeing we do not diverge from our path nor return the onset, they finally stand aloof, and we march unopposed out of their country into the No-man's Land beyond.

We pass close to the brink of Lake Chala, an extinct crater filled with water, and strangely and most picturesquely situated above the almost level plains below. Reaching the River Lumi (our river," as we always affectionately call it), we march along its bank till our beautiful forest home of Taveita is entered, and here we gladly surrender ourselves to a few quiet days of repose before starting for the coast.

I am, indeed, unhappy for one cause only at this time —namely, the prospect of being soon obliged to quit this paradise. Still, the original term of service for which the men were engaged will be up at the end of November, and before that time I must reach the coast to pay them off. Unless more funds are forthcoming I shall have to discharge my porters, pay their wages, wind up my affairs, and return to England, for living in Central Africa is no more possible without money (or money's worth) than it is elsewhere. Nevertheless, I cannot bear to think I am quitting the country, and feel so hopeful and convinced that help in some shape or form will await me in Zanzibar, and that in a few weeks I shall be back in Taveita with renewed zeal for my work, that I do not like to abandon my comfortable and well-ordered settlement to the wild beasts and white ants, especially as the ground it is built on is my own, purchased from the natives of Taveita. Therefore, after a little deliberation, finding, moreover, that I have many goods and implements of husbandry which I can neither carry to the coast, for want of porters, nor bring myself to throw away, and disliking also to abandon my goats, fowls, ducks, pigeons and tame ostriches, I finally decide to leave four men in charge of the settlement, who should await my return during three months, and if I do not then arrive, pack up as many of the things as they can carry, and accompany one of the Swahili caravans returning to the coast.

These and other preparations made, I take a most reluctant farewell of my pretty town, and also of the pleasant-tempered and friendly Wa-taveita, who entreat me to return very soon and dwell amongst them. I then make a short march of four hours to the northern corner of Lake Jipé, where I camp out, remaining a few days in the vicinity of this piece of water, in order to observe the denizens of its banks. Lake Jipé is, in reality, a shallow back-water of the Lumi River, which afterward becomes the Ruvu, and enters the Indian Ocean at Pangani. It is, in short, a tiny edition of the Albert Nyanza, twelve miles long by three to four broad. On the southern bank the Mountains of Ugweno rise grandly to heights of 6,000 feet and 7,000 feet, contrasting markedly with the opposite shore, whereon we are encamped, which is a flat plain, but little raised above the lake.

The last grand view of Kilima-njaro that we obtain is from the borders of the lake. The craterous shape of the larger peak becomes very massed. Here we gaze for the last time on the majestic lineaments of the king of African mountains, and then regretfully turn our backs on him, leave the borders of the lake, and cross a low ridge of limestone hills that shut out Kilima-njaro and Jipé from our gaze. Our faces are now turned toward the fine Mountains of Pare, which, though not ascending to any greater height than 7,000 or 8,000 feet, still are so admirably picturesque in outline that they recall, with their green valleys and tumbling streams, the mountain scenery of Wales.

In the plains below, the soil is rich, black and alluvial;

green grass grows luxuriantly, together with some lovely lilies, whose white blossoms star the prairie in all directions. Here I see more game at once than I have ever seen in Africa. It is a sportsman's paradise—a delicious dream of happy hunting-grounds scarcely to be realized in this life. Hundreds and hundreds of giraffes scud before us; herds of elands (the bulls in deep dun color, with glossy hides that look like satin in the noonday sun) saunter along, now nibbling the sweet grass, now trotting off as we advance. Myriads of red hartebeests, sable antelopes, pallahs and zebras stud the undulating plain, while a small group of ostriches may be observed on our left-hand side, and a rhinoceros stands under the shade of a mimosa to the right of the path, flicking his short tail from side to side, and watching the movements of the caravan with suspicion. Alas! they have no reason to fear me. Waterless, dead beat and sun-stricken, it needs all my resolution painfully to plod along the path, and I am quite incapable of stalking big game when I doubt if I shall have sufficient force left to carry me to our camping-place at Ngurungani.

Arrived here in the early afternoon, we find a large force of Mosai camped round the drinking-pools, and it needs more than an hour's patient diplomacy to keep these worthies from submitting us to indiscriminate slaughter; we only, in fact, induce them to leave us alone and go their way by adopting an unworthy subterfuge, and assuring them that we have smallpox (a disease they much dread) in our caravan. The next day we camp at Kisiwani, a pretty spot at the foot of the Pare Hills. Then twenty miles further on we come to the fruitful and pleasing district of Gouja, a settlement of Wazeguha, ruled by the sons of Semboja, the Chief of Western Usambara. Here signs of coast influence are quite apparent, and, for the first time since leaving Mombasa at the commencement of the expedition, I knew I was not among savages.

We rest a day in this pleasant spot, and then walk on in two or three stages until the mountain walls of Usambara (rising a clear 4,000 feet or more from the plain below, like giant cliffs) stand over us, and the residence of Semboja is reached. Here we see the red flag of Zanzibar flying, and are informed that Semboja, the most powerful chief between Kilima-njaro and the coast, delights to number himself among the vassals of Sayyid Barghash. I take advantage of this to present the letter of introduction given me by the Sultan of Zanzibar, and the epistle produces a pleasant and palpable result in a present of goats and bullocks. The chief, in fact, is vastly hospitable, and will not let me leave till he has had a good long gossip. On parting with him I give him a good fowling-piece and some other articles, principally clothing, and we both exchange assurances of sincere friendship.

On leaving his capital we make for the Ruva River—which takes its rise in Lake Jipé—and, following its banks for three days, at length arrive at the seacoast, and draw up in the town of Pangani, where I install myself in the comfortable house belonging to the Universities Mission. Here I get some of the sweetest foretastes of civilization. Though the building is unoccupied save by the caretaker, it has been recently visited by the missionaries, and they have left behind an ample store of magazines and newspapers, and after being cut off for so many months from the outer world, I throw myself like a famished creature on all this store of journalistic pabulum.

In three days' time my caravan men are paid off, and I leave for Zanzibar in an Arab dhow. Arrived in the Metropolis of Eastern Africa (it will soon be called the Necropolis if people go on dying as rapidly as they have done lately), I find that though verbal encouragement beyond measure has been sent me to continue my work in Eastern Africa, there is, as a matter of fact, no fresh grant of funds, so regretfully I take my passage in a British India steamer to Aden. After a few days at this unjustly vilified spot, I set out for Suez, spent a few days in Egypt, and reached London *viâ* Brindisi, within little more than six weeks since I last saw the snow-peaks of Kilima-njaro from the reedy shores of Lake Jipé. This ends the hasty sketch of my journey to the Snow Mountains of Eastern Equatorial Africa.

ST. AGNES.

Deep on the convent-roof the snows
  Are sparkling to the moon;
My breath to heaven like vapor goes,
  May my soul follow soon!
The shadows of the convent-towers
  Slant down the snowy sward;
Still creeping with the creeping hours
  That lead me to my Lord.
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
  As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year
  That on my bosom lies.
As these white robes are soiled and dark,
  To yonder shining ground;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
  To yonder argent round;—
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
  My spirit before Thee;
So in my earthly house I am,
  To that I hope to be.
Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far
  Through all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, Thy bride, a glittering star,
  In raiment white and clean.
He lifts me to the golden doors,
  The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts her starry floors.
  And strews her lights below,
And deepens on and up! the gates
  Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
  To make me pure of sin.
The Sabbath of Eternity,
  One Sabbath deep and wide -
A light upon the shining sea
  The Bridegroom with His bride.

THE HERMIT OF THE ALLEGHANIES.

By Henry Hill.

Chapter I.

In the year 1856 I took my Summer vacation in the mountains.

Previous to that I had always gone to the seashore, and it did not require an unfriendly critic to tell me that sameness was noticeable in both my pen and pencil sketches.

I said, "I will see if I can't get out of this rut," so I studied maps and railroad-guides, talked with friends, interviewed tourists and sports, and finally selected a portion of the Alleghany Mountains, traversed by one of the main trunk-roads as my objective point.

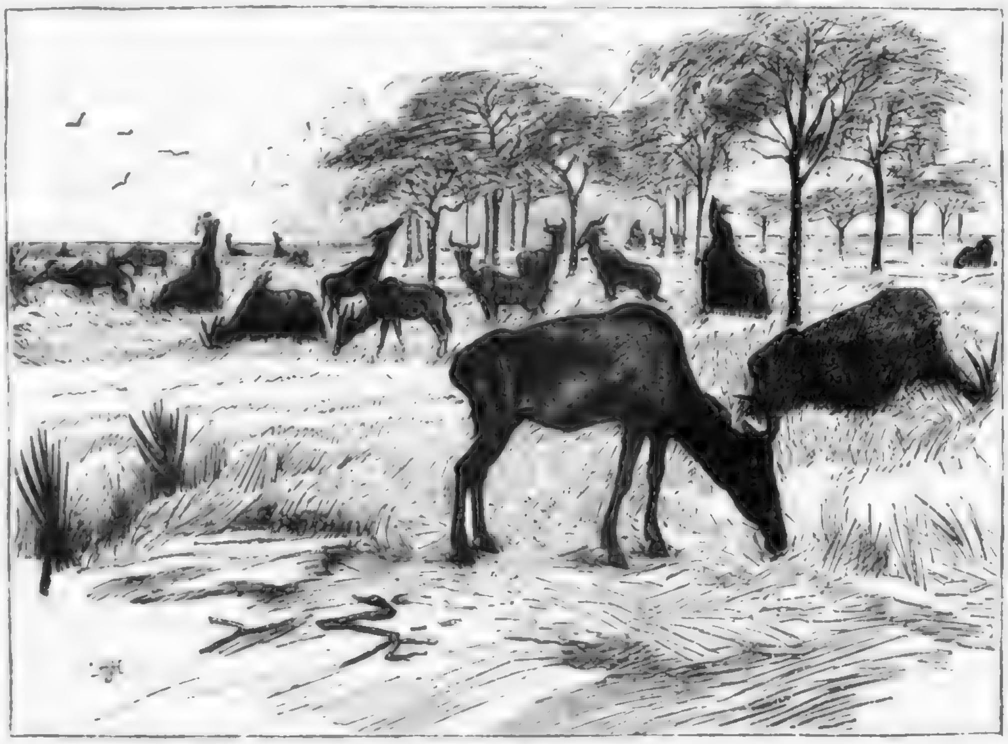
The whole region was almost unpopulated (and is to this day), and this constituted its chief attraction to my mind; for I wanted to commune with nature, not with man. The mountains were very high, the forests were absolutely primeval, the streams turbulent and full of cascades (so my friend, the lumber merchant, told me), and, he added, "the brook which drives my saw-mill is swarming with speckled trout." He also said that his foreman would be not only willing but glad to board me for a month, if I would put up with rough mountain fare, and that he would give me a letter to him requesting him to do so. "There is not another house," said he, "within fifteen miles in any direction."

"What do you mean," said I, by "rough mountain fare?"

"Why," he replied, "ham and eggs, speckled trout, corn bread, hot coffee, for breakfast. Bread and milk, with berries, for lunch. Roast or fricasseed chicken for dinner, when quail and partridge are scarce, and——"

"Hold on," said I. "Are you trying to guy me?"

"Not at all," he replied; "my foreman's wife is one of the best cooks in the world; a regular New England woman; and they have a couple of bright boys who are perfect young Nimrods. Honestly, I never fared so well in my life as when I was up there a couple of years ago, and spent three days overseeing the putting-in of steam-power to drive the mill when water is low. I would like to spend a month there every Summer; but you know, not being a bachelor like you, I have others to consult, and our cottage at Newport is very inviting."



A JOURNEY TO MOUNT KILIMA-NJARO.—THE RED HARTEBEEST, ANTELOPES AND ANT-HILLS. SEE PAGE 596.

At six o'clock in the morning of the first of June I took the cars at the depot of the ——— Railroad, with all the paraphernalia of a sportsman and all the traps of an artist, which I stowed away on the hooks and brackets of my seat. Soon after noon, the panorama of villages, vegetable gardens, and farms had wound itself up, and long stretches of forest began to unwind. The noises of the train changed; short, quick puffs were uttered by the engine, and these increased to snorts. The wheels seemed to grind upon the rails. We were going up—up—up—a gradually increasing grade; mile after mile, hour after hour. Occasionally some opening in the trees would show deep valleys stretching away into blue distance without a sign of human habitation.

At five P.M. the train stopped to wood and water at an obscure station, named on the time-table, but without platform or office, or anything to indicate its connection with the road, beyond a high, leaky tank, a lot of freshly sawed timber, and a great wood-pile.

Here I disembarked.

"Are you the gentleman from New York?" said a pleasant, manly voice.

"I am," I replied. "Are you Mr. ———?"

"I am," said he. "Come right this way. The wagon is behind the wood-pile. My mare don't like the cars."

"Too-hoo! too-hoo!" screamed the locomotive; "and "crunch, crunch," growled the wheels; "and chuck, chuck, chuck, chuck," cried the links which connected the cars; the great serpent again straightened itself and whirled off out of sight.

Seven miles in a light lumber-wagon, over a corduroy road, brought us to the mill, a building with no architectural proportions, but one which distinctly indicated abundant capital invested and vigorous intelligent management.

On the road my companion had told me its capacity, the reasons for locating it where it was, the immensity of the trees in its vicinity, the profits on timber of extra length, and added: "I suppose your friend told you that he owned twenty-five thousand acres here, which prevents all competition. Next year, we shall have a switch laid from the station right up to the mill. But here is my house," said he, suddenly. "Elegant, isn't it?"

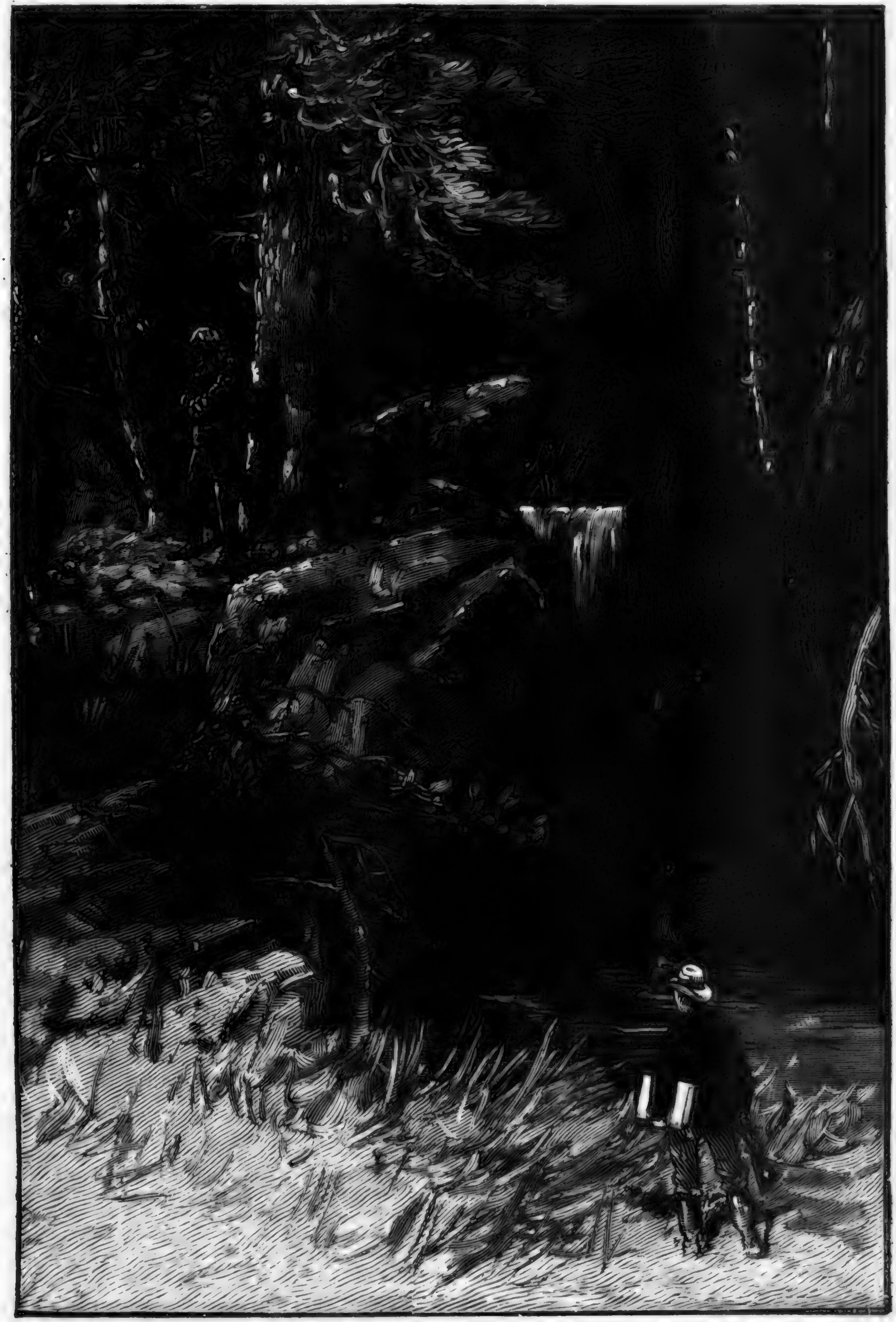
It was not an inviting structure. It was built of boards, unplaned and unpainted, but it was well put together, and looked as if it might be dry and comfortable.

"I'm trying to make a little money," said he, "and to save what I make. If living here in the woods don't spoil us all, in five years we can go back East again."

I confess I was surprised when I entered, prepared as I had been by external appearances for the exact opposite of what was revealed. A bright Brussels carpet covered the floor; pictures of no ordinary merit adorned the walls. Grass bouquets and wreaths of Autumn leaves occupied suitable positions. A large sofa, several easy-chairs, a well-filled bookcase, a centre-table, and a piano, all attested the presence of intelligence and refinement.

A savory smell gave evidence that preparations were being made in an adjoining room for the entertainment of their guest and boarder. I was as hungry as a wolf. The odors of that repast come back to me now just as they fell upon my senses then.

The door opened, and in stepped madam. She was a tall, finely-formed, bright-eyed, sensible-looking woman of about thirty-five. She had been a schoolteacher in New England, I afterward learned. She was dressed in that ineffable taste with which sensible women always



THE HERMIT OF THE ALLEGHANIES.—"WITH HIS LONG, WHITE HAIR AND FLOWING BEARD, HE MIGHT HAVE STOOD FOR A PORTRAIT OF BELISARIUS—OR EVEN MOSES!"—SEE PAGE 607.

array themselves—by which I mean that I can't remember now, nor do I think I ever knew, what she had on. I only know that she looked well—in fact, to my somewhat excited imagination, superb.

I was introduced to her, and by her immediately to the supper-table!

Talk about Delmonico's. The very choicest luxuries of his most elaborate and expensive bill of fare were on that table. Quail, snipe, trout, and yellower butter and whiter bread than can be obtained in the city for love or money. But why dwell upon the sumptuous repast? It was only one in many. Greater pains than usual were probably taken, as my arrival had been expected; but the mountain air kept my appetite so sharpened that if the quality of the bill of fare ever fell off I never noticed it.

Presently the two boys came in; bright, handsome, athletic young fellows of thirteen and fifteen years. They brought strings of fish and a brace of partridges.

I soon learned that their hours were divided as follows: From six to eight in the morning, "doing the chores"; from eight to ten, studying their lessons; from ten to twelve, helping their father at the mill; from twelve to one, dinner; from one to six, five hours, the time was their own; for hunting, fishing, trapping or exploring. Supper at six, then one hour for "the chores," and in the evening, recitation in the parlor; the father being the professor of mathematics and penmanship, and the mother having charge of the other branches.

Not a bad sort of life for a boy! Perpetual work and yet perpetual holiday. Not a bad way to bring up boys, I thought. I was right. One of them is now a prominent lumber-dealer at the West, and the other is president of a Southern railroad.

The month I passed in that pleasant family is a bright and shining spot in my memory. The boys and I became fast friends. They knew the woods round about like young Indians. They seemed to have an Indian's instinct in all things which indicated the presence of game or the approach of storms.

I learned more from these two boys than I had ever known before about the mysteries of Nature. During that time I killed three splendid deer, caught upward of five hundred speckled trout (one a monster, of which more anon), shot sixty-three brace of partridges and a gross of quails, had a fight with a black bear, in which I escaped unhurt, and sent him away limping, with a double-barreled charge of buckshot in his rascally hide—but I must stop this; a whole book would scarcely contain all my adventures and experiences.

I will only relate one more. I discovered and interviewed a hermit—a veritable, actual, flesh-and-blood hermit.

It came about as follows:

One day, after I had learned the points of the compass, or thought I had, and could navigate my course alone, or thought I could, I started out with gun and rod and sketch-book very early in the morning. I followed up the mill-stream, not stopping much except to enjoy some exquisite view of dark valley or sun-gilded mountain, or to inhale the fresh and fragrant odors of the woods.

I had heard the boys speak of another stream about five miles to the eastward, on which there were no mills, and which had been rarely if ever fished. The boys argued that the largest trout must be found there, but their father had never allowed them to go so far away. It occurred to me that if I should just go over there (five miles are nothing to a good walker), and should succeed in capturing the largest trout ever caught, I could do some proud boasting on my return.

I left my bearings and pushed on east.

It is astonishing how easily one can get lost in the woods. Some light clouds began to cover the sun, and in half an hour east, west, north and south were all one to me.

I traveled on, thinking it was in a straight line, but when one turns out three feet for one tree, and two feet for another—now to the right four feet, and now to the left two feet and a half, straight lines easily become circles; besides, I lost sight of another fact—that the stream itself of which I was in search might be as crooked as my own zigzag course, and yet be generally parallel with the other.

Six hours passed by, and no stream. Then I knew that I was lost—lost in the great forests of the Alleghany Mountains, which stretch from New York to Georgia—the waters of which flow on one side to the Atlantic and on the other to the Gulf of Mexico.

The silence was oppressive. The trees were immense. Some of them were a hundred feet high and six feet through at the trunk. They were the natural growth. No ax had ever echoed in those solitudes. I began to be very nervous and apprehensive. It was past noon, and I was undoubtedly beyond the limits of my friend's twenty-five thousand acres. It seemed like some hostile territory.

I was not very tired nor very hungry as yet, but I began instinctively to calculate how long a man could live without food. Then I thought of my gun and my rod—and of the fact that I had a box of matches and at least thirty charges of ammunition, which reassured me.

It would be strange, surely, if I did not reach some human habitation before all should be exhausted. So I once more pushed on for about three hours. Suddenly I heard distant rumbling as of cars going over a bridge. "Ah, ha!" said I, "the railroad! Yes indeed! Why didn't I think of that before? I am aiming at a wide mark. I shall strike the track somewhere, and by following it I shall come to some town, even if I fail to stop some train by my signals."

The rumbling increased. It was no train. No, it was the sound of falling water. "Why, yes," said I, "that stream is exactly what I started out to find. Why should I be so easily diverted from my objects and intentions? I can follow down a stream as well as follow up a railroad track. It will lead somewhere."

The roaring grew louder. Presently I saw the water. Tumbling over rocks, whirling in little eddies, now dashed into whitened spray, and widening into a clear pool at the bottom, the loveliest cascade I had ever seen was revealed to me through the opening trees. Mosses and lichens covered the rocks, which were festooned with vines bright with scarlet blossoms, and great ferns clustered around the pool. The clouds had disappeared and the sunshine poured in upon the scene as if it had sought through all the woods for an opening, and rushed in shouting for joy.

Out came my portfolio. Down I sat upon a rock to sketch the scene. I forgot utterly that I was lost. I only thought of the beautiful, beautiful scene. I sketched the outline, then the rocks, the fall, the running water, the pool, the ferns, and was adding the trees one by one, when a new object attracted my attention. Was it imagination, or was it the figure of a man leaning against the trunk of the great evergreen at the head of the falls? If a man, he was of herculean proportions. His hair and beard were white as snow. His beard hung to his waist. I was never superstitious, but the thought of a sylvan deity presiding over this enchanting spot forced itself upon my mind and quickened my pulses.

"Well," said I to myself, "you are an extraordinary genius. You start for a certain brook for the express purpose of fishing, and when you reach it you go at once to sketching. You think you are lost in the forest, and would give the world to see a human face, and as soon as one appears, lo! and behold, he is something supernatural and awe-inspiring."

"Hello!" said I. "Stand perfectly still for a minute or two. I want to work you into this picture."

He did stand perfectly still—too still for my comfort. He made no reply. He stood as still as a statue. The sun shone directly upon him. He was not more than fifty feet away. My eyesight was perfect. He wore a hunting-shirt wide open at the neck. His face was like new bronze. His eyes were deep-set. He wore long boots coming above his knees. He was very tall, very straight, very broad-shouldered. His front was magnificent. He matched the great tree against which he leaned. He was grand! With his long white hair and flowing beard, he might have stood for a portrait of Belisarius—or even Moses! His absolute repose was startling; but when I reflected upon my own youthful vigor, and upon the fact that I was the most proficient athlete of the gymnasium, I felt ashamed of my nervousness, and as he was motionless I went on with my sketch. Finally, having so far finished it as to be able to complete it from memory, I said: "Thank you; now move as much as you please."

The figure at once replied in a loud, clear voice, "Away, intruder!" meanwhile remaining as motionless as before.

I don't know how it occurred to me—perhaps it was psychological; at all events I made the sign of a certain secret organization which I verily believe to be of very ancient origin, and which spreads universally over the world, even among barbarous tribes. At this he started, and waving his arms wildly, cried out, "Begone, I say, begone!"

I noticed that, although evidently under great excitement, he made the return sign of the fraternity; so, from that moment, it was no longer doubtful that I was addressing a man and a brother. But why this strange conduct?

Advancing to the edge of the rock, he cried: "Who are you? Why do you invade my solitude?"

I had seen Forrest and Charles Kean and Murdoch in "King Lear," but I had never seen so sublime an attitude—so splendid a tableau, as he now presented. He had thrown off his hat and stood bareheaded in the sunshine.

"This is a madman," I said; "undoubtedly escaped from some lunatic asylum; but he gave me the sign, and he asks questions. I will reply;" so I answered, quickly, "I am an artist from New York, spending my vacation in the mountains. I am lost in these woods. You undoubtedly gave me the sign of the brotherhood. Why, then, do you assail me with these harsh words, and order me away? Unless you own these premises you have no right to do so, and if you do, I demand your hospitality. Remember your oath!"

"Young man," he replied, after a pause, "there is something in your manner and appearance which leads me to believe that you speak the truth, although I long ago lost all faith in mankind. Stay where you are. I will come to you."

At this he disappeared behind the ledge of rocks, and I awaited his arrival.

CHAPTER II.

I HASTILY examined my gun, saw that it was loaded and capped, and stood it against a bush near at hand. Several minutes went by and he did not arrive; meanwhile I worked as rapidly as possible upon the picture, devoting myself principally to shading and bringing out the figure of the hermit himself. Just as it began to stand out the most prominent feature of the sketch, he came upon me suddenly from behind. He held loosely in his right hand a long, heavy rifle.

"Why do you bring that with you?" I inquired, watching him closely.

"Because," said he, "I always carry it with me."

"Ah, well," I answered, "that is a good reason, if you are an honest man, and I believe you are. See, how do you like this picture?"

He looked at it long and earnestly. He was evidently pleased. At last he said:

"No human being save myself has ever entered my abode since I turned my back upon the world to live in this forest; but if you will give me the sacred word of a brother of the Order that no one shall ever know it, and that you will not divulge to any one that such a man as I inhabits this locality, I will protect you to-night and guide you to some safe place in the morning. The chances are that you would never find your way out of this wilderness alone."

His speech was clear, his enunciation that of an educated and well-bred man, and, although there was a mystery about his manner almost startling, I was completely relieved from all apprehension, and at once accepted his invitation.

"Come," said he; "follow me."

I did so, and he soon led me to the top of the ledge, then back from the stream a short distance, where we suddenly came upon the most strangely constructed habitation that could be imagined.

It was in reality a log-house, but being half below and half above the surface of the ground, and completely surrounded and covered with bushes, a hunter or surveying party might easily pass it by unnoticed.

When we had reached the interior I found that it contained two rooms, each about twenty feet square. One was a living-room, and the other was evidently a storeroom. A good assortment of farmers' and carpenters' tools hung against the wall, and firearms and fishing-tackle occupied brackets at convenient places. The furniture of the place was scanty and rude, but comfortable. A table, a rustic lounge and chair, a hammock and a camp-cot, were the principal features; no books, paper or writing-materials were visible.

"Come," said he, "you are my guest for the night; look at my inclosure."

We passed through the storeroom, where the carcasses of a deer and a wild turkey hung upon pegs. There were eggs, and a pan of milk, and a pile of potatoes and bushels of nuts, and in one corner a sack of flour. A small stock of cooking-utensils and crockery rested upon a rude shelf.

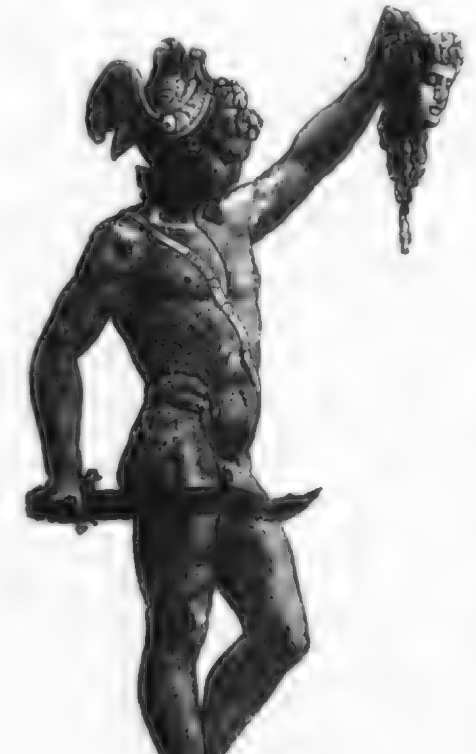
Opening a small, strong door in the rear, he led me up six steps into an open space. It was an inclosure of irregular shape, containing half to three-quarters of an acre. This was surrounded by a strong palisade, the principal posts of which were the stumps of trees which had been felled.

On the outside, a dense thicket of brambles and tall bushes completely covered it, so that any person passing that way would not imagine its existence.

Here was a well-cultivated garden. In one corner was a pen containing goats and kids, and in another domesticated wild-fowl were inclosed.

It was evident that my host had every arrangement for living without any connection with the outside world, save an occasional trip to some town for the purchase of ammunition or some little luxury.

"Now, brother," said he, "come into supper."



STATUE OF PERSEUS WITH THE HEAD OF MEDUSA.—BY BENVENUTO CELLINI.

Throwing off his hat and coat, he then proceeded to prepare at a small furnace an excellent meal of venison, which, to my sharpened appetite, surpassed in gustatory flavor any of which I had ever before partaken.

"How long have you lived here?" said I.

"No matter how long," he replied, "nor why. It is many years since I turned my back upon a base and wicked world. Let me see that picture."

I handed him the sketch, which he took and gazed at for several minutes in silence.

"Do I look like that?" he asked.

"Well," said I, "as I am the artist, I should feel some delicacy in deciding that question. Is the picture a good one in other respects?"

"Excellent! Perfect," he replied. "The cascade, the trees, the rocks, the pool, all are perfect."

"Then it is probable that your likeness is a good one."

"Yes," said he, mournfully, "I am growing very old."

"Do you like this sort of life?" I asked.

"Why not?" said he. "No one lies to me here, no one defrauds me, no one slanders me, no one deceives me."

"But you are violating the laws of nature. The world could not go on——"

"Stop! Young man, I have nothing to do with the world. I live as I please. Have I not a right to do that?"

"Scarcely," I replied; "the world has claims upon every man."

"No, no, no, no!" he cried, with great vehemence. "I gave the world all I had of education, character, integrity, long, long ago. The world scorned it and spurned me. I gave my heart—the richest, purest first fruits of my love. It was scorned and spurned. I became desperate. I was dangerous. To avoid crime in my desperation, I fled—but—but—but what right have you to catechise me in this manner?"

"Pardon me," I said; "I do not wish to catechise you. Your personal history would of course be interesting to me, but it is your own. Believe me, I profoundly respect your character as I understand it, and deeply sympathize with you in the wrongs or griefs which have driven you to this solitude. Pity you I do not, for I see you are independent and happy. There is a fascination about your style of life which I confess enchants me. Should I be defrauded, wronged, slandered, deceived, as you have been, I would wish to become a hermit like you—just such a hermit. Not an ascetic, mortifying myself with haircloth and other tortures, suffering self-inflicted privations, but having a little selfish paradise of my own in the heart of some primeval forest, at the head of a picturesque waterfall, living by gun and rod, on the choicest of nature's luxuries."

"You make pen-pictures too, I perceive. You are a journalist, are you not?"

"Yes," said I. "I am the artist correspondent of——"

"Do you intend to violate my hospitality by making it the subject of a speculation on your return?"

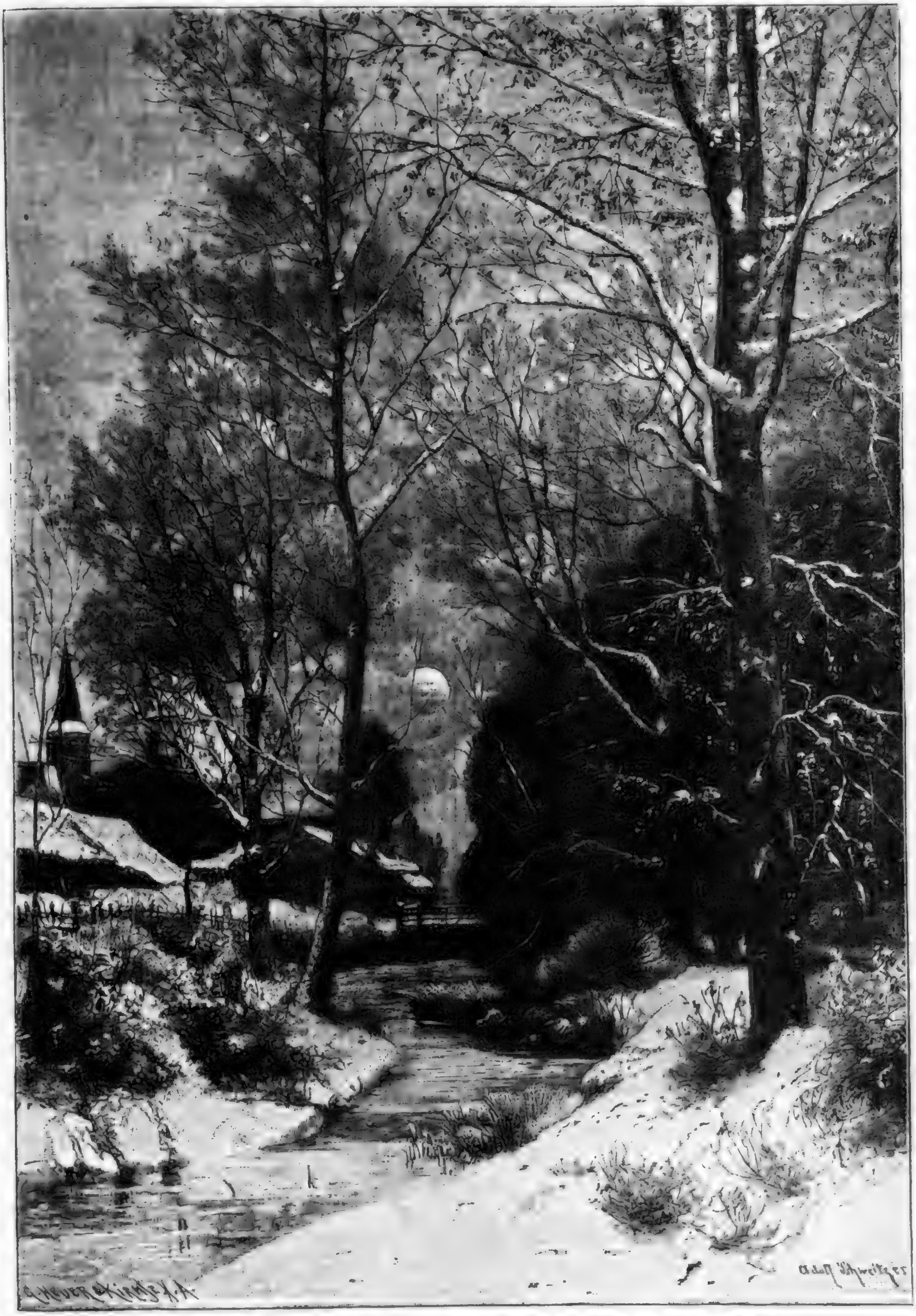
"Have I not given you the word of a brother?"

"Brother!" said he, scowling fiercely. "I have never been more grossly wronged than by a brother; but it was not a member, it is true, of the Brotherhood whose sign you gave me. It was only the distant relationship of Cain and Abel. Fool! fool! fool that I was to return your sign! But no, I was bound by an oath, and can I violate my oaths because others do? I returned your sign, and you are my guest. You are sacred here till morning; and let us change the subject of our conversation. I shall tell you nothing of my past history. Talk of something else, or let us be silent."

"Thanks, brother, or, rather, father," said I. "If inadvertently I trespass upon delicate ground, do not be offended. I will endeavor to avoid it. You cannot live without some connection with the world, I perceive; for your clothing, as well as certain things on your table and in your larder, prove this."

After a long pause he replied:

"True, I can buy better boots and coats and hats than I can make; I can get an occasional sack of flour and a little pepper and salt, and powder and shot—but see! I can avoid the rascals except three or four times a year, and then I can make my interviews as brief as possible, never visiting the same place or seeing the same faces twice. I have only one to support, and my chief wants are supplied by my rod, my gun, my garden, my goats and my fowls. A few skins sold supply everything else. In the world I was a slave—a slave to every rascal and


Adolf Schweitzer

ST. AGNES'S EVE.—"DEEP ON THE CONVENT-ROOF THE SNOWS ARE SPARKLING TO THE MOON."
SEE POEM ON PAGE 607.

liar and deceitful woman who would lie and cheat while I would not. Here I am a king. Like Robinson Crusoe, 'I am monarch of all I survey.' My goats and fowls don't lie to me or cheat me. Since I have kept aloof from mankind I have never been wronged or deceived. I sometimes wish I knew what had become of— But no, it is nothing to me. Come, now; we have talked enough. To bed. You take the cot. I will sleep in the hammock. Discharge your gun before retiring. Mine must remain loaded. I always sleep with it at my side. I trust no one; not even you."

I did as I was directed; I could not well do otherwise, and I saw plainly that his precaution was natural from his standpoint of view. I could see that the promptness of my obedience pleased him. So, dismissing all apprehension, I was soon sleeping soundly.

When I awoke, the sun was just rising and Old Lear was just building his fire.

"Go and wash," said he, "in the brook."

I did so. On my return he said:

"Will you have trout for breakfast?"

"Yes," said I; "if I may catch them."

"You," said he, angrily—"you fish in my pool?"

"Do not be angry, brother," said I. "If they are to be caught, what odds who takes them?—whether they be caught with worm or fly?"

"Do you fish with a fly?" he said, looking at me curiously. "That art I never learned. I have always used the worm."

"All right," said I. "I'll show you how it is done, and in return I will present you with my rod and reel and all my stock of flies, together with the sketch you like so much."

"Go on," said he. "The chances are that you will not fool Old Solomon."

I glanced at him quickly, the thought flashing through my mind that he was a madman, after all.

Smiling for the first time, he explained that Old Solomon was the pet fish of his pool.

"I know that he is ten years old, and he was at least a three-pounder when I first saw him," said he.

We climbed down the rocks to the pool. The sun was streaming through the tree-tops. The forest was one vast aviary, and resounded with the notes of countless birds. Dewdrops glistened on every leaf and blade of grass like solitaire diamonds. The hermit watched every motion.

Arranging my rod and reel, I threw a purple fly directly into the centre of the pool. Instantly there sprang above the surface a very leviathan.

Turning a somersault in the air, he disappeared, lashing the clear water into suds with a thrash of his tail. Out ran the line a hundred feet. There was no more left. The little pole bent almost double.

"I shall never land him," I said, in wild excitement.

"Cut the line!" he shouted—"cut the line! It is Old Solomon!"

Just then the monster turned up-stream—the line slackened—and finally ceased to move. This gave me time to reason with the hermit.

"I shall not injure him at all," said I. "By means of this reel I shall tire him out and drown him, as they say. Then I will land him quietly, remove the hook, and place him back in the pool a sadder but a wiser fish; besides, I could not get another such chance to teach you the use and value of the reel in a score of years. On the other hand, if we cut the line, the hook will remain in his gills; the strong silk cord will be dragged after him wherever he goes; it will become entangled, and he will surely perish. Let me land him. He also will learn a lesson, and never rise to a fly again."

"Well, go on," said the patriarch.

Slowly I reeled in the line, and being now fully prepared, I kept a taut but gentle rein upon his troutship. Round and round the pool he went, like a circus horse. Time and time again I almost lost him. More than an hour went by before I drew him gently to the edge and took him out of the water.

Oh, what a beauty he was! with his dark-green back, his pink-and-yellow belly, his bright red gills, and his spotted sides!

I did not remove the hook, but laid him gently back into the pool and made the line fast at a short hitch.

"What will that fellow weigh?" said I.

"Eight pounds at least," said my companion.

"What are trout worth a pound?" I inquired.

"One dollar," he answered.

"Do you ever sell any?" I asked.

"I have done so occasionally, when I have gone out to make my purchases," he replied.

"My brother," said I, "the proprietor of the great museum in New York, has just offered two hundred dollars for the largest brook trout brought in for his new aquarium. Such a sum as that would supply all your wants for a long time. Let us box him up in some way and have him removed to that asylum for aged and worthy fishes. I will collect the money for you and remit it to any point most convenient for you. Solomon is well advanced in years. You cannot expect to have him always. He will be well cared for. What do you say?"

"What do you mean?" he almost shouted. "Have you known me all this time, and think me capable of selling my friend! Not for all the money in the world!"

Then pulling the great fish close to the bank, he carefully removed the hook, and patting him gently, he pushed him off into the deep water. He then baited his own hook with worms, and quickly caught a few small beauties, which were carried into the cabin and speedily broiled and devoured.

"Come," said he, "our bargain was that I should guide you out of this wilderness. Where do you wish to be delivered?"

"At the sawmill," I replied.

"Make ready," said he; "we will go at once. It is a long way from here. I do not want your rod and reel. I do not care for that mode of fishing. The worm is good enough for me—it abundantly supplies my want. God forbid that I should ever kill anything except to support life."

"Allow me to recompense you in some manner for your generosity and kindness," said I, drawing my purse.

"Would you offend me now, just as we are parting for ever," said he.

"You are a strange man," I said; "will you accept this sketch?"

"Yes, I will," he replied, "and shall prize it highly."

While I was gathering up my things he fed his fowls and goats, and by nine o'clock we were on our way. I am sure he must have led me by a circuitous route, for it was three o'clock when we reached a stream which he told me to follow up and I would find the mill.

At parting he said, "You will not forget your agreement to keep my secret?"

"No," I replied, pressing his hand in a peculiar manner, which he returned.

"I am not sorry I have met you," said he, "but I shall never return to the world. It has wronged me too deeply. I have never intentionally wronged any human being. It is not likely that I shall do so in my present style of life. How will you truthfully account to your friends for your absence ?"

"I will tell them I was lost and slept in the woods."

"Yes," said he ; "that you can do."

"Let me ask you one question," said I. "May I not tell this story some time—after many years, if I shall live myself to be as old as you are now ? Perhaps it may point a moral. Twenty years from now you will not care ?"

"No," said he, sadly ; "I am nearly seventy. Twenty years from now I shall not care what happens here."

A tear rolled down his cheek as we parted—I up the stream, he directly into the forest.

In about an hour I reached the mill. They had been much alarmed at my prolonged absence, but accepted my explanation without question. I staid a few days longer, and then returned to my duties, and from that day to this, whenever I have been crossed by any of the world's disappointments, I have been haunted by a strong desire to go into the woods and live like the singular character I have described.

From 1856 to 1879, are twenty-three years, and I am honorably released from my obligation of secrecy ; besides, in looking over the exchanges yesterday, I came upon an item to the effect that a surveying-party in the mountains of Pennsylvania had found a human skeleton of huge proportions in a deserted cabin, upon the wall of which hung a crayon sketch of the surrounding scenery, a prominent feature of which was the figure of a tall hunter with flowing beard ; from all of which the writer argued that some artist had been foully dealt with in some lumber camp.

That was my hermit.

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

You have been crowding me, Mr. Editor, for my monthly article. My mind has been dry, my imagination has been dead, but if you will accept this on account of my promised article, you may do so.

It is better I should not accompany it with the usual amount of illustrations, for the following reasons : We Bohemians, as you are aware, go everywhere, see everybody, know and hear everything. By a singular coincidence I learned only last week that in the year 1845 a prominent New York merchant was made bankrupt by his partner, who was his brother, and that in consequence of his financial reverses he was deserted by his wife, who also carried off his children. He disappeared, and the papers announced his suicide.

I could reproduce the sketch from memory, for I can shut my eyes and see it all as if it occurred but yesterday, and my own father's face is not more indelibly impressed upon my memory than that of its central figure ; but the families of those who wronged him are rich, powerful, and very influential, and it is probably better for both you and me that the missing merchant should not be too closely identified as the Hermit of the Alleghanies.

COMMODORE DECATUR'S BET.

The following anecdote of Commodore Decatur was told at a recent meeting of the Sons of Veterans of 1812.

Decatur, commanding the frigate *United States*, while stationed at Gibraltar before the outbreak of the War of 1812, became acquainted with Captain Carden, of the British frigate *Macedonian*. The air was full of the coming strife, and the two officers often discussed the situation.

"I'll bet you a silk hat," said Carden, one day, "that if we ever come into action together, I'll take your ship."

Decatur took the bet. They did meet not long after war was declared, and after a hard fight the *Macedonian* struck her colors. Carden, much humiliated, presented his sword to the victor in the presence of most of the officers of the vessels.

Decatur, drawing himself up to his full height, said, in a tone loud enough for all to hear, "Captain Carden, I do not want your sword—but I'll take that hat."

GAVARNI.

By S. Baring Gould.

It has been well said that were the literature of the middle of the nineteenth century to perish, a good idea of the manners and follies and fancies of the English people of that period might be obtained from the sketches of John Leech. What John Leech has done for the English people, that Gavarni has done for the French—at least for the Parisians—not with so gentle a hand as Leech, but with more of sarcasm than humor. Leech was almost inexhaustible, but he did not come up to Gavarni, who surpassed the indefatigable Gustave Doré in fertility. His sketches fill five hundred thick quarto volumes, and it has been reckoned that he used as many lithographic stones for his caricatures as would build two massive bridges over the Seine. Leech drew on wood, and formed a style of wood engraving ; his influence on the art is still felt. Gavarni created a style of lithographic illustration which has not been superseded or diverged from in the French comic journals of the present day. It may be said, without the least exaggeration, that he revolutionized the lithographic art.

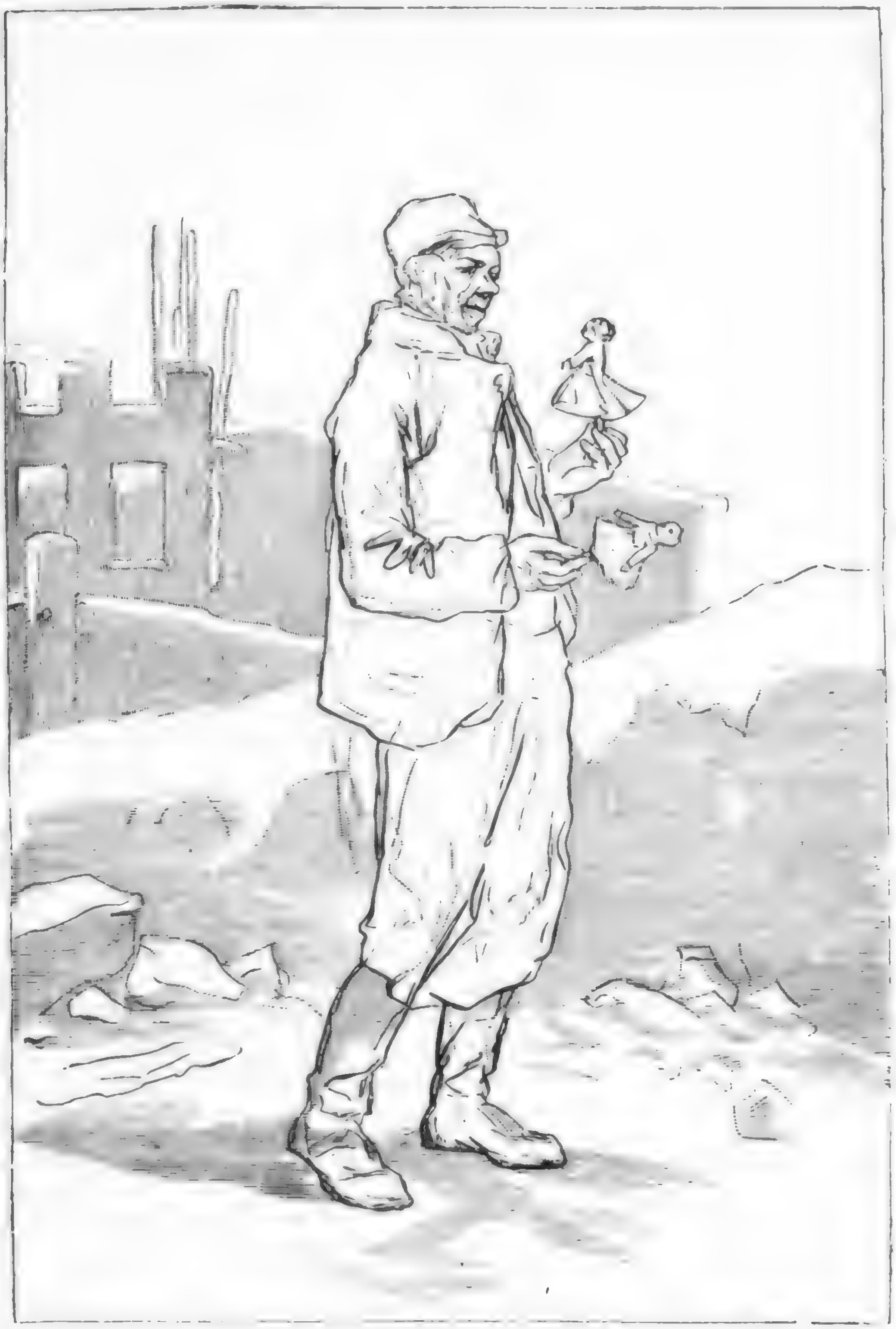
Gavarni's real name was Sulpice Paul Chevalier ; he was born in 1801, in Paris, of poor parents, and began life as a mechanic. He saw that to make any way in his profession he must be able to draw ; accordingly in his spare time in the evenings he went to a drawing-school, where instruction was given gratis to artisans. He devoted his special attention to architectural and mechanical drawing, and worked at land surveying and mapping, without any thought of turning his pencil to other purpose. His highest ambition was satisfied when he obtained a situation in the Government Ordnance Department, which he owed to his neatness in drawing.

He was engaged on some surveys in the Pyrenees in the year 1835, in a subordinate position, and was invited one evening, along with his superior officer, to supper with a family of good position, then spending the Autumn at Saint Sauveur. The party consisted, besides the "director," of the gentleman and lady of the house and their two daughters. One of the latter was turning over the pages of the *Journal of Fashions*, looking at the insipid copperplate pictures of the ladies in the latest Parisian costumes, and gentlemen perfectly dressed.

"I really cannot endure these pictures," said M. Chevalier, "nor can I conceive the reason why the artists who design these absurd figures should make their gentlemen and ladies as expressionless as wax dolls, and as stiff as if set up by a taxidermist on wires."

"It is an easy thing, monsieur, to find fault—not so easy to remedy what is wrong," said the young lady, looking up at the young surveyor.

"Mademoiselle Julie ! any one could draw a more lifelike, characteristic fop than this dummy in a blue coat;



GAVARNI'S LAST SKETCH (UNFINISHED)—JANUARY PERSONIFIED.

the dress is absurd, but he need not look ridiculous. These figures have neither souls nor histories. Look at this damsel—how insipid! No thought can pass through such a brain, no emotion stir such a bosom."

"I cannot conceive any lady looking well as dressed in this costume," said the girl, studying the *Journal des Modes*.

"You would look charming in anything, Mademoiselle Julie."

"I do not believe you."

"See!" M. Chevalier took a pencil, a sheet of paper, and made a rapid sketch. The two sisters looked on in silence and amusement, which yielded to surprise when the pencil with a few lines produced a delicate likeness of the younger sister. In another moment the sketch was complete, greeted with approval, and then handed round.

"Now for the companion, the exquisite in blue coat," exclaimed the delighted young lady.

"He must be an ideal —we have no fops here," said the sister.

M. Chevalier said nothing, but began to sketch. Presently he looked up slily at Mlle. Julie, who was coloring.

"Oh," cried the elder sister, "that is Monsieur Alphonse, who went with us to-day to Gavarni——"

"Where I was surveying, and had the pleasure of seeing you, and helping you over the rubble to the foot of the waterfall."

The picture was finished, and shown to the parents.

"Really," said the lady of the house, "you would be conferring a benefit on the subscribers to the *Journal des Modes* if you would send these drawings to the editor."

"I will do it if you like, but decline to put my name to them."

"No need to do that; subscribe it with any fancy name you like."

"What name pleases the young ladies?" said M. Chevalier. "The drawings are theirs, to do what they like."

"We had a pleasant picnic to-day at Gavarni; why not put that below the sketches?"

"You have decided for me, Mlle. Julie."

Then M. Chevalier subscribed the drawings with a bold "*Gavarni.*"

Thus originated the world-famed signature.

Do our readers know the cirque of Gavarni? It is one of the most glorious scenes in Europe. The valley of the Gave ends abruptly in a vast semicircle of black precipices, which rise to the eternal snow; above, on ledges like the stages of an amphitheatre, rest glaciers of green ice, which discharge some fifteen cascades, one of which, the largest, falls unbroken 1,266 feet, and is reputed the highest fall in Europe.

By return of post M. Chevalier received a check, and a request that he would continue to draw for the *Journal des Modes*.

His clever drawings attracted attention, and he continued to draw for the magazine which had first engaged him, for other illustrated papers, and to illustrate books. He gave up his place in the Ordnance Office, and devoted himself wholly to his pencil. He was well paid from the beginning. Unlike many another artist, he had no trials to undergo before success was achieved. Victory was won at once by these two sketches, made without premeditation to amuse a girl, and signed without consideration with the name of the place where he had picnicked with her that day.

As has been already said, Gavarni's pencil was never weary. Chevalier threw off his sketches with rapidity, and apparently without effort. For several years he supplied most of the illustrated periodicals. He was the fashion. A journal could not live without a sketch by Gavarni. The readers expected it, and if it were not given, ceased to *abonner*. Then Chevalier undertook the editorship and management of a magazine, *Les Gens du Monde*, in which he began to issue lithographic drawings. But, as yet, his proper sphere as a satirist was not open.

One afternoon he was in a café sipping his cup of black coffee, looking about him and taking note of all he saw with his keen, lively brown eyes. Whilst he sat thus, Caboche, the editor of *Charivari*, came in, looking about for a place where he could have his coffee at a table by himself, and in so doing stumbled over the leg of M. Chevalier, which was stretched out. Caboche was precipitated upon the artist, who was playing with his cup, and sent the black coffee flying over his light trowsers and waistcoat. At the same time Gavarni's cigar met Caboche's cheek and burnt it. The situation was neither picturesque nor pleasant. The garçon uttered a cry of dismay which drew the attention of the whole room to the accident.

Caboche was a peppery man, his cheek hurt him, and, worst of all, he had made himself, the minister of fun to Paris, ridiculous. It is pleasant to ridicule others, most unpleasant to place oneself in a position that draws down on one the laughter of those around.

Caboche's face blazed red, he gathered himself in a fury, about to fling an insulting expression at the gentleman over whose foot he had fallen, when he recognized him.

"Sir," began he, "I tell you, sir, I tell you, you—you are——" after a pause, "the illustrious Gavarni, the man of men I want."

"And you, sir, you," answered Chevalier, very angry also, looking at his discolored garments; "you, sir, you are"—he at that moment recognized the man—"you are M. François Caboche of the *Charivari*."

"Chance has thrown us into each other's arms," said the editor of *Charivari*. "Here, waiter! bring a couple of *cafés noires*. I will sit at this table by the gentleman I have soused; we have business together. Now, M. Chevalier, I want you to work for me."

Gavarni shook his head. "I am no caricaturist," he said.

"You can draw. If I give you the ideas——"

Gavarni shook his head more decidedly. "I cannot execute the ideas of others."

"Then carry out your own."

"I have never drawn caricatures."

"Draw what you see about you, studies of real Parisian life. The reality is grotesque enough."

Chevalier thought for a few moments, and then said, "I must consider. I do not like embarking on strange seas. If I find I can sketch something, I will send you the sketches. If I find I cannot, you must do without me."

A few days after Caboche received two or three drawings from Chevalier. They satisfied him; he passed them to some of his colleagues, who added the text.

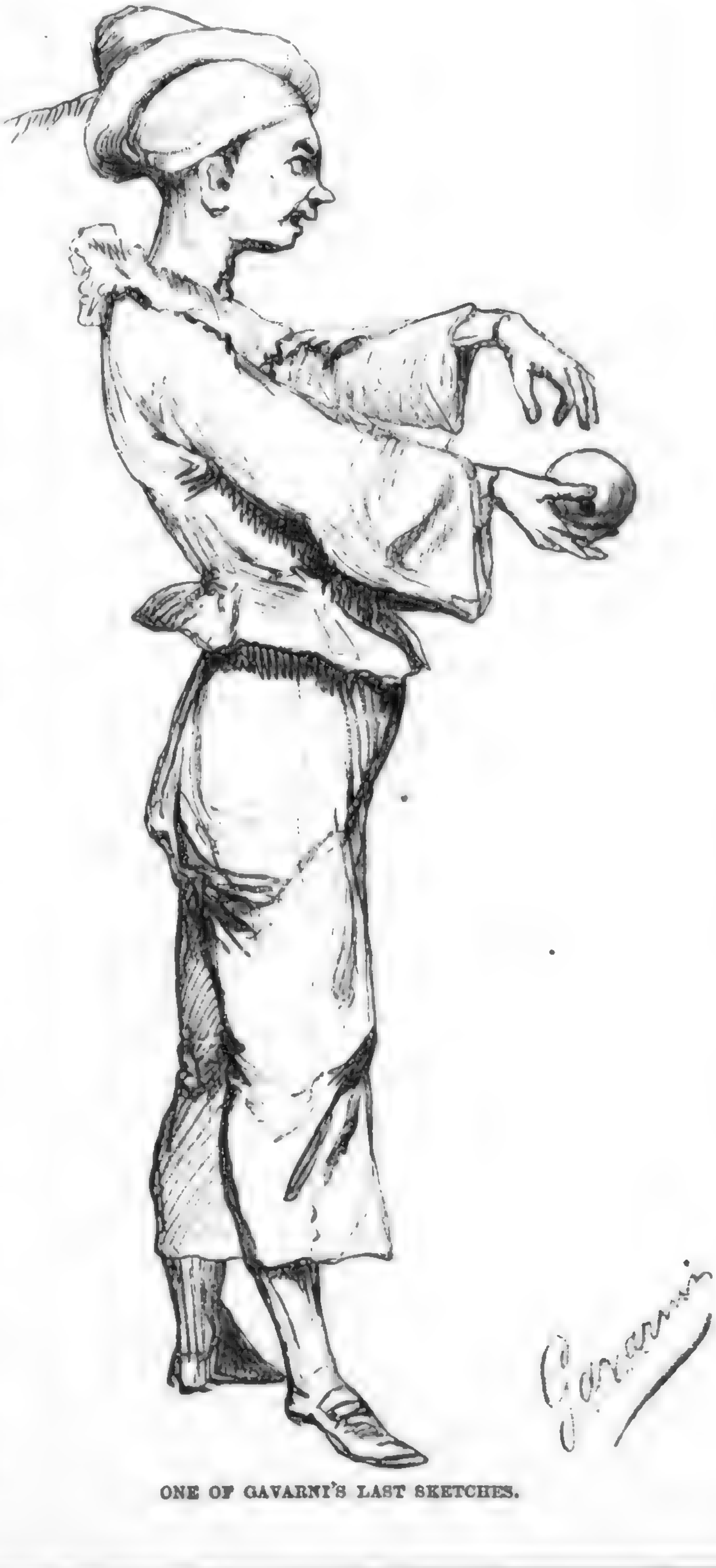
This was the beginning of the famous *Boîte aux Lettres* series.

Chevalier was not satisfied with the interpretations given to his drawings. He complained that he had designed one situation, and the colleague who had appended the dialogue had misunderstood the drift.

"Then write your own *légende*," said Caboche.

From that time Gavarni drew his pictures and interpreted them himself. He generally made his sketch, then looked at it for a few moments and thought, "What will they be saying to each other?" and in an instant the words came, and were scribbled below it. Now it was that the real genius of Gavarni manifested itself. He caught the characteristics of the Parisians, and perpetuated them. As Mirécourt cleverly said of his drawings, "C'est l'esprit français au bout d'un crayon!"

He began to illustrate the shady side of Paris life; he took as his field the world of amusement, and those who ministered to it and lived and were wrecked in it. He was not in the best society. He knew nothing of it. He lived in the Bohemian world, and he drew those who



ONE OF GAVARNI'S LAST SKETCHES.

moved around him. Hence came the series, "The Actresses," "The Side Scenes," "The Fashionable," "The Artists," "The Students," "The Masquerade Balls," etc. After a while, when he had worked his way into a superior social bed, he made his studies there, and to this second period belong "Les Enfants Terribles," "Les Parents Terribles," "Women's Tricks," "Dreams," "Social Sports," "Les Nuances du Sentiment," "Impressions de Ménage," etc.

Gavarni was not an artist only; his sketches and their text show that he had in him the ability of a novelist and of a playwright. His drawings are fragments of life, but they are often suggestive of a complete domestic comedy or tragedy. In spite of the phenomenal fertility of his genius, Gavarni was rarely dull and tasteless. His faculty of observation was extraordinarily developed. Expression, movement, trick of manner, were caught and reproduced with fidelity.

He spent the greater part of the day in the street, in the Bois de Boulogne, at the cafés, his eager, observant eyes on all who passed. A little pocket-book contained the hastily traced ideas that came to him from what he saw. He sat on a bench in the Tuileries, or before a café, with a pencil concealed in his hand, and the little book at his side. Something that he saw struck him; in an instant it was reproduced, and those sketched were unaware that they would appear in next week's *Charivari*, exhibited all over Paris, circulated throughout France.

The story is told of a lady who was in altercation with a friend; she dropped her parasol, and the ferrule fell on the paw of a pet poodle, which held up the injured foot and began to howl. The lady looked down, looked round, and saw, to her horror, Gavarni, pencil in hand, on a bench. Instantly, regardless of the favorite, she went to the artist.

"M. Chevalier, promise not to put me into the purgatory of *Charivari*, or I will go down on my knees to you here—before all the world."

"Madame, a lady has only to intimate a wish. I will caricature your rival."

In order to have an insight into the life and manners of the debtors confined in Clichy, he got his tailor to have him arrested and imprisoned. He spent three weeks in prison, and passed the time in sketching. The studies were new, and interested him, and, through him, all Paris. Whilst there, the prisoners complained that Gavarni did not attempt to enlist compassion for their woes. He represented them as light-hearted, careless fellows, who bore their imprisonment without pain.

"Give the other side, put in the shadows," said an old, gray-bearded man. "You are imposed on by the merry of mood, and forget the aches and agonies that lie behind, concealed."

Gavarni acknowledged the truth of this rebuke, and hastened to show the world that tragedy as well as comedy was enacted within the prison-walls. His next sketch represented an artisan, visited in his cell by a young wife, who led a three-year-old child by the hand. She laid a book, a pipe, and some other trifles on the table, and said: "Here, *mon cher*, I bring you your cap, your pipe, and your Montaigne." A few hours after it had been sketched, Gavarni received a note from the editor: "The sketch is delicious, but surely the idea of the child being called Montaigne is too fantastic. Let us say 'Jules.'" It did not strike the editor that there might be among the artisan class men who read Montaigne's "Essays." Or can it be that he had never heard of them?

M. Chevalier spent his evenings at masked balls, behind the side scenes of the theatre, or in the promenade galleries. "This is my library," he said; "men are my books."

One evening, a girl who stood at the refreshment-buffet, a pretty coquette, said to him, "M. Chevalier, I will give you an ice gratis if you will draw me and publish me in the next *Charivari*."

He took her at her word. She was not at all pleased at the *légende* beneath the picture. Next time she saw him, "M. Chevalier," she said, "you are cruel. I will never serve you with another ice, not though you pay me for it."

Gavarni lived in the Rue de la Fontaine Saint George, No. 1, and there he received artists, authors, actors, musicians, twice a week. Once a fortnight he gave a *soirée fantastique*, which was an orgy of indescribable madness.

In the *salon* of Madame Walder he met some blue-stockings, and immortalized them in his sketches. One of his drawings represents a poetess so poor that she is obliged to cook her own dinner. She lays down her feather with a sigh, puts on an apron, and says:

"Woe! the chants Apollo harpeth
Sweep recordless through the soul;
Aphrodite's dove is deviled
On my lyre o'er glowing coal."

He took off the habits of the students of the University. One is sketched pacing his room, with head down. "What does papa mean by saying that I am an idler? 'Eugene,' he writes, 'you are doing nothing.' Doing nothing! It is not true. I have smoked out five meerschaum pipeheads in one term, thrashed seven gendarmes, and smashed countless window-panes. Is that nothing?"

In 1846 Gavarni married, and had two sons. In order to perpetuate the name under which he had taken the world by storm, and would be remembered as long as France lives, he had both baptized with only one Christian name, and that name 'Gavarni.' His married condition made little or no alteration in his life. He treated his wife kindly, but he was little at home; he left her for weeks and months, whilst he rambled about in all places, through all strata of society, studying life, and that not at its best. His habits had been formed by the exigencies of his art, and he could not or would not alter them. The time spent in his study making his drawings was short, the time spent dawdling about the streets and boulevards observing, seeking subjects, occupied the major part of his day and night.

For more than twenty years Gavarni occupied himself in catching and fixing the evanescent fancies and permanent features of the French character. By degrees, as he grew older, the gravity of life struck him, and from being a light-hearted humorist he developed into a moralist. Some of the series in his second period exhibit this tendency, as "How one dines in Paris," and "Des Partageuses," but the climax was reached in the "Propos de Thomas Vireloque."

The Revolution of 1848 threw Gavarni into the background, and in 1849 he went to England, where he remained some years, and where he made fresh studies of life among the lower classes in London. His sketches of this period exhibit the squalor and degradation of the idle, dissolute and criminal of Seven Dials and the East of London. To this period belong the "Propos de Thomas Vireloque." Vireloque is a man of property, a well-to-do Diogenes, who utters dry, half-serious, half-cynical observations on life.

Take an instance. Vireloque is represented seated on a stone, eating an artichoke. He says to himself: "Man is Lord of creation. Who has said this? Man himself." That is all. Vireloque is looking at a cow; he takes off his hat to salute her. "Beautiful creature!" he says, "beautiful without the necessity of stays." He sees two boys tormenting a rat. "Don't do that," he exclaims, "you animals devour each other." He discourses to two scholars on the philosophy of history. "The whole secret of history lies in this: Ancient History is the record of the Eaters and the Eaten; Modern History of the Swindlers and the Swindled."

Gavarni spent the last years of his life in his pretty villa, "La Réunion," at Auteuil, near the Bois de Boulogne. In his old age he began to write verses. He conceived the idea that he had missed his vocation, that nature had designed him for a poet, and that the force of circumstances had made of him an artist and humorist. He placed great store on his poetical effusions, and professed profound contempt for his drawings. When Ricourt founded the magazine, *L'Artiste*, he asked Chevalier to send him a contribution. He was greatly disgusted when, instead of a sketch, sparkling with wit, he received a solemn "Ode to the Spring." In the same way it will be remembered that Thackeray thought himself an artist, Weber doubted his musical genius, and Goethe believed his true line lay in copperplate drawing. It is curious that at the same time that Ricourt applied to Garvani for a sketch and received a poem, he made application to Victor Hugo for a copy of verses and received from the poet a drawing in chalks.

"Man," said Madame de Sévigné, "is more proud of the gifts he has not got than of those he possesses."

Shortly before his death Gavarni believed he had solved the problem of the management of balloons. He could think and talk of nothing else. He had made the discovery how a balloon might be guided like a ship against the wind, and made to stand and descend where the driver proposed.

He argued the feasibility of his scheme, demonstrated it by algebra, urged the Government to take up his invention, pressed it on wealthy individuals, felt disposed to risk his whole fortune on the experiment, and was only deterred by his wife's remonstrances.

He died suddenly of a stroke on November 23d, 1866, at the age of sixty-five.

He was the creator of the bold, broad style of lithographic drawing, his hand was firm, his lines strong, but every line had its purpose. He has found countless imitators, but has met with no equal.

In the National Library at Paris his drawings fill fifteen great folios, but the collection is known to be incomplete. His sketches are already much sought after, and are costly; their value will in time become very great. An edition of "Œuvres Choisies," in four volumes, was published in Paris in 1845–48, and "Perles et Parures," in two volumes, in 1850; but these are wood engravings and do not reproduce the spirit of the original lithographs. In 1873 MM. Armelhaut and Bocher issued a "Catalogue Raisonné" of all the works of Garvani, which is fairly complete.

TOUGHENED GLASS.

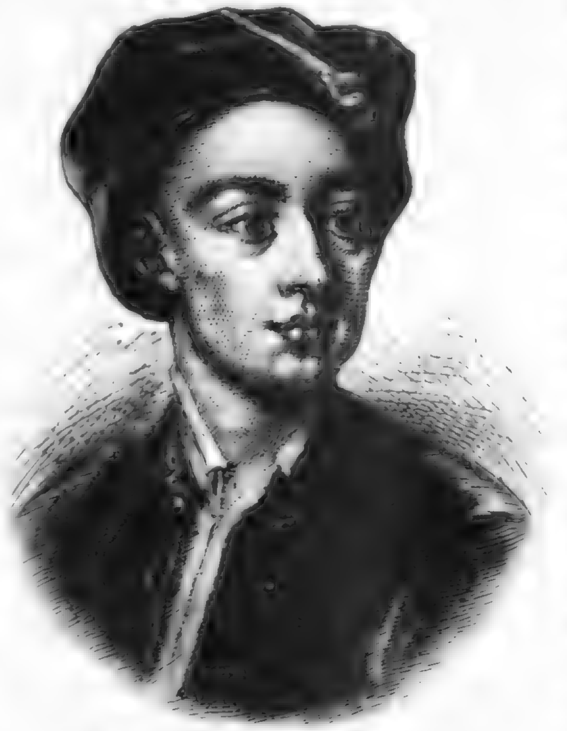
We learn from a contemporary that since the time when De la Bastie introduced his toughened glass, Mr. F. Siemens, of Dresden, has not ceased to prosecute his investigations in connection with the tempering of glass. That substance is, as is too well known by some, very brittle, although hard; but if it could also be rendered tough, it would be immensely more useful than it is at present. De la Bastie found that by heating the glass to a certain temperature and immersing it in oil he increased its hardness and produced some degree of toughness; but the process was wrong in principle, because the "metal" was put into a state of tension, and a slight scratch often led to the sudden dissolution of the article, which exploded into a thousand fragments. Mr. Siemens heats his glass in a radiation furnace and cools it between metal plates in a press, by which means he enormously increases its strength, and, if desired, can make it so hard that a diamond will not abrase its surface. Only glass of the best quality can be so treated; but another process, called semi-hardening, in which the glass is cooled in the open air while held in an iron casing, yields a product having about three times the strength of the ordinary article. The most important discovery, however, is one which promises to provide a field of usefulness for the enormous heaps of blast-furnace slag which have been accumulating in this country for many years; for Mr. Siemens has succeeded in producing railway-sleepers, tram-rails, floor-plates, grindstones, etc., in hard cast-glass, simply by running the molten "metal" into molds which have the same specific heat and conductivity as the glass itself.

It is obvious that if glass can be robbed of its brittleness and rendered tough as well as hard, its freedom from oxidation would make it a very useful material indeed.

ALEXANDER POPE AND HIS HOME AT TWICKENHAM.

Apart from the name of Horace Walpole, there is none that is more closely associated with Twickenham than that of Alexander Pope; and it is mainly owing to the memory of these two men that Twickenham has been so long "the favorite retreat of scholars, poets and statesmen."

Alexander Pope was born in London in the month of May, 1688. His parents were members of the Roman Catholic Church; his father, according to the poet's own account, was "of a noble family"; but according to some of his biographers, he kept a linendraper's shop in the city; others state that he was a mechanic, a hatter, and even a farmer. In a foot-note in his "Moral Essays," it is stated that Mr. Pope's father was of "a gentleman's family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whose sole heiress married the Earl of Lindsey." His mother was the daughter of William Turner, Esq., of York. She had three brothers, one of whom was killed; another died in the service of King Charles; the eldest, following his fortunes, and becoming a general officer in Spain, left her what estate remained after the sequestrations and forfeitures of her family. Be this, however, true or not, Pope's father left London during the childhood of his son, and retired first to Kensington, and then to Binfield, on the borders of Windsor Forest, and there, in his twelfth year, the youthful poet joined him. Young as he was, Pope here formed his first plans of study, and in the seclusion of the country set himself vigorously to read, and occasionally to write. He had received the rudiments of his education in Latin and Greek from the family priest, and he was for a short time at a Roman Catholic school at Twyford, and also at a school near Hyde Park Corner, in London. His poetic abilities displayed themselves even at that early age, for he is credited with having written a play, based on certain events in the "Iliad," and made up of the speeches in Ogilby's translation, which was acted by the elder boys in the school, the part of *Ajax* being sustained by the master's gardener. While he was living at Binfield Dryden became the subject of his greatest admiration; and it was to Wills's Coffee-house, in Russell Street, Covent Garden, that Pope, when a mere child, induced his friends to carry him, in order that he might gaze on the great poet whose mantle he was destined in after life so worthily to wear. "Who does not wish," writes Dr. Johnson, "that Dryden could have known the value of the homage that was paid him, and foreseen the greatness of his young admirer?" In later years Pope became a constant frequenter of "Wills's," though not till after the illustrious Dryden's death. "Pope had now," again writes Dr. Johnson, "declared himself a poet, and thinking himself entitled to poetical conversation, began at seventeen to frequent 'Wills's' . . . where the wits of that time used to assemble, and where Dryden had, when he lived, been accustomed to preside."



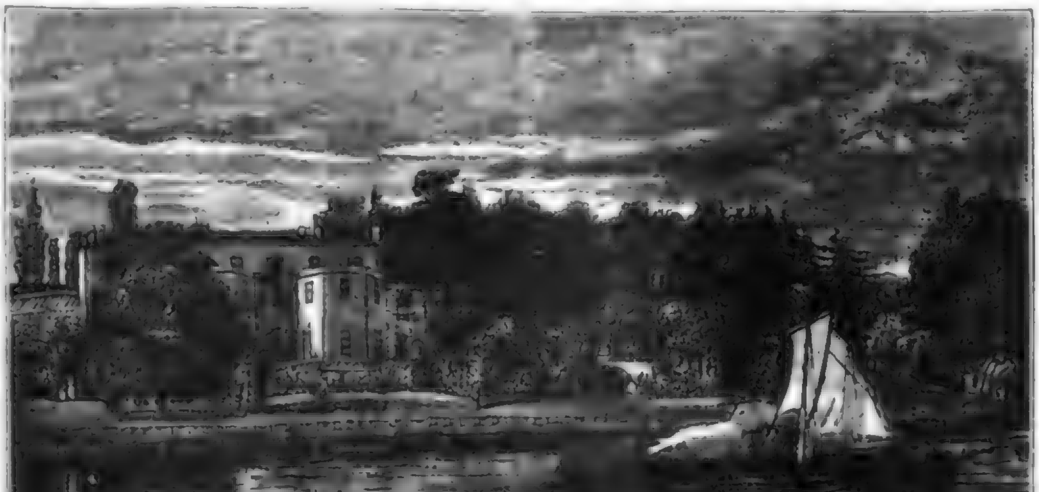
POPE.—FROM A CONTEMPORARY PORTRAIT.

At the age of twelve Pope wrote his "Ode to Solitude," which was followed soon after by a translation of the first book of the "Thebais" of Statius, and Ovid's "Epistle of Sappho to Phaon." Whilst living at Binfield young Pope formed the acquaintanceship of Sir William Trumbull, by whom he was introduced to Wycherley the dramatist; but his friendship with the latter was but of short duration, owing, it is said, to Pope's somewhat too free strictures on a volume of poems which Wycherley was preparing for publication, and had submitted to Pope for his revision. It was about this time that the intimacy sprang up between Pope and Mr. and the Misses Blount, who were living at Mapledurham, near Reading. Pope was strongly suspected by some of his friends in after life—among others by Lepel, Lady Hervey—of being privately married to his friend and correspondent, Miss Martha Blount, the elder of the two sisters.

"There can be little doubt," observed a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "that one of the most faithful friendships of Pope's life was that with the fair-haired Martha Blount. It was an early friendship, with a dash of sentiment about it, that might, under happier circumstances, have ripened into love. And it was perfectly intelligible friendship. There may be, as Mrs. Oliphant has well said, a love between man and woman which does not point to matrimony, and there seems no ground for the scandal that assailed the life-long intimacy of Martha and the poet. . . In his early days Pope seems to have felt an equal affection for Teresa, the younger sister; but later, from some doubtful cause, there was a complete estrangement between them. Both sisters, by-the-way, were considered beautiful in their youth, but neither of them married. . . . Martha Blount returned Swift's affection and was, as Pope told the dean, 'as constant to old friendship as any man;' and in another letter Swift is told that she speaks of him constantly, and 'is one of the most considerate and mindful of women in the world toward others, the least so in regard to herself.'"

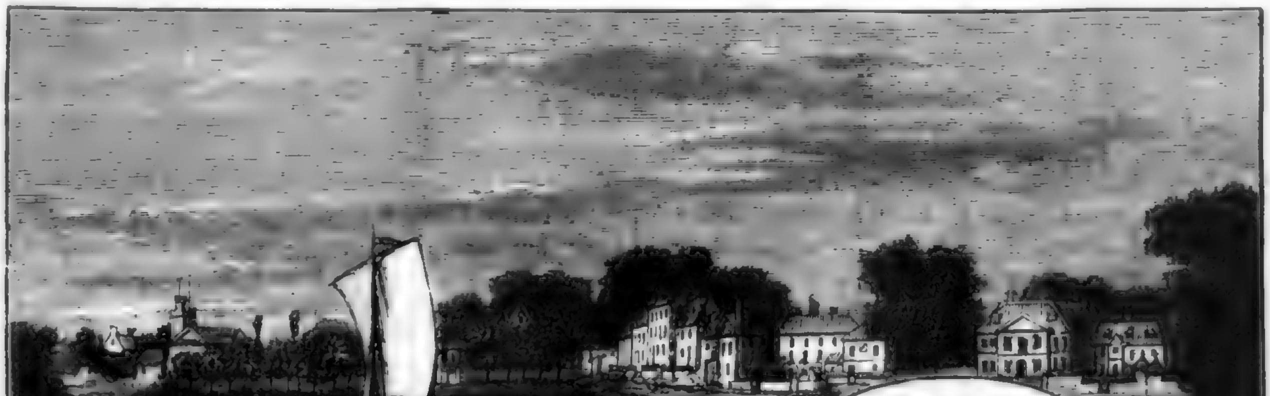
At the age of sixteen Pope composed his "Pastorals," but they were not printed till some five years later (1709), when they appeared in *Tonson's Miscellany*. He next wrote his "Essay on Criticism," which was followed shortly after by "The Rape of the Lock" and the "Temple of Fame"; "Windsor Forest" and "The Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" were published in 1713. In a letter to Addison, written in this year, Pope speaks of his passion for the art of painting, which he had studied under Jervas, but the pursuit of which he was prevented from following up by the weakness of his eyesight.

The want of money led Pope about this time to issue proposals for a subscription to a translation of the "Iliad." The whole work was completed between his twenty-fifth and thirtieth



LADY HOWE'S VILLA AND POPE'S GROTTO.—FROM A DRAWING BY C. BANET, 1882.

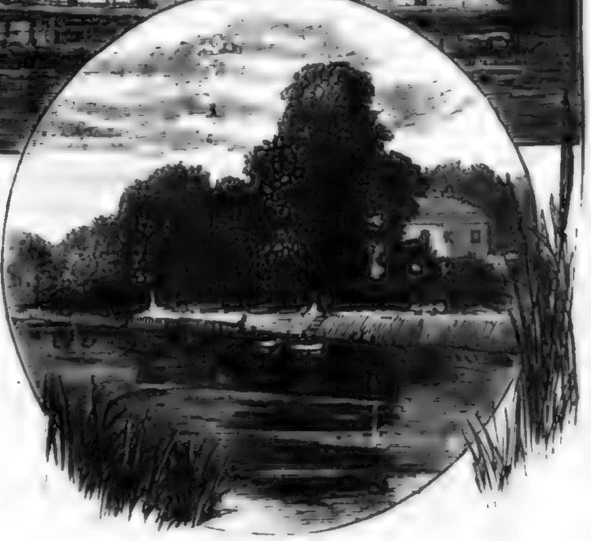
year. Concerning the writing of this work, an amusing story is told by Pope. He writes: "When I had finished the first two or three books of my translation of the 'Iliad,' Lord Halifax desired to have the pleasure of hearing them read at his house. Addison, Congreve and Garth were there at the read. In four or five places his lordship stopped me very civilly, and with a speech each time, much of the same kind. 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Pope; but there is something in that passage that does not quite please me. Be so good as to mark the place, and consider it a little at your leisure. I'm sure you can give it a little turn.' I returned from Lord Halifax's," continued Pope, "with Dr. Garth, in his chariot; and as we were going along, was saying to the doctor that my lord had laid me under a good deal of difficulty by such loose and general observations; that I had been thinking over the passages ever since, and could not guess at what it was that offended his lordship in either of them. Garth laughed heartily at my embarrassment, and said I had not been long enough acquainted with Lord Halifax to know his way yet; that I need not puzzle myself about looking those places over when I got home. 'All you need do,' says he, 'is to leave them just as they are; call on Lord Halifax two or three months hence, thank him for his kind observations on those passages, and then read them to him *as altered.* I have known him much longer than you have, and will be answerable for the event.' I followed his advice; waited on Lord Halifax some time after; said I hoped he would find his objections to those passages removed; read them to him *exactly as they were at first*, and his lordship was extremely pleased with them, and cried out, 'Ay, now indeed they are perfectly right; nothing can be better!'"


TWICKENHAM.—FROM A PRINT PUBLISHED IN 1749.

By the subscription list for his translation of Homer Pope's circumstances were so materially improved that he persuaded his father to remove from Binfield, and take up his residence nearer London; and, accordingly, we soon after find the family settled in Mawson's Buildings, Chiswick. Here Pope continued the "Iliad," and wrote the "Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard." Pope subsequently took a long lease of a house and five acres of ground at Twickenham, and at once set about the work of improvement, as we shall presently see.

From this time may be dated the most important portion of the poet's career. "He was," writes Mr. Cobbett, in his "Memorials of Twickenham, "one of the few literary men who in his own or any previous time acquired a competence through their dealings with the booksellers." Happily he escaped from the meshes of the Curlls and Stocks of his day. In 1726 Pope published a translation of the "Odyssey," in which he had the assistance of Broome and Fenton. Pope translated twelve books, Broome eight, and Fenton four.

About this time an incident occurred—trifling, perhaps, as it happened, but which might have ended Pope's earthly career. It is recorded by Carruthers in his "Life of Pope," as follows: "The poet had been dining with Bolingbroke at Dawley, and late at night the peer sent his friend home in a stately fashion in a coach and six. A small bridge about a mile from Pope's residence was broken down, and the postilion taking the water, the coach came in contact with the trunk of a tree, and was overturned. Before the coachman could get to Pope's assistance the water had reached the knots of his periwig. The glass was broken, and he was rescued, but not until he had received a severe wound in his right hand, which for some time disqualified him from writing. Voltaire, who was on a visit to Dawley, sent his condolences in an *English* epistle, stating that the water into which Pope fell was 'not Hippocrene's water, otherwise it would have respected him.' 'Is it possible,' he added, 'that those fingers which have written the "Rape of the Lock" and the "Criticism," which have dressed Homer so becomingly in an *English coat*, should have been so barbarously treated?'"


EEL-PIE ISLAND.

The accident here referred to probably occurred either at the north end of the village, near where is a railway-station now, or else in the little River Cran, which sweeps round to the east near the Houndslow powder-mills, and runs parallel with the road from Twickenham to Hanworth. In one place on the road to Hanworth it is dammed up so as to form a broad lake.

In 1727 were published two volumes of "Miscellanies" by Pope and Swift, to which Gay and Arbuthnot contributed, and in these "Miscellanies" was printed the piece of satire entitled "Martinus Scriblerus"; this was followed up, in 1729, by the publication of the first three books of the "Dunciad," in which he took summary vengeance upon certain exasperating scribblers who were, or thought they were, ridiculed in the "Miscellanies." In 1733 Pope published the "Essay on Man," and in the following year appeared his "Characters of Men; Or, Moral Essays." These were preceded and followed by imitations of Horace; and in 1742 the list of Pope's poems is concluded with an additional book of the "Dunciad." In the next year Pope's health began to decline, and on the 30th of May, 1744, he died here of asthma and decay of nature.

Pope was buried, as he directed, in Twickenham Church, "in a vault in the middle aisle, under the second pew from the east end." A stone inscribed with the letter "P" marks the spot, which is now hidden by the flooring of the seats.

Pope throughout his whole life never enjoyed good health. A sickly child, of mild temper, with a sweet voice which earned him the sobriquet of "the little nightingale," his physical weakness determined the bent of his tastes and the nature of his pursuits. In the churchyard at Twickenham there is a stone raised by Pope himself in "gratitude" to his "faithful servant," Mary Beach, who nursed him in his infancy, and constantly attended him for thirty-eight years. It is worthy of remark that the peculiar make and conformation of Pope rendered a faithful servant of inestimable value. Johnson assures us that "he was so weak as to stand in perpetual need of *female* attendance, and was so extremely sensible of cold, that he wore a kind of fur doublet under a shirt of very coarse warm linen, with fine sleeves. When he rose he was invested in stays made of stiff canvas, being scarce able to hold himself erect till they were laced, and he then put on a flannel waistcoat. One side was contracted. His legs were so slender that he enlarged their bulk with three pairs of stockings, which were drawn on and off by the maid; for he was not able to dress or undress himself, and neither went to bed nor rose without help. His weakness made it very difficult for him to be clean. His hair had fallen almost all away, and he used to dine with Lord Oxford privately in a velvet cap. His dress of ceremony was black, with a tye wig and a little sword. The indulgence and accommodation which his sickness required had taught him all the unpleasing and unsocial qualities of a valetudinarian. He expected that everything should give way to his ease or humor, as a child, whose loving parents will not hear it cry, has an unresisted dominion in the nursery.

'C'est que l'enfant toujours est homme
C'est que l'homme est toujours enfant!'

When he wanted to sleep he nodded in company, and once slumbered at his own table while the Prince of Wales was talking of poetry."

In spite of living so much in the world of fashion and of letters, Pope was, if not averse to society, yet at all events fond of solitude; and this he gained in his garden and grotto at Twickenham. "As much company as I have kept, and much as I like it, I love reading better, and I would rather be employed in reading than in the most agreeable conversation."

Pope became the subject of unnumbered epigrams, odes, references and allusions, amongst the literary circle of which he was the centre. One complimentary epigram will suffice as an example:

"On erecting a monument to Shakespeare, under the direction of Mr. Pope, Lord Burlington, etc.:

"To mark her Shakespeare's worth, and Britain's love,
Let Pope design, and Burlington approve:
Superfluous care! When distant time shall view
This tomb grown old, his works shall still be new."

Throughout his life his health was bad, and he perhaps imagined it worse than it was. His faults—if such they may be called—were in a great measure consequent on this fact; he was peevish, capricious and fretful, and demanded incessant attention. His character, indeed, has been very diversely represented by foes and by friends; some, as we have seen, called him "the nightingale," whilst his enemies called him "the wasp" of Twickenham; and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu went so far as to style him "the wicked asp." But every man, it would seem, has his good points; for Lord Bolingbroke, on the contrary, says that he "never saw a man that had so tender a heart for his particular friends, or a more general friendship for mankind." But possibly, Lord Bolingbroke, the "my St. John" of the poet, was not an impartial witness.

Sir Joshua Reynolds thus describes Pope from personal acquaintance: "He was about four feet six inches high, very hump-backed and deformed. He wore a black coat, and, according to the fashion of the time, had on a little sword. He had a large and very fine eye, and a long, handsome nose; his mouth had those peculiar marks which are always found in the mouths of crooked persons; and the muscles which ran across the cheek were so strongly marked that they seemed like small cords."

Pope's diminutive and misshapen person was a standing joke with his enemies, who caricatured him as a monkey in a library or with books. Macaulay, in his "Essays," speaks of him severely as "the little man of Twickenham"—a softened phrase, which means much in the way of disparagement. The following anecdote which has been told respecting his personal appearance, will bear repeating: "A gentleman and his little child were walking with a friend through Twickenham, when Pope met them. The child was alarmed at his figure, and drew back. The friend told them it was the great Mr. Pope. He wore an old soiled suit of black stained with snuff, cocked hat, and looked poor and mean."

Pope frequently assumed the *nom de plume* of "Martinus Scriblerus" in writing his attacks on those who criticised him adversely. One of his numerous enemies founded on this the title of the "Martiniad," a sort of answer, or counterblast, to his "Dunciad," giving the following portrait of Pope's person, cruelly exposing its deformity:

"At Twickenham, chronicles remark,
There dwelt a little parish clerk,
A peevish wight, full fond of fame,
And 'Martin Scribbler' was his name:
Meagre and wan, and steeple-crown'd,
His visage long and shoulders round;
His crippled corse two spindle-pegs
Support, instead of human legs;
His shriveled skin's of dusky grain,
A cricket's voice and monkey's brains."

And another lampooner in verse compared the "Dunciad," in terms equally savage and cutting, to the progeny of the fabulous "Pope Joan."

It is stated that Pope seldom or never laughed; that his sole passion was to acquire fame, his most conspicuous weakness "inordinate self-conceit." "He delighted in artifice, and attempted to gain all his ends by indirect methods. 'He scarcely drank tea without a stratagem.' Lady Bolingbroke said that 'he played the politician about cabbages and turnips.'" He was somewhat too much inclined to indulge his appetite; fond of highly seasoned dishes, conserves and drams. So fond was he of lampreys, that, if we may trust a statement made in the "Life of Nollekens," he would leave off in the midst of writing in order to cook them in a silver saucepan on his own fire.

Like most invalids, even in his own house he was irritable and fussy to a degree, and on account of his temper constantly got into sad trouble with the literary men of his day.

From speaking of the man we will now pass on to an account of the house which he made so famous. When Pope took the lease of the premises here, consisting of a cottage and five acres of ground, he at once set about the work of improvement. The house itself, except by its being freed from contiguity with ten still smaller structures, was not much altered.

The author of "Verses Occasioned by Warburton's New Edition of Pope's Works" (1751) gives us some information on the localities of Pope's Villa:

> "Close to the grotto of the Twickenham bard,
> Too close, adjoins a tanner's yard.
> So verse and prose are to each other tied,
> So Warburton and Pope allied."

The allusion is thus explained by Mr. J. B. Nichols, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1836: "Pope's Villa in his time was, we believe, in the neighborhood of small mean houses; a tallow-chandler's was close to him, and we here find a tanner's yard joining the grotto. The house itself was old and in bad repair; the grounds included about half the present garden that fronts the Thames."

Mrs. Vernon, from whom the poet held his lease for life, died about a year before Pope. He had then some idea of purchasing the property (valued at about £1,000), if any of his "particular friends" wished to have it as a residence. No such arrangement was made, and after the poet's death, the house, as we shall presently see, was bought by Sir William Stanhope. The name of Mrs. Vernon is immortalized by the poet in his "Imitations of Horace":

> "Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one
> Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?"

In his "Imitations of Spenser" Pope speaks of the place to which his long residence here had so much attached him as a town "which fairer scenes enrich." And such would seem to have been the case; for these five acres of land, Horace Walpole tells us in one of his letters, Pope twisted and twirled and rhymed and harmonized, till they appeared "two or three sweet little lawns opening and showing beyond one another, and the whole surrounded with thick impenetrable woods."

The house, or "villa"—a "villakin" Swift called it—when it was occupied by Pope, consisted of "a small body with a small hall, paved with stone, and two small parlors on each side, the upper story being disposed on the same plan." Pope added somewhat to the building; but his chief delight was in laying out the gardens and grounds, and in the formation of the Grotto which is so familiar to every reader of Pope's life. The grounds were laid on the principle of landscape gardening (for he had ridiculed some years before, in a humorous paper in the *Guardian*, the barbarous practice of cutting trees into fantastic shapes, and designing the walks after the stiff and formal rules imported from the Continent), and in adorning his Grotto, Pope used his utmost ingenuity in producing a variety.

> "To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
> To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
> To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot,
> In all let Nature never be forgot:
> Still follows sense, of every art the soul,
> Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole."

Pope acted on the principles laid down by him in these lines, and in his little grounds steered clear of the Italian and Dutch styles of gardening. In fact, in laying out his garden, Pope carried out the precepts of his pen:

> "First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
> By her just standard, which is still the same.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Those rules of old discovered, not devised,
> Are Nature still, but Nature methodized.
> Nature, like Liberty, is but restrained
> By the same laws which first herself ordained."

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1801, observes that "the far-famed willow came from Spain, inclosing a present to the late Lady Suffolk, who came over with George II., and was a favorite of the king. Mr. Pope was in company when the covering was taken off the present. He observed that the pieces of sticks appeared as if there were some vegetation in them, and added, 'Perhaps they may produce something we have not in England.' Under this idea he planted it in his garden, and it produced the willow-tree that has given birth to so many others.'

The famous willow died in 1801. Cuttings of it had been sent to St. Petersburg, at the request of the Empress of Russia, in 1789. A correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine* writes, under date of July 8th, 1801: "Last month I went with a friend to Twickenham for the amusement of angling. My first care, however, was to visit the sacred willow planted by the hand of Pope; and to my bitter grief, only two or three feet of the trunk remained, the upper part having been cut away." What was left of the trunk, it is said, was converted into "Popeian relics" by an eminent jeweler, who worked it up into trinkets and ornaments of all kinds, which had an extensive sale.

In order that the view from his own garden might not be hindered or obstructed, three walnut-trees were, at Pope's request, cut down in the garden of his neighbor. The fact is mentioned in one of Pope's poems, where it is stated that they belonged to a "lord." Warton says the peer alluded to was Lord Radnor. The Countess of Hertford, in her correspondence with the Countess of Pomfret, says that the trees belonged to Lady Ferrers, "whom he makes a lord."

No sooner was the poet happily settled in his new abode than, like one of the clients of the Muse, one of that

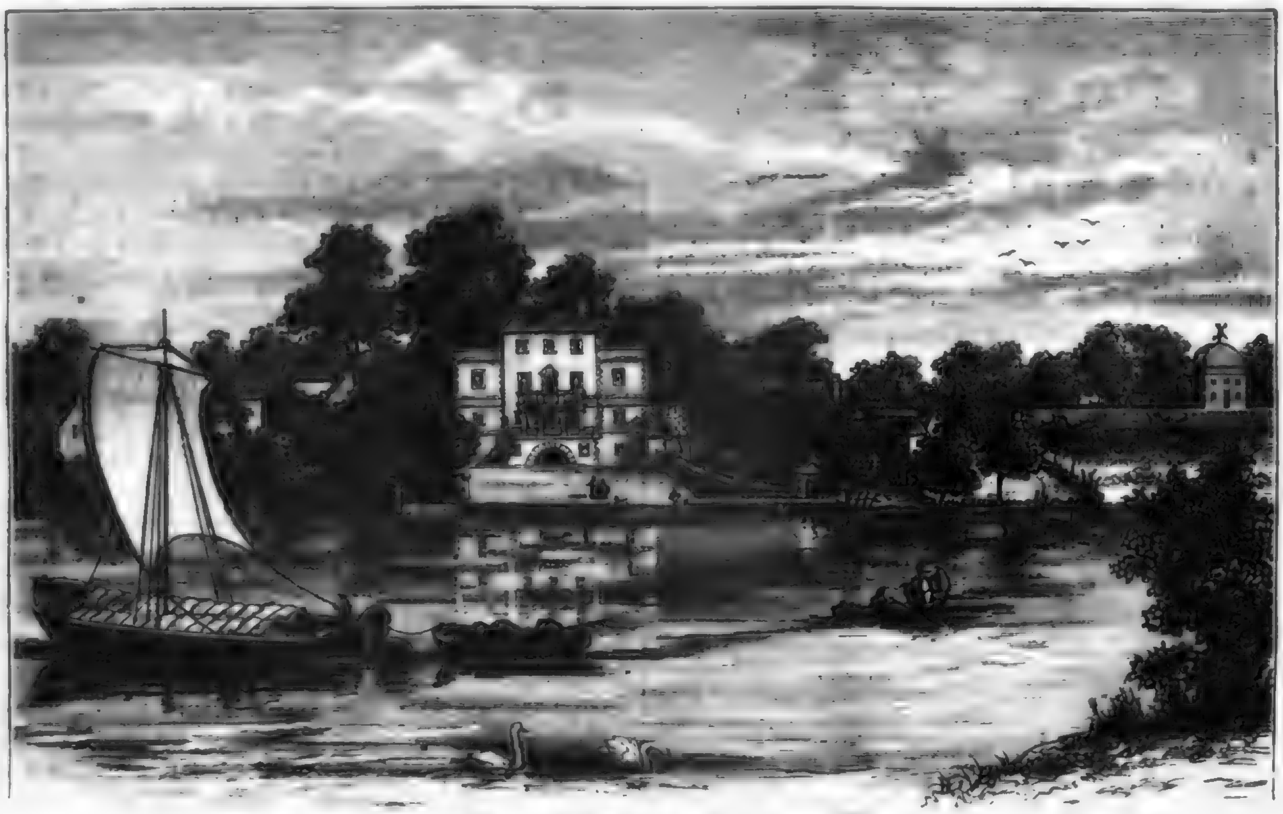
> "Genus ignavum, somno quod gaudet et umbra,"

he set to work upon the erection of the above-mentioned "Grotto."

The Grotto was (and is) a subterranean passage constructed under the roadway which separates the two portions of the grounds, which lie on either side of the high road from Twickenham to Strawberry Hill and Teddington. The house stands between this road and the river. The garden beyond the road and the lawn sloping down to the banks of the Thames contain many large trees, under which Pope doubtless used to sit, including some of the finest and earliest planted cedars of Lebanon in the neighborhood of London. The grotto was formed to obviate the necessity of crossing the high road every time the best part of the gardens had to be reached. On either side of it is a chamber, and these, together with the intervening passage, richly lined with feldspar and Devonshire and Cornish marbles, mostly the gifts of the poet's friends, preserve the grotto to us much as it was a century and a half ago, when he described its beauties in his letters. Among the contributors of natural specimens in the formation of this grotto were Sir Hans Sloane and Dr. Borlase, the noted historian of Cornwall.

BOOKBINDING.

The bookbinder's craft was at its zenith just before the invention of printing; it has waned since, because nobody would care nowadays to give such prices as were cheerfully paid for books in the days when it took twenty-five months of a patient scribe's work to produce one copy of the Bible. The bindings of such costly books were works of art. Milan first, we are told, acquired a reputation for its bindings of Spanish leather, arabesqued and gilt, which superseded the old-fashioned bindings of wood, metal or ivory; but until the close of the fifteenth century the bindings of presentation volumes and of the church-books used on the high altars of cathedrals were mostly of solid gold or silver. Bruges has produced some beautiful works of this description.



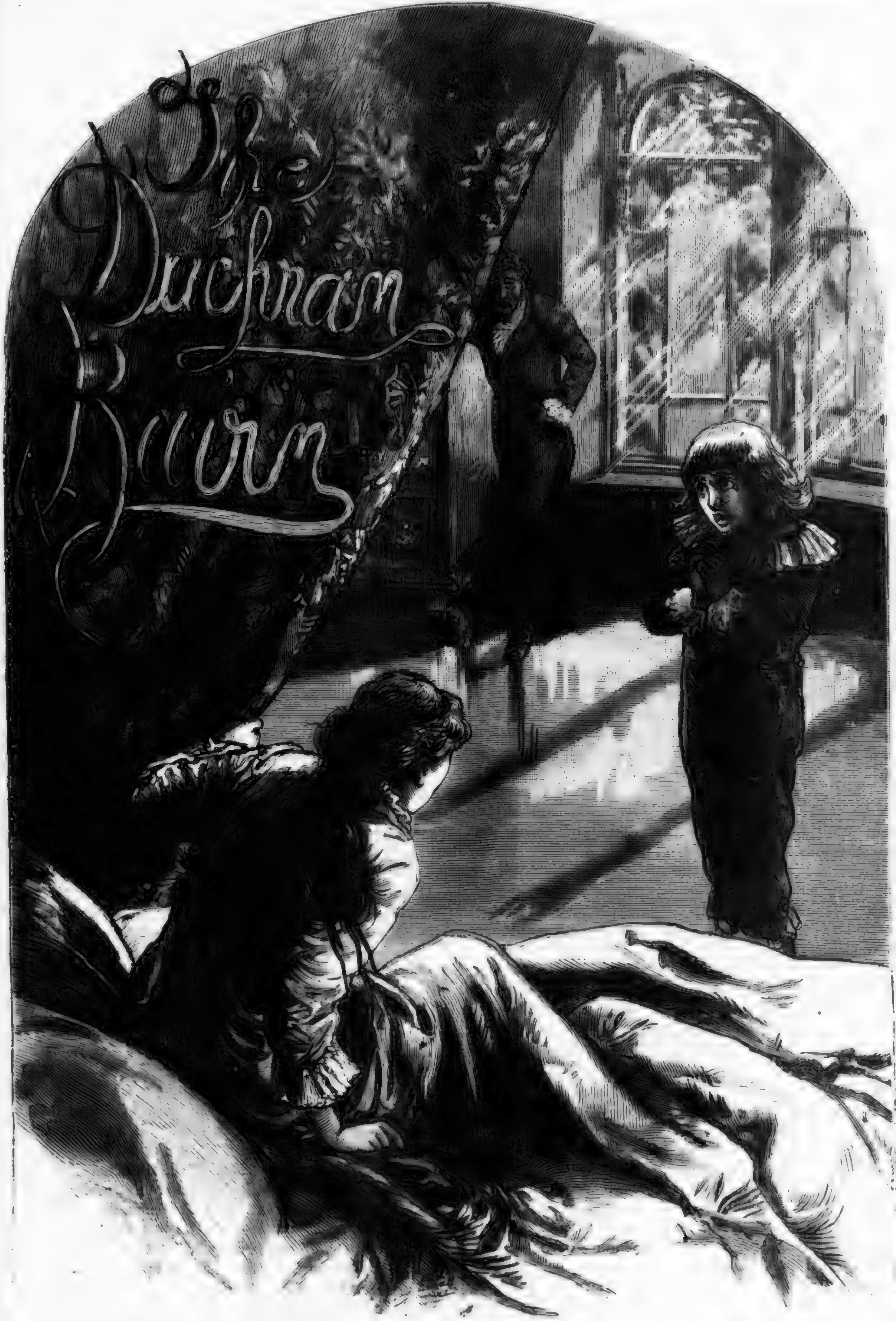
POPE'S HOUSE.—FROM A PRINT DATED 1785.

At Ypres, the great cloth mart of North Europe, were first made plain bindings of cloth, embroidered more or less; but these were used only for small volumes of jests and ballads, and for the horn-books out of which the children in noble families learned their letters. Venice had a name for its bindings in ivory and woods from the East; Florence, like Ghent in Flanders, abounded in brass artificers, and produced brazen bindings, gilt or silvered, each one the work of a master craftsman, for none ventured to make book-covers who were not skilled with their tools; but the most gorgeous bindings of all that were made before the invention of printing came from Rome. Here the guild of Italian goldsmiths had its chief hall; here was also a sure sale for rich bindings of wrought gold.

PRESERVED STRAWBERRIES.

Three or four hours before they are to be bottled, or, if the weather is cool, the night before, remove the hulls from freshly picked berries. As the berries are hulled place them in earthen dishes, adding sugar plentifully, as if preparing them for immediate use on the table. Be careful to add the sugar so that it will be mixed through the berries without having to stir them. Set the dishes away in a cool place. When ready to bottle them, pour off the juice which the sugar will have extracted from the berries; place it in a kettle, adding a little water, in the proportion of one small cupful to four quarts of juice; this will be about the quantity that will evaporate from the juice while boiling. As soon as the juice is boiling, put in enough berries to fill one bottle. Stir them down very gently; let them stay in about two minutes, then lift out with a strainer so as to take no juice with them; fill the bottle two-thirds full, and place it in a pan of hot water to keep it warm. Proceed in the same way until all the berries have been used, taking only enough for one bottle at a time. Then fill each bottle up with the boiling juice, put a teaspoonful of sweet olive-oil in the neck (the secret of the famous Wiesbaden preserved fruits), and seal quickly. Put up in this way, strawberries keep their color and taste.

A Beautiful Reply.—A little girl was directed to open the door for General Washington, as he was leaving a house where he had been visiting. Turning to her, he said, "I am sorry, my little dear, to give you so much trouble." "I wish, sir," she sweetly replied, "it was to let you in."



"HE MOVED SLOWLY TOWARD ME AS I LAY WATCHING HIM, AND HE WAS THE SAME CHILD WHOSE LOVELY PORTRAIT HUNG ON OUR WALLS DOWN-STAIRS."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE LITTLE SKIPPER AND HIS WIFE.

THEY sat together, a little pair, in an old hull by the sea—
She was a maiden with golden hair, and a brave, bright boy was he.
"I'm the skipper," he cries, "and you're my wife, and over the sea we'll go!"
He cuts the rope with his little knife—and the evening sun is low.

Oh, what shall be their parents' life in their cabins on the shore?
The little skipper and his wife will come to them no more.
Oh, lonely will they wander by, and watch the ebb and flow,
And deem they hear their children's cry, when the crimson sun is low.

Uprose the storm, uproared the tide; the boat was filling fast.
The little wife clung to her skipper's side, and wept at the sea and blast.
He wraps her warm in his little coat; he cries, "Oh, weep not so!"
As swift they drift in the filling boat—and the stormy sun is low.

THE DUCHRAN BAIRN.

A STORY OF ALL-HALLOW EVE.

By AGNES REPPLIER.

"I MUST SAY," pouted Cicely, "that of all the absurdities that ever I heard of, this takes the lead. What are we women, I wonder, expected to do with ourselves in a hole like that?"

"It is not a hole at all, my dear," I mildly suggested, "but quite a spacious mansion. Unless especially favored in the way of servants, I fancy we will find plenty to do in keeping the house in moderate order. From Frank's account, it must be very much out of repair."

"Of course it is," exclaimed my sister-in-law, indignantly. "How like two men to go and rent a moldy old barn, and condemn us to six months' worse exile than Siberia, just that they may have the serene pleasure of firing at a few birds and missing them. Frank never succeeds in shooting anything."

"Oh, Cicely, what a——"

"No, it isn't," she interrupted, laughing through her vexation. "But seriously, Nan, don't you think that your precious brothers have played us a shabby trick? In the first place, what is the good of Frank's having a wife, if he is not going to consult her before taking such a step? I don't blame Harry so much, because he is not married and naturally takes no one's pleasure but his own into consideration. But for Frank to go and rent a huge, tumble-down house in Scotland, and keep us there until Christmas, when he knows how bent I was on getting to Vienna early in the season, and this for the sake of a little shooting! And to call that great hulk of a mansion, only one size less than the Vatican, a shooting-box! It is too absurd!"

"Rather hard lines, I admit, Cicely; but if the shooting really is good, you can ask some people to visit us and manage to have a right gay time even in Scotland."

"As if anybody would be paid to come to such a dismal old place," began Cicely, determined not to be comforted; "or, as if I knew anybody here I wanted to ask! If there is one thing more ridiculous than another, it is for a party of Americans to set up housekeeping in Great Britain, just as if they were to the manner born. I dare say there will be pictures of somebody else's ancestors on the walls, to stare us out of countenance for our presumption in pretending to own them. There is no use in your trying to make the best of it, Nan, for there isn't any best to be found. My one and only comfort is that I have you at least with me. If I were alone I should order my coffin before I set out for my new abode;" and Cicely, laying her pretty curly head in my lap, lifted her slender arms and drew down my face for a sisterly kiss. "I believe you are the best thing my husband brought me after all," she said, "and for your precious sake I am almost ready to forgive him the six months' desolation he has provided for me."

This being a great concession, I wisely closed with it, and turned the conversation into more agreeable channels. To confess the truth, I was by no means enchanted with the prospect.

For the past nine months we had been leading an aimless but most delightful life, wandering wherever the fancy took us, and seeing the world in the laziest fashion imaginable.

There were only four of us—my two brothers, my sister-in-law and myself—"just the right number to fill a carriage," Cicely always said; and now, instead of idling happily around Europe, we were condemned to live for six months in a house as big as a barrack in the loneliest part of Dumbarton.

The boys had fallen in love with the old place, which had been vacant for some years; the shooting around was said to be excellent. They had the natural inclination of all men for a fixed habitation, and, knowing what opposition they were likely to receive, Frank had gone to work in a brilliant but underhand way, and actually rented the house before making known to us his fell design!

The righteous indignation of his wife, when she discovered what had been done, scarcely troubled him at all, so confident was he that, once settled in our new quarters, we would be overpowered with gratitude for the superior wisdom which had lodged us there; and so, on the last day of August, unable to escape our fate, we moved, bag and baggage, into our temporary home.

It was a large—a very large—house, without being in the least imposing. There was a three-story main building, with an irregularly shaped wing straggling out on one side, and a great bulge on the other, which Frank said looked like a castle-tower, but which, to my unromantic eyes, was far more suggestive of a Boston swell front. The place was evidently of great age, and it was said to be over eighty years since any of its owners had chosen to live permanently within its walls.

At that remote date the property had passed from the direct line, then extinct, to a distant branch of the family, who, not relishing its gloomy isolation, had very wisely preferred to live in France, and let the old house when they could to just such idiots as ourselves.

A broad and really noble flight of steps led to the ponderous door, which opened into a hall big enough for a dancing-party, if anybody could be found bold enough to dance there.

The rooms in the main building were larger than those in the wing, and better lit and ventilated, while from the upper windows we had a partial view of Arnot Castle and the Lomond Hills, at whose feet lie the straggling churchyard and the tiny chapel, moldy with decay.

Cicely made an anxious calculation, and then informed us we could each have six bedrooms apiece, and that she hoped we would consent to crowd ourselves into so limited a number.

The servants were to occupy the extreme end of the wing, but all the rest of the house was at our disposal.

I chose for myself a room in what Frank persisted in calling the tower, and I made the selection I did for two reasons: One was, a huge chest of drawers, which stood in the darkest corner, and promised a comfortable resting-place for my clothes; the other, a broad, oval window, whose latticed panes reached nearly to the floor, and beneath which lay a square terrace paved with different colored stones.

The furniture here and throughout the house was heavy, sombre, and occasionally, I must confess, shabby. But it is an idiosyncrasy of Americans that the shabbiness which would desolate their hearts, if at home, is accepted as quite the correct and proper thing when abroad.

On the whole, our experiment seemed to promise a little better than we had expected, and the unbounded delight of the two men went far toward inspiring us with resignation for our lot.

To Frank and Harry everything about the place was perfect, and they were even prepared to admire the family portraits which ornamented the hall and dining-room, and which Cicely and I considered to be miracles of ugliness.

All the Duchran men appeared to have been short, square and red-headed, and all the women tall, thin and weak-eyed. But perhaps the painters did but scant justice to their subjects; and there was one picture, at least, which was lovely enough to make us forget the shortcomings of the rest.

This was a fair-haired boy, about ten years old, who looked out from his canvas with clear blue eyes and a half-smile which softly parted the curved lips.

He wore a tunic of violet cloth, with a heavy fall of lace at the wrists, and his blonde hair fell over his shoulders and was brought low on the forehead, till it nearly touched the fringed eyelids beneath.

The bright boyish beauty of the face had an ever-increasing fascination for Cicely, who never seemed to weary of admiring it.

"Such a lovely little fellow, Nan!" she would say. "How did he ever manage to be so pretty in such a gloomy old place, and with such miserably ugly relations? Do you suppose that skinny object alongside of him, with half-shut eyes and the feather tumbling out of her hair, could possibly have been his mother? Or that sandy-haired individual, who looks as if he had the toothache, his father?"

"Perhaps he himself is the sandy-haired individual grown to manhood," I suggested, wickedly.

"Perish the unworthy thought!" cried Cicely, horror-struck; and then she added, more softly: "Do you know, Nan, I don't believe the darling ever grew up at all."

Very soon after our arrival I began to make the acquaintance of the few poor people who lived around us. They were, as a rule, in great poverty, but sturdy, hard-working and singularly uncomplaining. If their needs were many their petitions were few, and I often wondered how some of them contrived to keep body and soul together on their meagre and unsustaining food.

In a tiny cottage, just beyond the lawn, lived the gardener, a taciturn but industrious man, with a delicate wife, four small children and a bed-ridden grandmother, to whose comforts he devoted no small portion of his wages.

Such a weird-looking old woman as she was, with her few gray hairs pushed back from her wrinkled forehead, and her keen gray eyes, undimmed by sickness or age, fixed with close scrutiny on my face, when I told her we had come to live in the Duchran Close.

"And what brought you here?" she asked, in pure English, and without the slightest Scotch accent. "Have you no home of your own, no country or friends, that you should come for shelter to the Duchran walls?"

"A sensible old lady," whispered Cicely, who was with me. "How I do wish Frank were here to listen to her!"

"And you did not seek to come there?" said old Margaret, turning her piercing eyes on my sister-in-law's pretty face. All the children had been busy admiring her ever since we entered. "And how long are you going to bide?"

"Maybe till Christmas, maybe till Spring," answered Cicely, with a sigh.

"No, no," was the positive answer; "you will never bide that long. Do not fear it, Pretty."

"But I have a husband, and he says I must," said Cicely, laughing.

"Husbands can be mistaken like the rest of the world," said the old woman, contemptuously. "If yours is wiser than the main, he will take you all the sooner from the Duchran Close."

Then, as if fearful she had said too much, she called one of her great-grandchildren, a shock-headed boy of three, who, climbing on her bed and staring at us with his solemn, blue eyes, was at once made much of by Cicely, and effectually changed the conversation.

After this, to go and see old Margaret, and take her some little delicacy from our table, became one of my daily tasks, and well did it repay me.

Originally from Devonshire, and priding herself greatly on her English birth and tongue, she had yet passed all her long life since childhood in the same spot where she lived now. There she had married, had brought up her children, only to see them die one by one before her; and now, nearly ninety years old, was still bright in mind, though helplessly infirm in body.

With a strong memory and a quick tongue, many were the old tales she told me as our intimacy progressed, but on the subject of the Duchran family she either knew or would say nothing. The last direct heir had died when she was still a little girl, and since then different members of the French branch had from time to time visited the old place, but never made their home there.

She appeared deeply interested in us all, though more especially in Cicely, and one day asked me in which rooms we slept, saying she knew every inch of the house by heart. When I told her of my choice, a strange expression came into the keen old face.

"I would not sleep there, indeed, Miss Morton," she said, earnestly. "That room was always an unlucky one, and no good can come of using it."

"Nonsense," I answered, lightly. "I would not desert my chest of drawers, too heavy to be moved, or my beautiful oval window, for all the impending ill luck in Scotland."

"The chest of drawers! The oval window! She repeated, with a look of absolute terror in her troubled eyes. "Are you mad, child, or—what!"

I stared at her in amazement, and my wonder seemed to bring her to her senses.

"There are many things, my dear," she said, slowly, and with evident unwillingness, "that may not be lightly talked about. But you are a kind-hearted young lady as ever lived, and your sister is a rarely pretty one, and I warn you both to have nothing to do with that corner room."

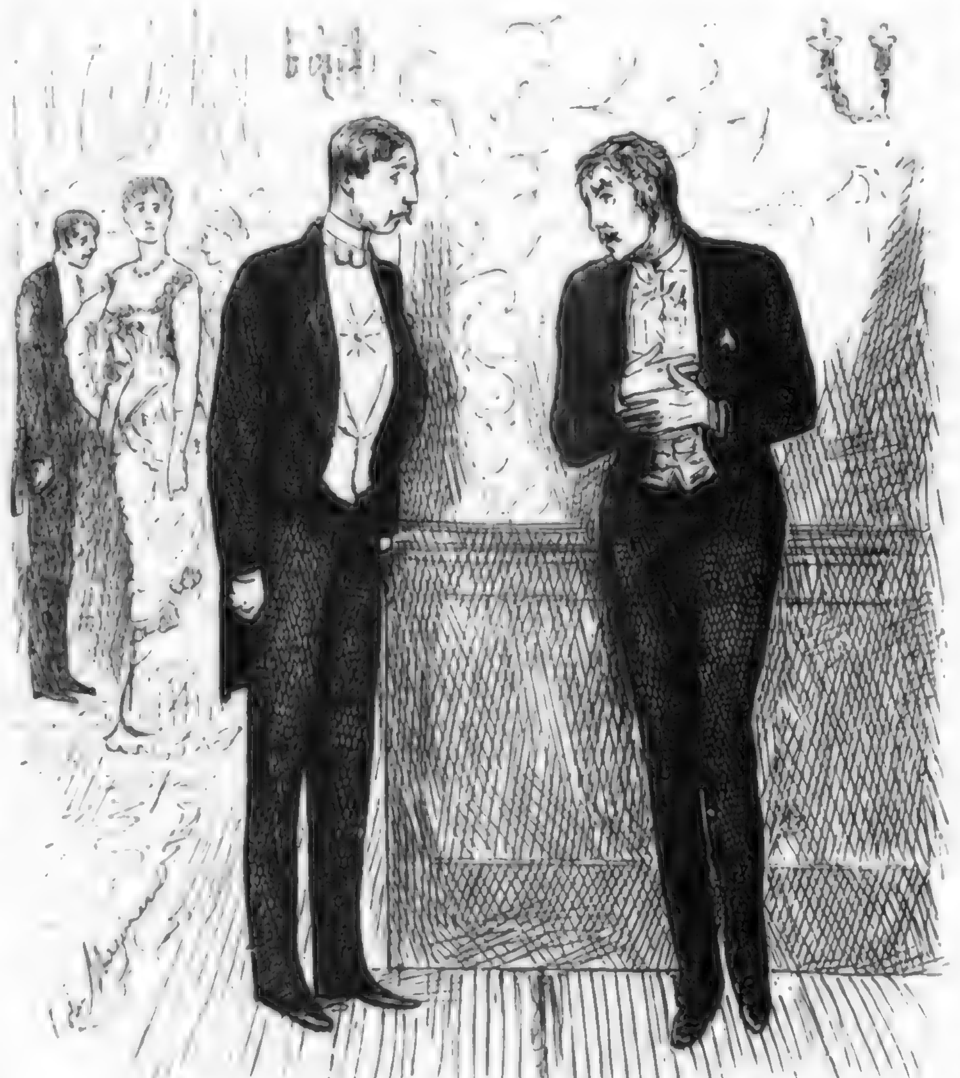
She seemed so dreadfully in earnest that a vague terror crept into my heart, and for a minute I had half-decided to follow her advice. Then, the folly of fearing I didn't know what, and the certainty of being laughed at by the boys if I confided to them my weakness, determined me to pocket my uneasy convictions and remain sensibly where I was.

September passed quietly and even pleasantly away, and we grew daily more satisfied with our new life. On the second evening in October Frank came into the drawing-room where his wife and I were ruining our eyes trying to read in the fast-deepening twilight.

"Cicely," he said, "who was the little boy that I saw in the hall just now as I came in?"

"Little boy!" repeated Cicely, opening her blue eyes to their very widest extent. "There has not been any little boy, or girl, either, in the house, to my knowledge, since we took possession of it. You must have been asleep and dreaming."

"I was in a very active somnambulistic state then, my dear," he returned; "for when I came in the door I noticed a little boy standing on the lowest stair. It was too dark for me to see him distinctly, and he slipped by me into the dining-room. I called him, but as he did not answer, I supposed he must have been a small nephew or cousin of one of the servants, who was amusing himself in a lonely fashion on the stairs. He looked like a pretty little fellow, too."



TROUBLES OF A DANCING-MAN.

"GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT'S THE MATTER, OLD CHAPPIE? INDIGESTION?"
"INDIGESTION, INDEED! I'VE PROMISED THIS WALTZ TO LADY GORGONZOLA GRIMSHAW. THE MUSIC HAS ACTUALLY BEGUN — AND — I'VE LOST THE SOLITAIRE OUT OF MY SHIRT-FRONT!"

"Pretty or not, he was no guest of ours," said Cicely, shutting her book and ringing for the lights.

Dinner being then announced, the matter was forgotten for the time. But two evenings later, Harry, who had not heard this scrap of conversation, asked us who was the little boy he had just met in the upper hall—a little light-haired boy, he said, and he was going in the direction of my room. Where had we picked him up?

"The strange child again," said Cicely, looking surprised, "and up-stairs, too! I must make inquiries about him, for, whatever may be the custom of domestics on this side of the ocean, I have an American prejudice in favor of knowing whom I am harboring in my house. How old a child do you think he was, Harry?"

"About ten or eleven, I guess," was the careless answer. "He had his back turned toward me, and I did not notice him very carefully, though I must say he did not look like a common child."

"A very uncommon one, I should say, to go rambling about the house in that fashion, as if he owned the premises," said Frank. "Cicely, do ask at once who he is."

Cicely did ask that night, but, strange to say, received the same answer from all the servants.

None of them had any relative or friend visiting them, and none of them had ever seen a little boy, or knew of his being in the house. It was very singular for one of the poor children around to stay in and make himself so much at home. And yet, who else could he be?

The boys were much amused at the mystery, but Cicely seemed annoyed, and I—shall I confess it?—felt a vague alarm creep over me, at which I laughed in the daytime and shivered at night, after the manner of womankind all the world over.

In a week, however, the strange little boy had been pretty well forgotten, when Cicely came running into my room one morning with some fresh-pulled flowers still in her apron.

"Well," she said, laughing, as she peered curiously into every corner, "where have you contrived to hide him already?"

"Hide who? Cicely, what are you talking about?" I asked.

"Why, the little boy, of course," she answered. "I saw him come in here this minute, so you may as well produce him and own up."

"You saw a little boy come into my room!" I repeated, in astonishment. "Cicely, I assure you no one has entered that door for the last hour, and I have been sitting facing it all the time."

The bright color died away from her face, leaving a cold gray pallor; her soft eyes looked into mine with the pitiful, bewildered look of a frightened child. She shivered, and her lip trembled a little as she whispered, slowly:

"Now, what can it mean? I saw a little boy, with fair hair, standing at your door this minute, as I came along the corridor, and I thought"—she paused for an instant—"I thought, dear, I saw him go in. If I did not, where can he be?"

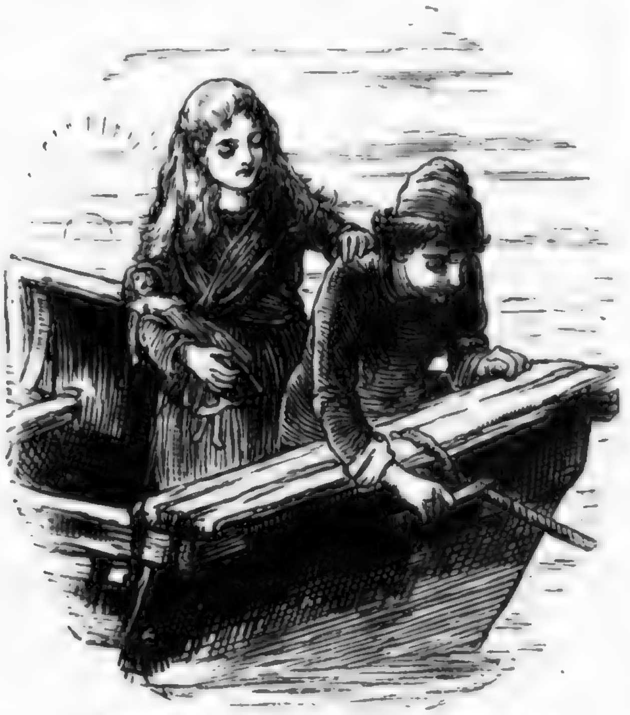
"In one of the other rooms, of course," I said, "and we will hunt him up this very minute."

"There is only one more door after yours, you know," she said, "and that is locked inside. Now I do not believe he is a real child! Oh, I wish I had seen him! I wish I had never come to the dreadful, dreadful place!" and she clung desperately to me, while two great teardrops rolled her pretty brown cheeks.

I kissed them away and comforted her, vowing inwardly that she should not stay to be frightened for all the brothers and all the shooting in Great Britain.

Even if the child turned out to be some ordinary little boy, after all, she was getting nervous in this gloomy old house, and it was cruel to keep her here.

But when I told Frank all this in the evening, he laughed at us both, and Cicely, bright and courageous enough in her husband's company, laughed with him, and acknowledged herself to be a little goose.



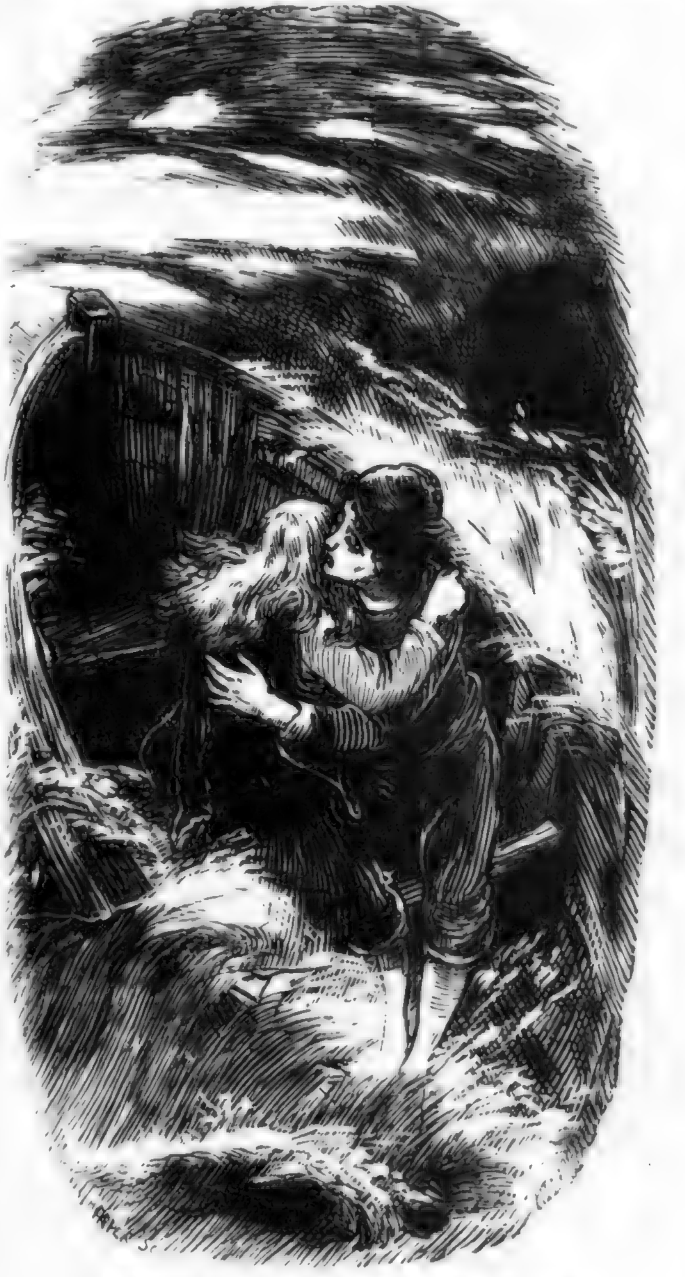
"He cuts the rope with his little knife—and the evening sun is low."

THE LITTLE SKIPPER AND HIS WIFE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 626.

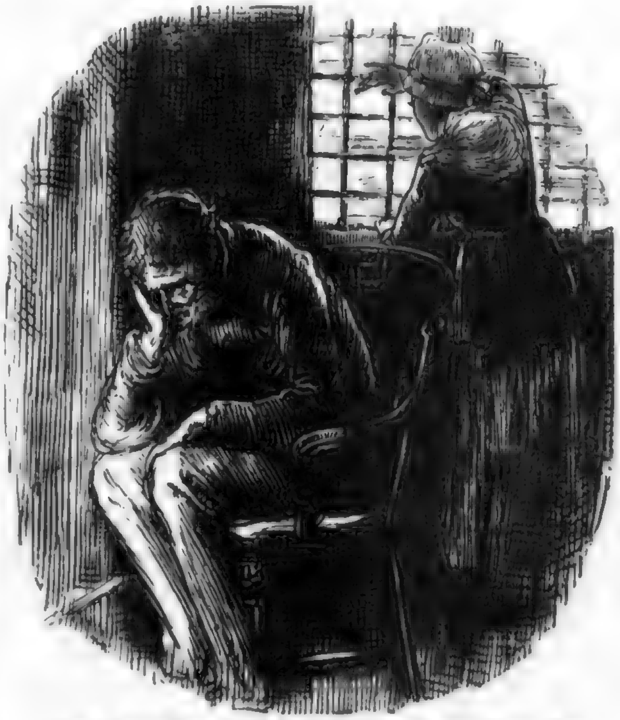
I was thoroughly in earnest, however, and pushed the subject with such rigor, that my brother at last promised us both that if the child appeared to any of us again, and we did not succeed in laying hold of him and proving him to be flesh and blood, he would consent to our packing up our traps, and setting off the very next day. Several times I thought of telling all this to Margaret Dawse, but the poor old woman had been suffering so much of late, and seemed so strangely nervous and ill at ease, that I could not bear to trouble her further, unless obliged to speak.

The rest of the month, however, went slowly by without any fresh disturbance, although Cicely's lurking terror was something pitiful to see, bravely as she tried to keep it down; and the servants, having caught the infection, their half hysterical and wholly foolish fears were neither inspiring nor comfortable.

But the weather had by this time grown so clear and lovely, that, living out of doors as we did in the fresh, bracing atmosphere, our morbid fancies dropped from



"He wraps her warm in his little coat; he cries, 'Oh, weep not so!'"



"And deem they hear their children's cry when the crimson sun is low."

THE LITTLE SKIPPER AND HIS WIFE.

us one by one, and we became more like our old light-hearted selves. It was the lull before a storm, but we enjoyed it with unthinking zest.

All-Hallow Eve had been spent gayly enough, and I was never in brighter spirits than when I bade good-night to the others, and went to my lonely room. The full moon shining in the oval window lit up every corner, and long after I was in bed, I amused myself in a drowsy fashion by watching the moonbeams quivering on the opposite wall, as the great tree-branches outside waved slowly to and fro. I dropped asleep finally, and slept perhaps an hour, perhaps two or three.

When I awoke, it was with a strange consciousness of some unknown presence in the room, and raising my head, I saw standing at the foot of my bed a little boy, with his back turned to me and the moonlight shining on his long fair hair, and on the lace that encircled his slender wrists and throat.

He moved slowly toward me as I lay watching him, and I saw that he was the same child whose lovely portrait hung on our walls down-stairs, the same, and yet oh, heavens, not the same! For, from the fair, childish face all light of reason had fled, and the blue eyes, no longer brave and clear, gazed into mine with the vacant, unmeaning stare of an idiot. My blood curdled in my veins, and I endeavored to rise from the bed, when my eyes fell upon another figure in the room, a man who stood in the dimmed corner, leaning against the heavy chest of drawers.

Was ever Duchran yet who resembled him? Tall, dark and strongly built, he watched the boy with a face on which was stamped an agony too deep for words, a pain which shone from the worn eyes, as if self-torture had swept bare all power of suffering from the wrecked soul, and stamped itself on every haggard feature.

Sick with fright, I could neither speak nor move. Suddenly the child's meaningless glance fell upon the dark shadow in the corner, and an expression of mad terror shot into the wide-open blue eyes. With averted head he fled toward the window, a desperate fear showing itself in every line of the lovely, senseless face.

I saw the man's look of pain unbearable, and then, oh, horror! the boy had reached the oval window, whose latticed panes swung open in the moonlit air. His foot was already on the low sill, when, with a shriek for help I sprang from the bed.

It was too late! The child had disappeared, and, shivering with terror, I looked down upon the terrace beneath. The moon shone clearly, and I could distinguish the pattern of the different colored flags that paved it, but of the crushed little body I feared to see there was no sign whatever. Gasping, I turned.

Frank and Cicely, aroused by my cries, were at my side, but by the chest of drawers there stood no longer the dark-faced man; nothing was left of the awful picture I had seen.

Cicely's sobs brought me quickly to my senses. Trembling with cold and fright, the poor child looked ready to faint, and I determined instantly that she should hear nothing to alarm her further. Confused and wretched, I said something about a nightmare and my own folly in screaming so, and assured her there was no cause for fear. She seemed but half reassured, insisted on calling one of the maids to stay with me for the rest of the night, and looked at me with such a world of questioning doubt in her troubled face, that I was glad to kiss her for the last time, and push her gently out of the door.

The next morning my mind was made up, and right after breakfast I went over to old Margaret's cottage. She had been decidedly worse, her daughter-in-law told me, and very restless and worried for the past two nights, but wished to see me if I came.

When I entered the room, I was shocked to find how worn and haggard she looked as, with glittering eyes, she peered anxiously into my face.

What she saw there must have confirmed her fears, for she sank back in her bed with a faint moan, and a glance at me that was half pleading, half reproachful.

Convinced that she knew far more than I did, I told her in a few plain words, first, how the child had been seen by the others, and then my vision of the night before.

She listened in silence, and when I had finished there came a deep sob, that seemed to rend the poor old frame, and, covering her face with her wrinkled hands, I saw the great tear-drops ooze between her fingers.

"You may go or stay, as you like, now!" she said, at length, "for you have seen the last of the poor Duchran bairn until another year is over. The helpless little laddie that a father's blow drove mad!"

Her grief was pitiful to see; but, with a desperate effort, she subdued it, and lay white and quiet on her pillows.

"Eighty years dead and buried," she moaned, "and to have found no rest at last! My darling—my darling!"

Then, turning resolutely toward me, and raising her keen eyes to mine, she told me, in broken sentences, the story of the curse that hung over the Duchran walls.

An ancient and much-respected family, they had lived soberly and frugally for generations in the old house, marrying discreetly and keeping together the large but barren property, until Ronald Duchran, the only son of a widowed mother, and a scapegrace from his birth, finding the solitude of his home rather irksome, left it to wander for many years abroad.

In Rome he married an Italian wife, and his boy brought up among his mother's people, never visited Scotland until after the father's death, when he came to take possession of the estate.

A wonderful contrast to his honest and ugly ancestors was this last Duchran, with his hot blood and his southern eyes and skin. He hated everything Scotch, and lived but little at home until after the death of his wife, an English girl of a good family in Somersetshire. He had been married but two years when she died, leaving him a baby boy, with whom he returned, a few years later, to Scotland, bringing with him an English nurse and her little girl, who was the young heir's only playmate.

For years he lived a solitary and morbid life, wrapped in profound grief for the loss of his young wife, and giving but little thought or affection to his child, who grew up fair-haired and blue-eyed, and in all things like the mother who was dead.

From the beginning his father was to him simply the embodiment of authority, a being to be feared and obeyed, but scarcely to be loved. He clung, in preference, to his nurse and to her little daughter, Margaret, with whom he played all day in the lonely house, and who, bolder and brighter of the two, assumed the lead in all their childish sports. To her Norman confided the awe he felt for his father, and with her it became a daily task to shield him from all blame.

The boy slept in the tower chamber, which I had occupied, and here the little girl witnessed unperceived the first act of the tragedy that cursed the ancient walls. Running through the corridor, she heard voices within the room, and, alarmed for her playmate, she stole to the door in time to see the father, angry at some childish act, strike his son, who stumbled under the blow.

As he fell his head struck sharply against the edge of the chest of drawers, and, stunned with the shock, he lay unconscious, the blood streaming from the cut.

Horrified and fiercely indignant, the little Margaret stole away before the frightened father had lifted up his boy and sent hurriedly for nurse and doctor. Crouched in a corner of the corridor, she lay waiting for the verdict from the sick-room, and here her mother found her, and drew from her the story of all that she had seen.

A woman of strong mind and devoted to the interests of the house she served, she pledged her little daughter to profound secrecy, declaring that only under these conditions would she be ever permitted to see her playfellow.

The promise was given and faithfully kept. Norman had fallen, it was said; and, after hanging two weeks in a critical condition, he was pronounced to be out of danger, but a hopeless idiot.

The sorrow and despair of the father on hearing of the doom of his only son was something appalling to witness.

No one except little Margaret and her mother knew the truth, and they alone held the key of a mystery insoluble to all others—the idiot child's terror in his father's presence. With all else he was gentle, manageable and even in his foolish way happy, but his father he feared with the pitiful, blind fear of madness; and what fierce pain this shrinking horror must have carried into that remorseful heart, none of us can fathom. In vain every effort was made to soothe the boy's troubled mind and bring the two together. It was hopeless, and this terrible cloud of retribution hung over the Duchran House for four heavy months after Norman's illness.

Then came the end. On the last day of October there was heard in the gloaming an awful cry of horror from the tower room, and those who rushed to learn the cause saw Maurice Duchran standing by the oval window with a face more ghastly than a corpse, more distorted than a demon, and beneath on the flagged terrace lay the body of little Norman, still and cold in the clasp of death.

What had happened none ever knew, save that the child had fallen from the window on to the cruel stones below, and that the miserable father saw the accident too late to save his son. But the two who shared his terrible secret felt in their hidden souls that it was in mad flight from the object of his deadly fear that the poor crazy boy had leaped to his death before his father's eyes.

They laid the last Duchran bairn to sleep with his moldy ancestors, and many were the tears shed over the sad little ruined life; but he who had wrought the evil went forth a wanderer on the face of the earth. And when the next November came around, the post from Paris announced the fact that Maurice Duchran lay dead at his hotel, having breathed his last in the gloaming on All Hallow Eve.

Distant relations took possession of the estate. Margaret's mother died, and she grew up, married, and spent her whole life within a stone's throw of the scenes she had witnessed as a child. Her race was nearly run, and I bade her a last good-by as I left the cottage; for, that day we went from the Duchran Close, never to enter it again.

She had carried her lifelong secret well, but she had borne her childish love still more bravely to the end; for she showed me, worn on her withered breast, a curl of yellow hair, and a bit of decaying lace with a dull-red stain upon it, that had been around the white throat of her playfellow, the ill-fated child, Norman Duchran.

A NEW METHOD OF HEATING.

The use of acetate of soda for heating cars has proved so successful that it is likely to be extended. A large iron pipe containing the compound passes under each seat of the car; through the centre of the pipe runs a smaller pipe, through which steam is passed when it is desired to heat the compound. When heat is applied to the pipes from a steam-boiler in the station, the crystals in the acetate of soda used are liquefied, and remain so until the temperature begins to fall perceptibly. Then the crystals begin to form, and the liquid throws out an increased heat. A thermometer taking the temperature of a pipe of the heated compound shows that during the first hour or two there is a slight fall of temperature, then a sharp rise while crystallization takes place, and then a gradual fall. A record of the temperature of one car kept during twenty days showed that after each run of sixteen miles the temperature in the car was upon an average less than one degree lower when the car returned to the station than when it started out. The cost of heating cars by this system is said by the company which controls the patents to be no more than for stoves, while the heat is pleasanter, and the atmosphere is free from gas and smoke. The compound in the pipes will last for an indefinite number of years, for all that is known to the contrary, being hermetically sealed. This company now proposes to introduce the same system as an improvement on heating by ordinary steam radiation. Steam coils often heat too violently in small rooms, and either give too little or too much heat. By using the steam to heat a reservoir of the compound liquid, the steam can be turned off when the room is sufficiently warm, and the reservoir will continue to throw out a constant amount of warmth for several hours. A small pipe, full of the compound, three feet long and four inches in diameter, is made for heating private carriages.

HOW PERFUMES ARE MADE.

Perfumes may be obtained from sweet-scented plants by any of the following three methods:

First, Distillation.—As this method requires the employment of a still, which would be out of the reach of many, I will merely remark that the essential oil, or otto of the plant acted on, rises with the steam, is condensed, and afterward separated from the water, on which it floats, by decanting. Distillation is used only for strong perfumes, such as orange and lemon-peel, geranium-leaves, etc., and is useless for fine ones from flowers, such as violets, jasmine, etc. A handy amateur ought to be able to make a small still for himself.

Second, Enfleurage.—The delicate odors of flowers such as are mentioned above, or others, are best obtained by this method. Make a number of boxes or frames about 20 inches square by 3 inches deep, but without top or bottom. Such as would wish to try on a small scale may be satisfied with 10 inches square by 3 inches deep. Previous to screwing the four sides together, plow a groove in the centre of the boards, into which insert a sheet of thick glass. You have now a frame with a sheet of glass 1½ inches from either edge. These are called by the French *châssis.* Spread about ¼ inch thick of clarified lard, beef suet, or other pure fat, on each side of the glass. The *châssis*, or frames, are now placed one on top of another with the flowers between, which are allowed to remain two or three days, when they are replaced by fresh ones as long as they can be procured—say for one or two months. It will be observed that the space between two *châssis*, when placed one on the other, will be 3 inches, as the edge of each is 1½ inch from the glass. When the flowers are being changed the grease should be scored with a knife, which causes the odor to be absorbed more readily. After the fat is thoroughly saturated with the perfume it may be scraped off, strained, and put into tins ready for the next operation. Moleskin, a thick, cotton fabric, saturated with pure olive oil, is sometimes used instead of fat. The oil, after acquiring the perfume, must, however, be extracted by a hydraulic press.

Third, Maceration.—In this process the flowers and grease are placed in a *bain marie*, and kept heated over a quick fire. The boiling point is raised by adding salt to the water between the two vessels. The *bain marie* is made on the same principle as a gluepot, is used in culinary operations, and may be procured from most ironmongers. A handy person may, however, be able to adapt two vessels to this purpose on the principle just mentioned. Now we have the perfume in the grease, how is it to be separated? you will ask. Simply by cutting up in small pieces and infusing the grease in strong alcohol for about a month, then strain. The spirit now becomes the preserver and distributor of the odor, and the combination of the two is the perfume of commerce. The operation of the whole process is simply this: The fragrant essential *oil* of the flowers or plants combines with the *fat*, for which it has an affinity. The *odorous essence* has an affinity for the *alcohol* and combines with *that*, leaving the *oil* remaining with the *fat*. The fat that remains is odorless, and may be converted into soap. This, or any odorless soap, may be scented as follows: Slice it up *cold*, add sufficient perfume and beat the whole up in a mortar with a heavy pestle, or it may be dissolved in the *bain marie*, adding the perfume, of course. The *bain marie* may also be utilized for clarifying the fat. The above separate or simple perfumes may be combined to form bouquets or nosegays, as for example, lavender-water, which is made as follows: English oil of lavender, 2 ounces; essence of ambergris, 1 ounce; eau de Cologne, 1 pint; rectified spirit, 1 quart; mix.

Perfumes are also obtained from animals, as civet and musk, and from gum-resins, as camphor, myrrh, etc. Such readers as have gardens might utilize the above information, and all could avail of the many exquisitely scented wild-flowers and plants obtainable in most localities of the country, and thus have a sweet memorial of their favorites after they had passed away.

THE PROTECTIVE COLORS OF ANIMALS.

By Alfred Russel Wallace, F.L.S.

To the ordinary observer, the colors of the various kinds of molluscs, insects, reptiles, birds and mammals, appear to have no use, and to be distributed pretty much at random. There is a general notion that in the tropics everything—insects, birds, and flowers especially—is much more brilliantly colored than with us; but the idea that we should ever be able to give a satisfactory reason why one creature is white and another black, why this caterpillar is green and that one brown, and a third adorned with stripes and spots of the most gaudy colors, would seem to most persons both presumptuous and absurd. We propose to show, however, that in a large number of cases the colors of animals are of the greatest importance to them, and that sometimes even their very existence depends upon their peculiar tints.

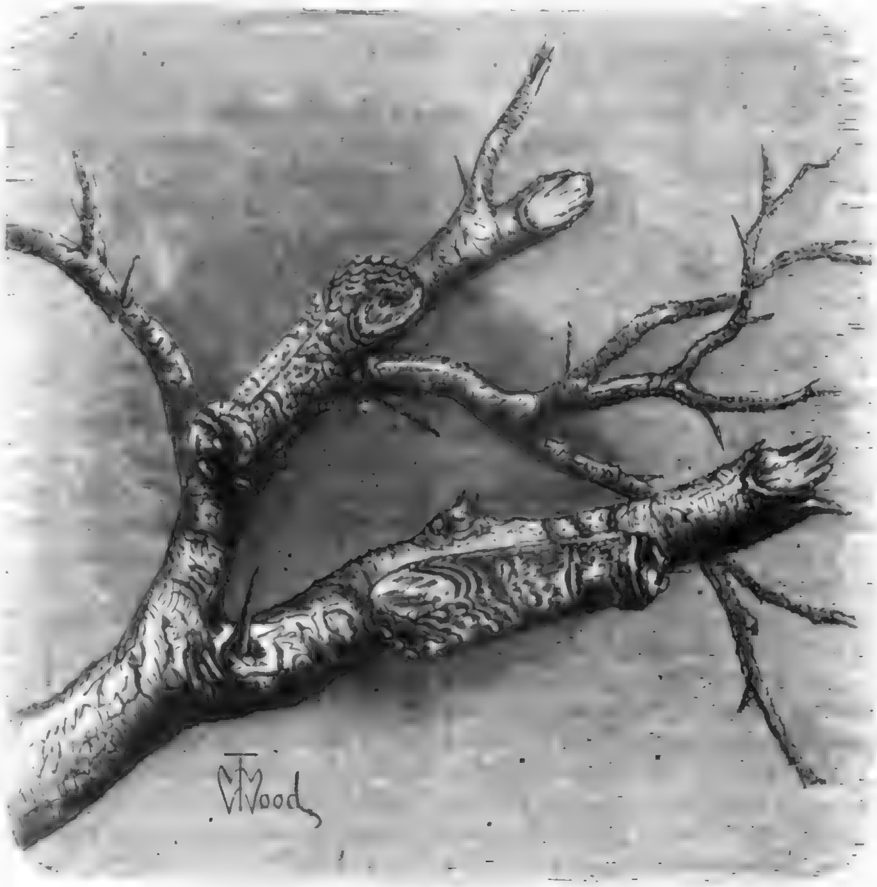


FIG. 1.—THE BUFF-TIP MOTH.

It is an almost universal rule that each animal either has enemies which seek to feed upon it, or that it seeks itself to feed upon other animals. In the first case, it has to escape its enemies or it cannot long continue to live. This it does either by its swiftness of flight, by its watchfulness, or by hiding itself from view. Some species come abroad only at night, some burrow under ground, many hide themselves among leaves, or bark, or stones, and thus escape destruction. Their enemies, however, are as swift and as watchful as they are themselves, and they can in most cases only escape them by avoiding observation. To do this, they must not be too conspicuous; and thus any kind of coloring that renders them scarcely visible while seeking their food or attending to their young, actually tends to preserve their lives, and often alone enables them to secure the safety of their offspring. But the enemy who is in pursuit of them is in just the same predicament. He, too, must be concealed by his color, or he will be seen afar off and his prey will seek a secure concealment. In that case he will simply starve to death, and his race will cease to exist. It thus appears that almost every kind of animal requires concealment; and it might therefore be thought that color must always be injurious, and ought never to exist. And as color not only exists, but abounds among the various classes of animals, it may be thought that we have here a *reductio ad absurdum*, and that protective coloring cannot be of much importance. Further examination, however, shows us that even gay colors are very often protective, because the earth and the sky, the leaves and the flowers, themselves glow with pure and vivid hues. In other cases conspicuous coloring is useful to an animal, as when it is protected by the possession of a deadly sting or a nauseous taste, and the bright or unusual color warns its would-be enemies to avoid it. There are also a great number of animals who appear to be sufficiently able to take care of themselves without resorting to concealment, and with these the tendency to the production of color, which seems to be inherent in organic beings, exhibits itself unchecked. Taking all these facts into consideration, we find that there is an ample field for the development of bright and conspicuous color on the one hand, and for the display of an infinite variety of protective tints on the other, dependent on the structure, the habits, and the instincts of the different kinds of animals.

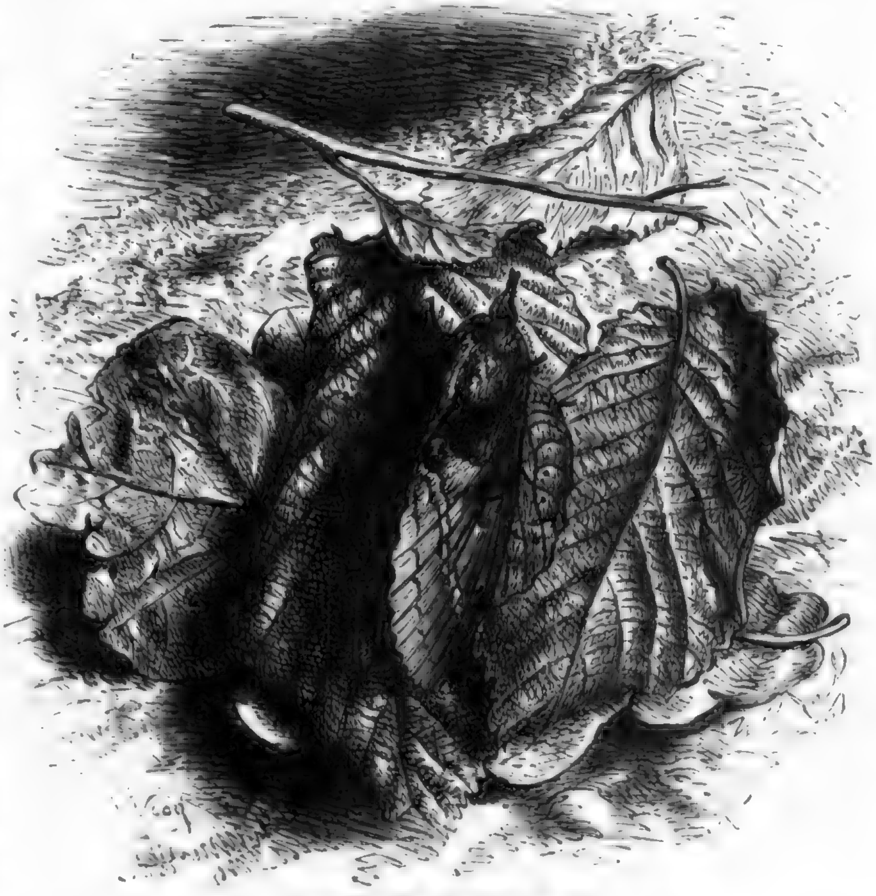


FIG. 2.—THE LAPPET MOTH.

Let us now consider a few familiar examples of protective coloring. Owing to the mildness of the Winter of 1877, and the dampness of the following Spring, my garden was overrun with slugs, and I had to wage continual war against them. On every damp evening I would go round the borders, examining the choicest plants, and, taking the slugs off with a knife, deposit them in a jar of strong brine. While doing this, many of them, on being touched, would contract and drop to the ground, and though they fell close under my eyes, I often had some trouble to find them again, owing to their close resemblance to the small pebbles with which the soil abounded. They varied in color from nearly white, to brown, yellow, and nearly black, and when contracted into an oval lump, they were exactly like the variously colored wet pebbles. One black slug with an olive-yellow under-surface, when contracted was wonderfully like a blackish flint pebble broken in two, showing the yellowish inside so common in such stones. It may be said that this was only an accidental resemblance, and at first it did not strike me as being anything else; but when, time after time, I lost sight of a slug beneath my very eyes, and had often no other means of finding it again but by touching the various small stones with my knife till I found a soft one, the conviction forced itself upon me that here was a case of true protection, and that what deceived me would also probably sometimes deceive the birds and other animals that feed upon slugs. In the tropical forests I had often in the same way to resort to the sense of touch to supplement that of sight, in distinguishing between the phasmidæ or "stick insects" and real pieces of stick; and as in this case it is universally admitted that the resemblance is a protection to the insects, since it saves them from

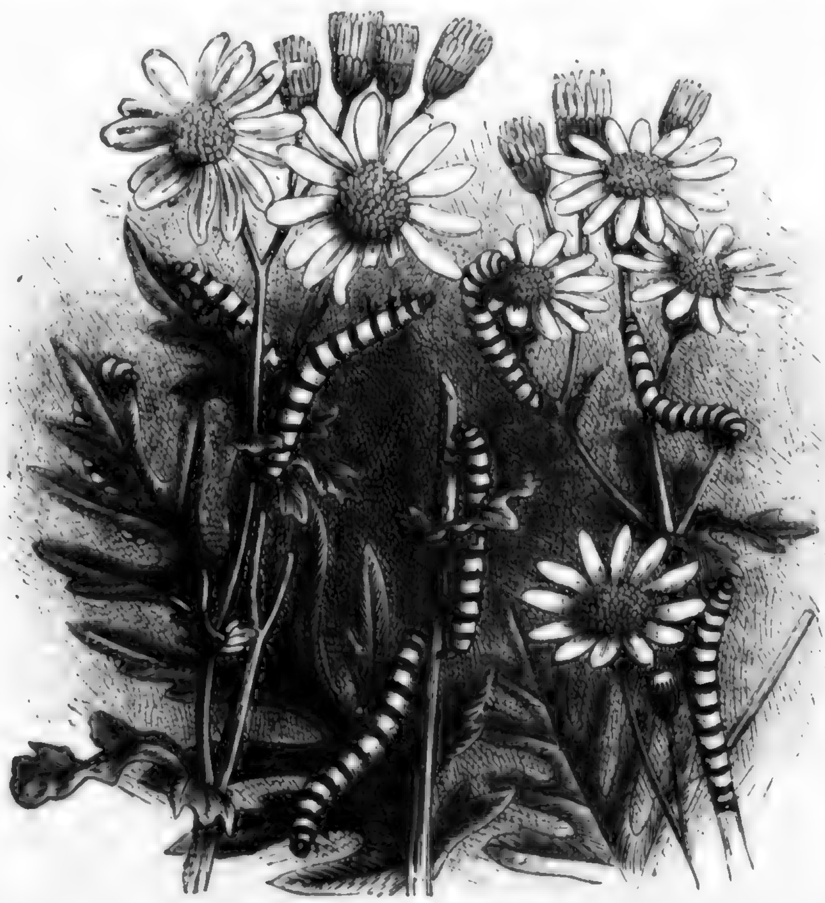


FIG. 3.—JACOBEÆ CATERPILLARS.

the attacks of the numerous tropical insectivorous birds, we may well believe that our familiar slugs are similarly protected from the thrushes and other birds which feed upon them.

We will now consider some other cases of protection by color among animals of our own country, before proceeding to those more wonderful developments which occur chiefly in tropical lands. Every collector of beetles must have observed how many of our *Curculionidæ* or weevils are brown or speckled, and also that they have the habit, on being touched or alarmed, of falling down on the ground, drawing in their legs and antennæ, and there becoming undistinguishable from small lumps of earth or stones. Others, however, which are found constantly on nettles and herbage, are beautifully green, and these usually run or fly away when alarmed. A curious little beetle, *Onthophilus sulcatus*, is brown and furrowed, so as exactly to resemble the seed of some umbelliferous plant. The beautiful Musk-beetle, which usually rests upon the leaves of willows, is green; while the Saperdas and Rhagiums, which frequent timber or posts, are invariably brown or yellowish. It is, however, among our moths, which are at once more conspicuous and more defenseless, that the best examples of protective coloring in this country are to be found. The beautiful green *Agriopis aprilina* and the dusky *Acronycta psi* rest during the day on the trunks of trees, and are often completely concealed by their resemblance to the green and gray lichens which surround them. The Lappet-moth (*Gastropacha querci*), when at rest, so disposes its rich brown wings as to resemble, both in shape and color, a dead leaf (Fig. 2); while the Buff-tip moth (*Pygæra bucephala*) so contracts its wings that it looks exactly like a thick piece of broken stick, the yellow patch at the extremity of the wings giving the appearance of the freshly-broken end (Fig. 1). This is a case which well illustrates how impossible it is to decide from the appearance of a specimen in a cabinet whether the colors of an animal are or are not protective; for no one would imagine that this handsome and conspicuously colored moth could ever deceptively resemble a bit of dead stick, and so obtain protection from its enemies. It is a very common thing in the tropics to find beetles and moths which resemble bird's droppings, and the same occurs in this country; for Mr. A. Sidgwick, in a paper read before the Rugby School Natural History Society, says: "I have myself more than once mistaken *Cilix compressa*, a little white-and-gray moth, for a piece of bird's dung dropped upon a leaf, and, *vice versâ*, the dung for the moth. Two other moths, *Bryophila glandifer* and *B. perla*, are the very image of the mortar walls on which they rest; and in Switzerland I amused myself for some time in watching a moth, probably *Larentia tripunctaria*, fluttering about close to me, and then alighting on a wall of the stone of the district, which it so exactly matched as to be quite invisible a couple of yards off." It has also been noticed that the general tints of the moths which are on the wing in Autumn and Winter correspond to the prevailing hues of nature at those seasons. The Rev. Joseph Greene states that the great majority of the autumnal moths are of various shades of yellow and brown, like those of the autumnal foliage; while the Winter moths of the genera *Cheimatobia* and *Hybernia* are of gray and silvery tints.

It is among the caterpillars, however, that protective coloring is the most general and conspicuous. An immense number of these creatures are green, corresponding with the tints of the leaves on which they feed, or brown when they rest on bark or twigs; while a large number of the larvæ of the Geometridæ or Loopers have the habit of sticking themselves out rigidly like sticks, which they exactly resemble in shape as well as in color. Every one knows, however, that there are a number of very brightly colored caterpillars, and it may be asked how these are protected, or why the others need protection if these can do without it. The answer to this question is most instructive, and affords the most conclusive proof that various examples of protective tints in nature really have the effect we impute to them. It has been found by repeated observation and experiment that every green and brown caterpillar, without exception, is greedily eaten by birds, and even by frogs, lizards and spiders, and that they endeavor to conceal themselves from these numerous enemies by feeding usually at night, while during the day they remain motionless upon leaves, twigs or bark, of the same color as themselves. The brightly colored caterpillars, on the other hand, were found to be universally rejected by birds when offered to them, and even by lizards, frogs and spiders. None of these would touch the common spotted caterpillar of the magpie moth (*Abraxas grossulariata*), nor those of the *Cuccullia verbasci*, *Callimorpha jacobæ* (Fig. 3), or the *Anthrocera filipendulæ*. Sometimes the caterpillars were seized in the mouth, but always dropped again, as if in disgust at their taste. The same rule was found to apply to all the hairy or spiny caterpillars; and, what is very interesting, the habits of these creatures are correspondingly different from those of the green and brown eatable species. They all feed during the day; they do not conceal themselves, but feed openly, as if courting observation, and secure in the knowledge of their safety from all enemies.

This connection of gay colors and bold habits with non-edibility, throws light on many other cases of bright coloring which might otherwise be adduced as opposed to the theory of protection. Thus, among our beetles we have such conspicuous creatures as the lady-birds (*Coccinellidæ*) and the "soldiers and sailors" among the Malacoderms, which are all conspicuous and defenseless insects, never hiding themselves, or seeking concealment, or feigning death, as do so many other beetles. The reason is now found to be that, like gaudy caterpillars, they are generally unfit for food. The same explanation may be given of the conspicuous whiteness of certain moths. One of these, *Spilosoma menthrasti*, is very common, but when given by Mr. Stainton to a brood of young turkeys among hundreds of other worthless moths after a night's "sugaring," it was always rejected, each bird in succession picking it up and then throwing it down again, as if too nasty to eat. The same thing has been observed with the showy butterflies forming the family *Danaidæ*. Insect-eating birds were observed by Mr. Belt in South America, catching butterflies which they brought to their nest to feed their young; yet during half an hour they never brought one of the *Danaidæ*, which were flying lazily about in great numbers.

But there are other modes of protection, besides a nauseous taste, which renders concealment unnecessary. Either weapons or armor have the same effect, if they are sufficiently perfect of their kind to render it useless or dangerous for their enemies to attack them. The best example of armed insects are the bees and wasps, and among these conspicuous colors are the rule, while they usually fly about and seek their food without any attempt at concealment. Other insects have so hard a covering, or such awkward spines, as to be practically uneatable, and among tropical insects many of these are conspicuously or gaudily colored. One of the few examples we have of this group are the Ruby-tail wasp (*Chrysis*) which have no stings, but have the power of rolling themselves up into a ball, which is very hard; and they are so gorgeously colored as to appear like some curious jewels. Others, again, obtain protection by extreme rapidity of flight, and by concealing themselves in holes or among flowers when at rest, and these are often brilliantly colored, as in the case of the common Rosechafer. These few examples are merely intended to show that it is no argument against the use of protective colors in some animals, that many others have brilliant and clearly non-protective hues. In those cases, the creatures have certainly some substitute which enables them to live and continue their race. What this substitute is we can in some cases find out, but in many others we are too ignorant of the habits and surroundings of the species to determine whether its peculiar colors are or are not protective, or, if they are not, to determine what are the peculiar conditions which enable it to dispense with this particular kind of safeguard. An excellent example of a brilliantly-colored insect, which yet obtains protection by its colors, is afforded by the caterpillar of the Emperor moth (*Saturnia pavoniaminor*). The green body adorned with pink spots is pre-eminently beautiful, and in most situations conspicuous; but it feeds on the common heather, and its colors then so completely harmonize with the young green shoots and small pink flowers, that it is with difficulty detected.

Leaving now these familiar examples, to be found everywhere around us, let us cast a glance over a wider field, and see how the general conditions of existence, affecting many different groups of animals at once, influence their coloration for protective purposes. And first let us transport ourselves to the great deserts of the earth, and inquire what kind of animal life we find there. Canon Tristram has traveled much in the Sahara, and he thus describes the characteristic colors of its animal life: "In the desert, where neither trees, brushwood, nor even undulations of the surface, afford the slightest protection against its foes, a modification of color which shall assimilate an animal to that of the surrounding country is absolutely necessary. Hence, without exception, the upper plumageof every bird, whether lark, chat, sylvian, or sand-grouse, and also the fur of all the smaller mammals, and the skin of all the snakes and lizards, is of one uniform isabelline or sand-color." This is not a characteristic of one desert, but of all. In a recent account of the Steppe of Erivan in Asia Minor, it is said that "a remarkable feature of the animal inhabitants of the Steppe, insects and reptiles, and especially of the lizards, is the most perfect coincidence of their coloring with the coloring of the Steppe." More prominent examples of this prevalent tint are such animals as the camel and the lion, which are exactly of the usual tints of sand and sandy rock.

Let us go now to the arctic regions, and we find these reddish-yellow tints entirely wanting, and instead of them, pure white, or in a few cases dark-brown or black, where conspicuousness seems of more importance than concealment. All the bears of the globe are brown or black, except the polar bear, which is white. The polar hare, the snow-bunting, the snowy-owl and the jer-falcon, are also white or nearly so; while the arctic fox, the ermine, and the Alpine hare, change white in Winter, as does our own Highland ptarmigan. This last bird is a fine example of protective coloring, for its Summer plumage so exactly harmonises with the lichen-covered stones among which it delights to sit, that a person may walk through a flock of them without seeing a single bird; and when it changes to white in Winter, it is equally protected amid the snow which covers the mountains. A striking exception to the usual white covering of arctic animals is the musk-sheep, or musk-ox as it is often erroneously called. This animal is of a dark-brown color, easily seen among the snow and the ice, but the reason of this is not difficult to explain. The musk-sheep is gregarious, and derives its protection from this habit. A solitary strayed animal would soon become the prey of the polar bears or even of the arctic foxes; it is therefore of more importance that it should see its comrades at a distance, and so be able to rejoin them, than that it should be concealed from its few enemies. Another case is that of the sable, which retains its rich brown fur throughout the severity of a Siberian Winter, but at that season it frequents trees, feeding on fruits and berries, and is so active that it catches birds among the branches. Again, the common raven is found in the extreme arctic regions, but is always black; and this is probably because it has no enemies, while, as it feeds on carrion, it does not need to be concealed from its prey. These three cases are exceedingly valuable from a theoretical point of view, for they prove the incorrectness of a common notion that animals may change to white in the arctic regions, either from the direct effect of cold, or from some influence of the white reflections from the snow; and they teach us that only those animals become white to whom that color is useful, while those which either do not require protection or to whom dark colors are actually beneficial, remain totally unaffected. The cause of change must therefore be sought, not in the direct action of external conditions, but in the same general laws of variation and selection which have modified all the other characters of animals in the way most beneficial to them.

Nocturnal animals offer equally good examples of protective coloring. Mice, rats, bats and moles, are all of dusky or blackish hues, and are therefore very difficult to be seen at night, when alone they move about; while during the day they conceal themselves in holes or under ground. When concealment by day as well as by night is required, as in the case of owls and goatsuckers, we find dusky mottled tints, assimilating with bark or earth during the day, and not very conspicuous at night. In some few cases nocturnal animals are conspicuous, a striking example of which is the North American skunk, which has much white about it and a large white tail which it carries erect in the most conspicuous manner possible. But the horrible odor emitted by this animal makes it universally dreaded, and its conspicuous tail is thus a signal-flag to all carnivorous animals not to attack it—a parallel case, in fact, to the white moth, which we have already seen was rejected by birds which eat so many other moths.

Equally striking as a proof that color is largely protective is the fact, that nowhere but among the evergreen forests of the tropical and sub-tropical zones do we meet with birds the ground-color of whose plumage is green. Parrots, which are confined to such countries, are generally green, with small patches of vivid colors. In the Eastern tropical islands many pigeons are as green as parrots, and there are numbers of other groups which are of the same color. Such are the barbets, a family of fruit-eating birds, especially abundant in tropical Asia; the green bulbuls (*Phyllornithidæ*); the Bee-eaters; the Turacos of tropical Africa; the little White-eyes (*Zosterops*) of the eastern tropics; and many other groups. These all frequent thick foliage, with which their colors so harmonize that it is most difficult to detect them.

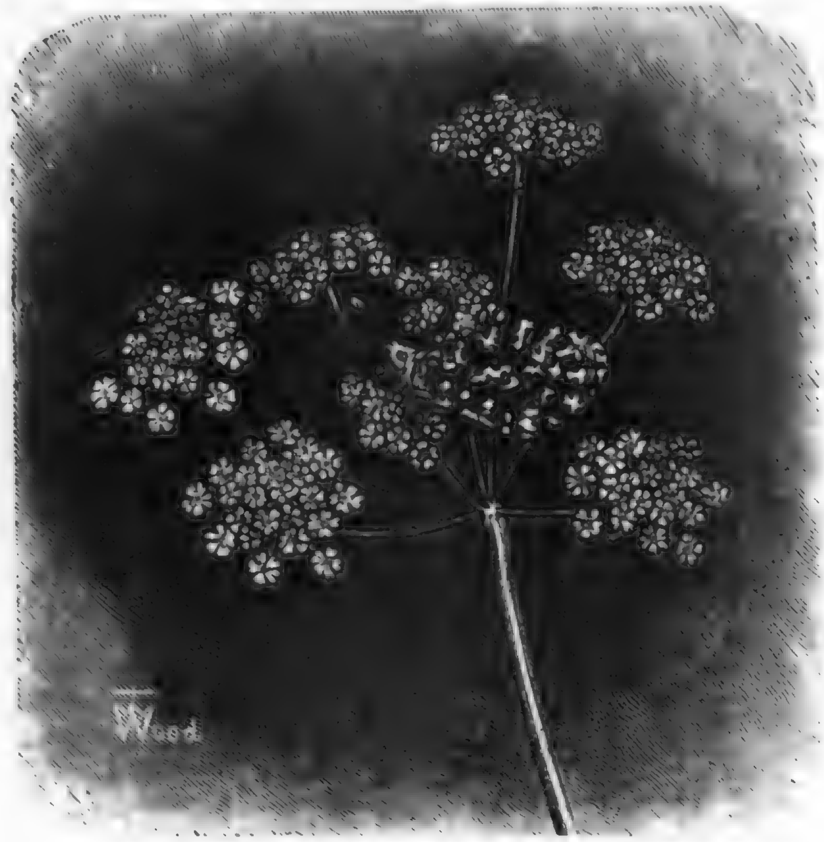


FIG. 4.—THE ORANGE-TIP BUTTERFLY.

Contrast these with the ordinary coloring of the birds of the region of deciduous trees, of which our own country is a fair example. Here anything approaching a pure green is unknown, while brown or olive is the almost universal body-color of the plumage. This is the tint which is least conspicuous among the leafless trees and bushes, which prevail for so large a part of the year, and when the need of protection is greatest.

Among reptiles these protective tints are very apparent. Our lizards and snakes are all more or less brown or olive-tinged, while in the tropics alone they are often of a vivid green, exactly corresponding with the vegetation they dwell among. The curious geckos—flat lizards with dilated toes, which cling to the trunks of trees or to rocks—are often finely marbled with green and gray, so as exactly to resemble the lichen-covered surface on which they cling. Some arboreal snakes of the genus *Dipsas* are, however, nocturnal; and these, like all other nocturnal animals which require to be concealed, are of dusky colors, being of various shades of black, brown, and olive.

Many fishes even, present clear examples of protective coloring. Such as rest on the bottom, like the flounder, skate, sole, or Miller's Thumb, are invariably of the color of the bottom, and often singularly speckled, so as to resemble sand or gravel. Such as swim near the surface of the water are almost always dark-bluish or greenish above, and white beneath; colors which evidently tend to their concealment from enemies in the air above them or in the water below. The brilliantly colored fishes from warm seas are many of them well concealed when surrounded by the brilliant seaweeds, corals, sea-anemones, and other marine animals, which make the sea-bottom sometimes resemble a fantastic flower-garden. The pipe-fish and sea-horses (*Hippocampus*) are excellent examples of this style of coloring. Some of them are greenish, resembling floating seaweed; but in Australia there is a large species which is covered with curious leafy appendages, and all of a brilliant red color, and this lives among red seaweed, and is then perfectly concealed.

It is, however, among tropical insects that the most perfect and wonderful cases of protection by color and marking are to be found, and a very few examples of these must now be given. The best known and most celebrated are the leaf-insects of the genus *Phyllium*—curious large insects, whose wings and wing-covers are broad and flat, shaped and veined exactly like leaves, while their legs, head, and thorax have all flat dilatations, like the stipules of many plants; and the whole being of the exact green tint of the foliage of the plant they live on, it is actually impossible to detect them when they are not in motion. The walking-stick insects, or spectres, are equally curious. These are long, cylindrical insects, often nearly a foot long, and of the exact color of pieces of greenish or brown sticks. If they have wings, these fold up closely, and are concealed under wing-covers of the same stick-like appearance; while the head and legs are so shaped and jointed as either to fit closely on to the stick-like body, or to appear like branched twigs. They hang about shrubs in the forests, and can seldom be distinguished from small branches which have fallen from the trees overhead. They remain quite motionless during the day, and feed at night, and they hang anyhow across the foliage, holding on by two or three of their legs only, while the others are closely fitted to the body, and they thus give themselves that unsymmetrical appearance which belongs to accidentally broken twigs. A few of the species are still further protected by curious green leafy excrescences all over the body, so as to look exactly like a piece of dead twig overgrown with a delicate moss. Such a one was brought to the present writer in Borneo by a Dyak, who assured him that moss had grown over the insect while alive, and it was only by very close examination that it could be discovered that the supposed moss was really part of the integument of the insect.

Even among butterflies, whose gay colors seem only adapted to render them conspicuous, there are equally wonderful examples of protective marking. It was first pointed out by Mr. T. W. Wood (to whose skillful pencil we are indebted for the illustrations to this paper) that our beautiful little Orange-tip butterfly (*Anthrocharis cardamines*, Fig. 4), although so conspicuous when on the wing, is perfectly concealed when resting in the evening in its favorite position among the flower-heads of the wood-parsley (*Anthriscus sylvestris*). Its under surface is beautifully mottled with white and green, which strikingly assimilate with the white and green flower-heads of this plant. Much more wonderful, however, and perhaps the most wonderful of all imitative insects, is the leaf-butterfly of India (*Kallima inachis*, Fig. 5). This is a rather large and handsome butterfly, of a deep bluish color, with a broad orange band across the wings. It is thus sufficiently conspicuous; but it flies very quickly, and in a zigzag manner, so as to be caught with great difficulty. It is when at rest that it requires protection, and this it obtains by its color and markings on the under surface, and by its peculiar habits. The upper wings have an acute lengthened apex, which is exactly the shape of the tip of the leaf of many tropical trees and shrubs; while the hind wings are produced into a short narrow tail, which well represents the stalk of a leaf. Between these points runs a dark curved line, representing the mid-rib, and from this radiate a few oblique markings for the veins of the leaf. The color of the under side of the wings closely imitates that of dead leaves, but it varies almost infinitely through shades of bright yellow, reddish, ochre, brown and ashy, just as leaves vary in their different stages of drying and decay. Even more remarkable is the manner in which the diseases and decay of leaves are represented by powdered dots and blotches, often gathered into little groups, so as to imitate in a most marvelous way the various fungi which attack decaying leaves. But to render the disguise effective, it is necessary that the insect should assume the position of a leaf, and this it does most perfectly. It always settles on an upright twig or branch, holding on by its fore legs, while its body (concealed between the lower margins of the wings) rests against the stem which the extremity of the tail, representing the stalk, just touches. The head and antennæ are concealed between the front margins of the wings, and thus nothing is seen at a little distance but what appears to be a dead leaf still attached to the branch. Yet further, the creature seems to have an instinct which leads it to prefer to rest among dead or decaying leaves, which are often very persistent on bushes in the tropical forests; and this combination of form, color, marking, habit and instinct, produces a degree of concealment which is perfectly startling. You see this gay butterfly careering along a forest path, and suddenly rest upon a shrub not three yards from you. Approaching carefully, you look for it in vain, and you may often have to touch the branches before it will dart out from under your very eyes. Again you follow it, and mark the very branches on which it has seemed to rest; but in vain you creep forward, and scan minutely every twig and leaf. You see nothing but foliage—some green, some brown and decaying—till the insect again starts forth, and you find that you have been actually gazing upon it without being able to see any difference between it and the surrounding leaves. After repeated experiences of this kind, and knowing exactly what to look for, you are able sometimes to detect it in repose, and are then more than ever amazed at the completeness of the deception, and at the same time profoundly impressed with the protection that must be afforded by this wonderful disguise —a protection whose effect is seen in the wide range and extreme abundance of the species. In this case, and in that of the moss-covered stick-insect, we see the extreme perfection of imitative coloring; and we can only understand how this has been produced, by always keeping in mind the very much more numerous cases of slight or partial protection by color or marking. We can only now briefly indicate some of the steps by which such protection is brought about.

None of the characters of animals are more variable than their colors, though this may appear doubtful when we look at the constant tints and markings of so many animals in a state of nature. There is, however, good reason to believe that even, in cases, these variations are constantly occurring; but, owing to the fact that the tint of each animal is useful to the species, all important deviations from it soon die out. Certain it is that almost every domesticated animal varies in color, and these varieties, not being hurtful as in a state of nature, are increased and multiplied without end. Now, if we suppose an animal to suffer from being too conspicuous, any variation of color or marking tending to make it less conspicuous will give it a better chance of life; and as offspring tend to be like their parents, these less conspicuous varieties will often leave successors similarly endowed; but these again varying, some among them will be still more protected; and thus the protective tints will tend to become more and more perfect in each succeeding generation, till their enemies, finding the pursuit too difficult, will confine their attention chiefly to other species. Then there will be no more change till some new enemy appears, when a further advance may take place till the protection becomes sufficiently perfect to place our supposed animal in a slightly better position than its neighbors.

It has been a difficulty to many persons to understand how such variations could explain the curious cases of the Alpine hare, the ptarmigan, and many other animals which become white in Winter only, when the ground is covered with snow and that color serves as a protection. It has, however, been observed, that a slight seasonal change takes place in many animals. Thus, in Siberia, the wolf, the horse, the cow, the roe, elk, reindeer, and two kinds of antelope, all become paler in color during Winter. Now, if either of these species migrated northward, till it came to inhabit a country where the Winter snow remained on the ground for half the year, varieties in which the seasonal change was more and more pronounced, would have an advantage, and thus, in the

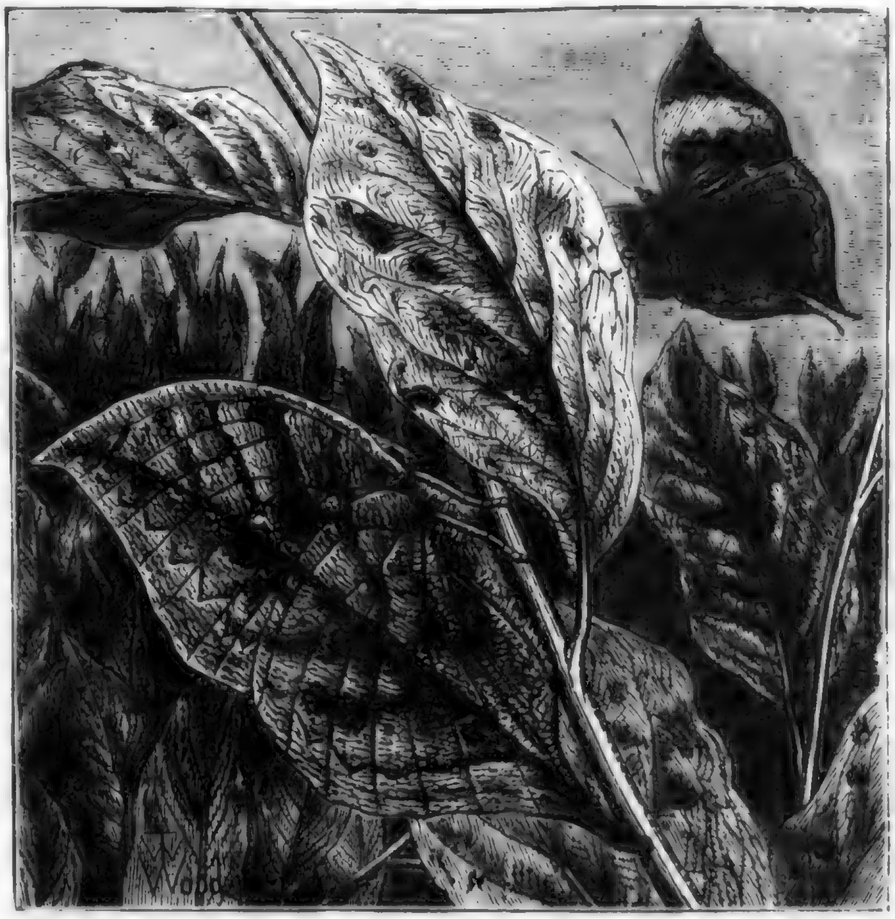


FIG. 5.—LEAF BUTTERFLY OF INDIA.

course of many generations, an animal might be produced which changed color as completely as do the arctic fox or the ptarmigan.

We must now conclude this very brief outline of one of the most curious chapters in natural history. We have shown how varied and how widespread are protective colors among animals; and, if we add to these the cases in which conspicuous colors are useful, sometimes to warn enemies from such as are distasteful or are possessed of dangerous weapons, at other times to aid wandering species to recognize their companions or to find their mates, we shall become satisfied that we have a clew to much of the varied coloration and singular markings throughout the animal kingdom, which at first sight seem to have no purpose but variety and beauty.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

A COMPENDIUM of information as to the sugar-bearing plants of the world is contained in the last report of the Botanic Gardens at Kingston, Jamaica, supplemented by the United States Department of Agriculture's analysis of a large collection of canes sent to the New Orleans Exposition. Nearly a hundred varieties of sugar-cane are known, dispersed throughout the equatorial regions. The gigantic "elephant" cane, the "salangore" and the "tiboo," are East Indian. Mauritius gives three varieties, highly esteemed, Queensland five, and the Pacific Islands (probably the home of the sugar-cane) four. The "lahaina" and "pua-ole" are the most valuable in the Sandwich Islands. The former has yielded as much as an average of six tons of sugar per acre, on areas as extensive as 100 acres, and 7½ tons per acre on an average over areas of 20 acres. At great elevations the pua-ole or tasselless cane replaces it, yielding a juice of high specific gravity. Figi has a kind peculiar to itself, The success of each variety depends on its being adapted to the soil, degree of wetness or aridity, and elevation above the sea, exactly suited to it. The bulk of West Indian sugars are made from the "Otaheite," "transparent," "Mont Blanc" and "Bourbon," but others are being tried. As the sugar-cane has now lost the power (through excessive interference by artificial selection) of producing seed from which new plants would grow, it is now everywhere propagated by shoots or pieces of the stem containing one of the nodes, whence new growth arises.

THE very full representation of machinery for the manufacture of textile fabrics, which is to be seen at the London Inventions Exhibition, is especially noted in the making of woolen and worsted goods. Looms can now make almost double the quantity they did fifty years ago, and do better work. Cloth can new be made in power-looms which formerly could only be managed by hand-looms. In carding-machines, iron has been substituted for wood, and steel wire for iron wire. Automatic card-feeders, improved condensers and self-acting mules have greatly advanced this manufacture. In carpet-weaving, too, the power-loom now does work equal to the hand-loom ; its speed is also increased 60 or 70 per cent., and it produces pieces four yards wide. Flannels, blankets and rugs have shared the general advance. The shoddy and mungo industry, reaching 120,000,000 pounds in England alone, anually, is greatly aided by mechanical and chemical improvements. In hosiery, for shaped articles like stockings, the rotary frame, adopted in 1864, increases the speed 50 per cent., requiring less power ; knitted goods are cheapened, while the average wages of the working people are doubled.

A RECENT article in the *Spectator*, of London, drew a curious contrast between the comparative execution of the rifle and the bow, as evinced by the number of persons killed in ancient, as compared with modern, battles. It tells us that after the Battle of Crecy the French dead, officially counted, were reported as exceeding 30,000, which, according to Froissart, was mainly the work of 5,200 archers. On the other hand, in the Battle of Batoche, in the Canadian Northwest, 19,000 rounds were fired from breechloading rifles, yet only 30 men were killed. "One reason for this discrepancy between the effective work of the soldier of the past and the present is, that the archer was not confused by smoke or noise; he drew near to his foe, and was compelled to take some kind of an aim, as he had to draw his arrow to his ear. The user of the rifle, on the other hand, fires through a cloud of smoke, generally without any definite aim, and as a result, wastes his ammunition."

A NEW explosive, called *forcite*, is putting forth its claims. Like explosive gelatine, it is a pasty, gelatinized nitro-glycerine compound, and is composed of cellulose, nitre and nitro-glycerine. Since it is five times less sensitive to shock than dynamite, and therefore is so much safer in handling, its semi-solid state permits its use under varied circumstances, and its imperviousness to water adapts it to submarine purposes. It is claimed to be from a quarter to one-half stronger than dynamite, while no more expensive. Experiments made by the corps of engineers, United States Army, seem to substantiate these assertions, and its use is recommended to the Government for torpedoes.

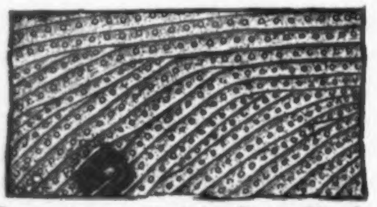


FIG. 1. Openings of the Sweat Glands, as Seen with a Pocket Lens.

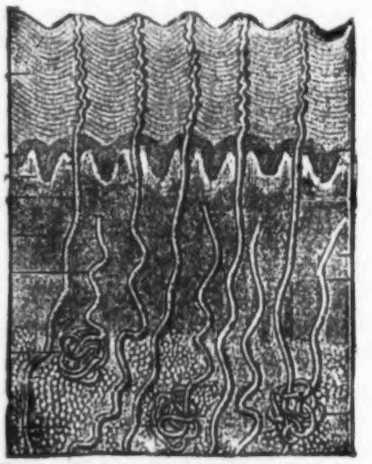


FIG. 2. Sweat Glands from the Palm of the Hand. The Coiled Glands in the Deeper Parts are not Shown.

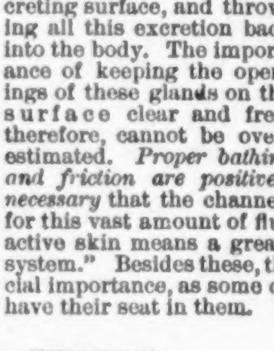


FIG. 3. Portion of a Hair in its Follicle, with a large Sebaceous Gland on one Side, and a Smaller Gland on the other, Opening into the Hair Sac.

THE NECESSITY OF BATHING.—The fact that so few persons take regular baths seems to be due largely to a lack of the proper knowledge of the structure and function of the skin. The skin is the largest single excretory organ of the body, and the health of the individual largely depends upon the proper performance of its functions. It is only necessary to examine the skin over the end of one of the fingers with a good pocket lens to become convinced that it must have some great function to fulfill. If, now, a section be made perpendicular to the surface, and examined under a high power of the microscope, this structure will be resolved into many different elements. One of the first things noticed is the great number of minute tubes, about one-four-hundredth of an inch in diameter, twisted into coils in the deeper parts, extending through the entire thickness of the skin, and opening on the surface, as seen in Fig. 1. On some parts of the body there are as many as 2,700 in each square inch; and it has been estimated that the total number of sweat glands in the human body amounts to 2,500,000. If all these coiled tubes could be unraveled, their entire length would measure about two and a half miles. Physiologists state that when the skin acts in a healthy manner, there are over two pounds, or pints, of fluid given off by these glands every 24 hours. It is now more readily understood how we can so easily "catch cold" from chilling this vast excreting surface, and throwing all this excretion back into the body. The importance of keeping the openings of these glands on the surface clear and free, therefore, cannot be overestimated. *Proper bathing and friction are positively necessary* that the channels for this vast amount of fluid may not be clogged, for "a perfectly active skin means a great deal toward a perfectly active general system." Besides these, there are other glands, which are of especial importance, as some of the most annoying diseases of the skin have their seat in them. We refer to the glands found in connection with the hair-follicles. The secretion from these glands is of an oily nature, and if the skin be healthy this secretion is perfectly fluid at the temperature of the body. If, however, the openings of these glands become clogged, from neglected bathing, their work is thrown on other organs of the body, the skin becomes dry and hard, and slow disease follows. From this very brief account it is clearly shown that a neglected skin means endangered health, while an active, healthy skin means a great deal toward an active, healthy general system. While it is true that every house cannot afford its expensive bath-room, and while the simple sponge bath is far from satisfactory, yet now that efficient portable baths, both light and compact, are advertised for sale, there is no excuse for neglect of this important law of nature. Every house, surely every home, should have its bath, in health invaluable and in sickness indispensable.

C. H. STOWELL.

THE completion of the great iron and steel bridge of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad over the Ohio River, at Henderson, Kentucky—one of the most important engineering works of the day—was celebrated on August 5th by ceremonies attended by several thousand people. This structure has a total length of no less than 3,686 feet, and is approached on the Indiana side by a trestle more than three miles in length. There are sixteen spans, resting on massive stone piers; and the channel span, which is of steel, is 525 feet in length, the longest truss span in the world. To the genius of Mr. F. M. Vaugh, the engineer-in-chief, and his principal assistants, the glory of planning and executing this great triumph of engineering skill is due.

THE hydraulic engineer of the Cape Colony, South Africa, thus replies to the reiterated assertion that South Africa is drying up: "Investigation of old records and books of travel," he says, "shows that certainly many streams and springs are not so constant as they used to be, but this, apparently, is not due to deficient rainfall so much as to difficulty in the rain reaching such substrata as feed the springs. The longest record—that at the Cape Town Observatory—reaches back forty-five years, and shows no decrease in rain-fall; and that any considerable change in climate has occurred within a century is not to be believed. But I have no hesitation in saying that the reckless cutting down of bush and trees, both by natives and by white men, as well as the burning of brush and grass so extensively practiced, has prevented the rainwater from sinking in to feed the springs. I have seen numbers of places that used to be 'riet vleys' in the memory of man, and were in that condition suitable for feeding springs, which are now bare 'vloors,' intersected by deep gullies. Off these the rainwater flows without sinking in. Over-stocking leads to the same result. The only remedies are fencing and planting on an extensive scale, and, where practicable, the making of artificial lakes."

Clearing of Water Mains by Chemicals.—At Leipsic, last year, the pipes experimented upon were those conveying water from the pumping-station to the town-reservoir. This main is about 15⅓ inches in diameter, and 2 miles 1,444 yards long; and the incrustation was from ⅓ to 1 inch thick, and in some places still thicker. The operations lasted more than nine weeks, and during that period, at intervals, the pipe was filled with dilute hydrochloric acid eight times, with soda solution three times, and with a solution of chloride of lime once (being washed out thoroughly with water between the successive applications). It is stated that the incrustation was entirely removed, the practical effect of the cleaning being indicated by pressure gauge—a decrease of from 1-8 to 2 atmospheres' pressure at the pumps.

The difficulty of setting the Thames on fire has passed into a proverb, but that such a feat may be within the limits of possibility has been proved by the fact that recently the River Clyde was actually in flames. This curious phenomenon is caused by certain mineral gases which rise from the rocks in the bed of the stream, and which can be lighted on the surface of the water by an ordinary match. Thousands of people have been visiting the neighborhood of Bothwell Bridge to see this singular freak of nature.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A gentleman having a large six-shooter in his hand was asked: "Pray, sir, is that a *horse* pistol?" "No, sir," he replied, "it's only a *Colt's*."

The late Mr. John Jones being asked by a friend "how he kept himself from being involved in quarrels?" replied, "By letting the angry person have all the quarrel to himself."

"**My** dear," said a wife to her husband, "did you ever read of the plague in London!" "No; I don't want to read it; it's enough to have a plague in your own house."

Rousseau used to say "that to write a good love-letter you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and to finish without knowing what you have written."

When Milton was blind he married a shrew. The Duke of Buckingham called her a rose. "I'm no judge of color," said Milton, "but it may be so, for I feel the thorns daily."

"**My** son," said old Precept, "don't take to writing poetry. When I was young like you I was smitten with a beautiful creature and wrote her a poem. I never saw her again."

A friend once sent the Rev. Sidney Smith a note, requesting him to sit for a portrait to Landseer, the great animal-painter. Smith wrote back, "Is thy servant a *dog*, that he should do this thing?"

Somebody told Lady Morgan that a certain bishop was so lax in church observance, that "he would eat a horse on Ash Wednesday." "Of course he would," said the lady, "*if it was a fast horse!*"

Aristippus was asked what difference there was between a well-informed and an ignorant man; he replied: "Send them both among men who are not acquainted with them, and thou wilt discover."

Horne Tooke, on being asked by a foreigner of distinction how much treason an Englishman might venture to write without being hanged, replied that "he could not inform him just yet, but that he was trying."

Mr. Sampleson is a very irascible man, and is in the habit of punishing his boys very severely. Not long since he observed that one of his sons needed a new pair of trousers. He scolded the boy for wearing out his clothes so fast. "Pa, no trousers can last any time the way you hit!" replied the boy, reproachfully.

He Forgot his Own Prescription.—The following story is told of the celebrated Oppolzer. Shortly after his arrival in Vienna he was consulted by an invalid, whom he advised, after a somewhat hasty examination, to go to Pistyan, in Hungary, and take the waters. After several months, the man, whom the professor had forgotten, again presented himself with an aggravation of all the symptoms, and said he had just returned from a course of the Pistyan waters. The professor examined him, this time rather more carefully, and then with some wrath asked him what confounded ass had advised him to go there, as it was the worst thing he could possibly have done.

"**Yes**," he said, "before marriage I thought I could live on love. I am now living on my father-in-law."

In Ireland there are men of *Cork;* in Scotland there are men of *Ayr;* but on the Thames there are *Lighter*-men.

A person meeting an old man with silver hair and very black whiskers asked him how it happened that his beard was not as gray as the hair of his head. "Because," said the old gentleman, "it is twenty years younger."

"**When** I marry," said a budding schoolgirl, "I'll want a tall, fine-looking man." "There's where you're wrong, sis," said her more practical sister. "You'll have less trouble watching an ugly man, and enjoy more of his company."

Henry returns in triumph from the junior examination. "How did you get along, my son?" his doting parent inquires. "First rate," answered Henry; "I answered all the questions." "Good, How did you answer them?" "I said I didn't know."

"**No woman** is educated," says a recent writer, "who is not equal to the successful management of a family." When you see a man leave his club at 9 P.M. and run all the way home, you can make up your mind that his wife is highly educated.

In Whately's time the great circulating library of Dublin was Morrow's, and the most popular preacher was a Mr. Day. "How inconsistent," said the archbishop, "is the piety of certain ladies here! They go to Day for a sermon and to Morrow for a novel."

During a certain action an officer was bowing, and before he resumed his erect posture a cannon-ball passed over his head and decapitated a soldier who stood behind him. "You see," said the officer to those who stood near him, "that a man never loses by politeness."

A queer-looking customer inserted his head into an auction store, and, looking gravely at the "knight of the hammer," inquired: "Can I bid, sir?" "Certainly," replied the auctioneer, "you can bid." "Well, then," said the wag, walking off, "I bid you good-night!"

Hostess: "Are you a musician, Mr. Jones?" *Jones* (who is dying to give an exhibition of his ability): "Well—er—yes, I think I can lay claim to some knowledge of music." *Hostess:* "I am delighted to know it. My daughter is about to play, and I should be very glad if you would kindly turn the music for her."

Court (to prosecutor): "Then you recognize this handkerchief as the one which was stolen from you?" *Prosecutor:* "Yes, your honor." *Court:* "And yet it isn't the only handkerchief of the sort in the world. See, one I have in my pocket is exactly like it." *Prosecutor:* "Very likely, your honor; I had two stolen."

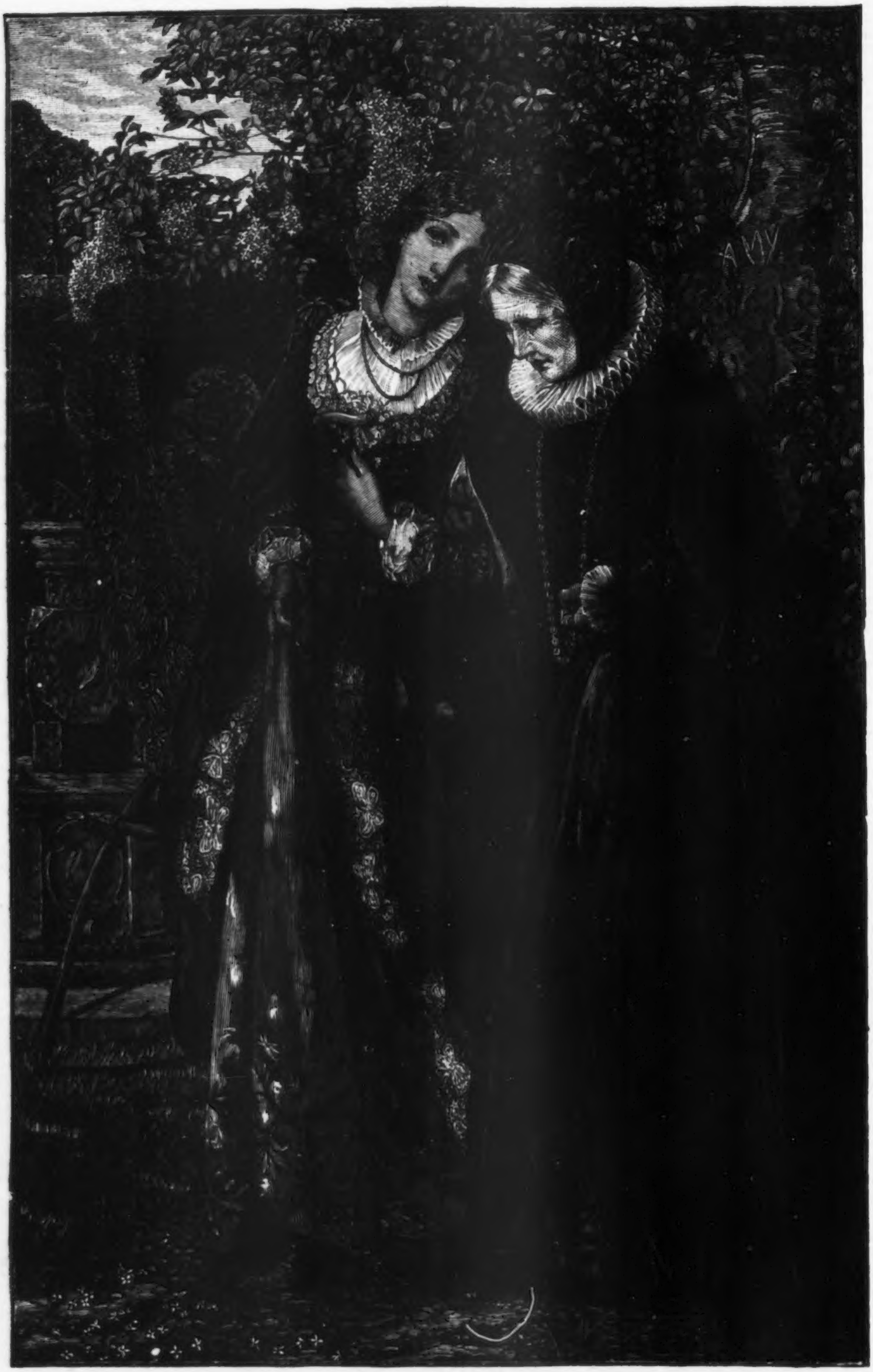
"**When** a man dies suddenly, without having been attended by a doctor," says a popular guide to the law, "the coroner has to be called in and an inquest held, to ascertain the cause of death. But," adds the writer, "when he dies, after having been attended by a doctor, then everybody knows why he died, and an inquest is not necessary."

A servant who had been admonished by her mistress to be very careful in "washin' up" the best tea-things, was overheard shortly afterward indulging in the following soliloquy while in the act of wiping the sugar-basin: "If I was to drop this 'ere basin, and was to catch it, I suppose I shouldn't catch it; but if I was to drop it, and wasn't to catch it, I reckon I should catch it."

A country carpenter having neglected to make a gallows that had been ordered to be erected by a certain day, the judge himself went to the man and said: "Fellow, how came you to neglect making the gibbet that I ordered?" Without intending any sarcasm, the man replied: "I'm very sorry; for if I had known it was *for your lordship* it should have been done immediately."

Dannel's Choice.—Daniel Webster was out one Summer day near Marshfield, busily shooting birds. It was a hot afternoon in August, and the farmers were getting their salt hay on the marshes. He came, in the course of his rambles, to the Green Harbor River, which he wished to cross. He beckoned to one of the men on the opposite bank to take him over in his boat, which lay moored in sight. The man at once left his work, came over, and paddled Mr. Webster across the stream. He declined the payment offered him, but lingered a moment to question his passenger. "This is Dannel Webster, I believe?" "That is my name," replied the sportsman. "Well, now," said the farmer, "it seems to me, I declare, if I could get five or six dollars a day pleadin' cases up in Boston, I would not be a-wadin' over these marshes this hot weather, shootin' little birds!"

One of the neatest retorts ever made was a brief response given by a young lady to a young fellow who offered her, with some hesitation, his seat in the street-car. She got in with an older companion; the car was crowded, and two young men sat near. One gave his seat at once to the elder lady; the other kept his place. His friend asked him—disguising it, however, in German—why he did not give his place to the young lady. He answered, in the same language, "Because she is not pretty enough." But after a little reflection he rose and surrendered his seat. The lady took it, and thanked him—in German. Never was an extinguisher more effectively dropped upon an impertinent youth. A word of sarcasm would have been unladylike; but of course it was her duty to thank him, and what course more unimpeachable than to thank him in the language in which he and his friend had been speaking, and which was presumably their own?



"SILVER AND GOLD."—FROM THE PAINTING BY ARTHUR HUGHES, IN THE POSSESSION OF T. H. TRIST, ESQ.